25 cents NF OCTOBER

The RING

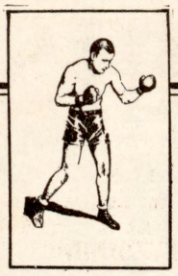
Maxie Rosenbloom

The Champion Who Doesn't Care

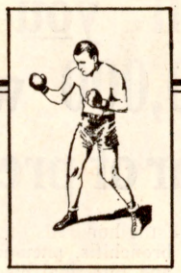
In Our Next Issue

The Coming Indoor Season

By Tom McArdle



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1930—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. IX OCTOBER, 1930 No. 9

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Table of Contents

	Page
NO IMMEDIATE RING SOLUTION, SAYS DEMPSEY By Jack Dempsey	4
THE FIGHTER WHO DOESN'T CARE ..... By Nat Fleischer	5
THE FIGHT IN THE BAR-ROOM HALL ..... By Joe Humphreys	6
FISTIC CARTOONETTES (A Cartoon) ..... By "Lank" Leonard	7
THE FEATHERS CALL THE "KEED" ..... By Nat Fleischer	8
THE WHITECHAPEL WIZARD	9
AN AMERICAN TRIUMPHS	10
THE FOUR GRAHAMS	11
DEMPSEY OR JOHNSON? ..... By Charley Harvey	12
HOW BENNY LEONARD'S ADVICE TURNED THE TIDE By Senator "Wild Bill" Lyons	14
YOUNGSTERS WHO ARE MAKING THE GRADE	16
MICK DOOLEY, THE MAN WHO THRICE DEFEATED BOB FITZSIMMONS ..... By Will Lawless	17
"THOMAS HARLAND, REAL ESTATE" .. By Daniel M. Daniel	18
HUMOR IN THE RING ..... By Wilbur Wood	20
FOUL CRIES IN FAMOUS FIGHTS ..... By William Lee Keats	22
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: Editorial Comment.	24
SO NEAR AND YET— ..... By Graham Fitzgerald	26
FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS ..... By A. D. Phillips	28
YOUNG STRIBLING—ENIGMA OF THE PRIZE RING By Milton K. Wallace	30
QUEER DEALS IN LEATHER ..... By Biddy Bishop	31
THE MODERN BOXING GLOVE AND ITS EVOLUTION By Edward Merrill	32
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED—Series No. 10	33
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER—Part 6 ..... By Jack Curley As told to Frank Graham	34
MULDOON, KING OF OLD TIME WRESTLERS By Charles F. Mathison	36
HEENAN AND SAYERS, A PARALLEL TO 1930 .. By Jack Kofoed	38
A BARE-KNUCKLE FIGHT IN THE EARLY FIFTIES	40
RUBY ROBERT, THE PRACTICAL JOKER .... By Frank Dunn	41
THE SOFTIE ..... By Frank Graham	42
FOREIGN STARS WHO ARE MAKING GOOD.	44
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET ..... By Eddie Borden	50
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY ..... By Eddie Borden	52
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO ..... By Frank Mastro	54
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS ... By "Sparrow" Robertson	56
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN . By Ted Broadribb	58
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA ..... By Ross E. Kauffman	60
NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON ..... By Doc Almy	62
IN CALIFORNIA ..... By Theron Fiske	68
IN OUR QUESTION BOX. ..... By Charles F. Mathison	70

In Our Next Issue

Follow Ed Smith, one of the most famous of the old time referees and sports writers, in the first of a new series on bygone days. Some of the world's greatest battles were refereed by Ed Smith. He has seen every contest of note since the days of John L. Sullivan and was one of the Boston Strong Boy's most intimate friends. Author of several books on boxing, Ed Smith is an authority whose enjoyable stories you won't want to miss

Wrestling is in for its biggest indoor season in the last twenty years. Read what Jack Curley, America's foremost promoter and authority on the sport has to say about its comeback

Beau Brummels of the Beak Busters is an interesting story by Hype Igoe

The indoor season is in full swing. Many fine prospects flashed to the front during the summer months. Follow the advance of these fellows in an interesting article on "Matches in the Making"

These in addition to features by Daniel M. Daniel, whose excellent writing has gained for him an enviable reputation; Jack Dempsey, Joe Humphreys, Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Nat Fleischer. A punch in every story.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary

Advertising Manager—J. W. Burnham, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and Eddie Borden.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

GUS MARTEL
Admitted World's Greatest Fighter

GUS MARTEL held the AMATEUR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND RETIRED UNDEFEATED. He fought amateurs and professionals from lightweights to heavies, and knocked them all out within three rounds. JACK DEMPSEY, THE NONPAREIL, lasted 13 rounds against BOB FITZSIMMONS. GUS STOPPED DEMPSEY IN 2½ ROUNDS.

"Most Damaging Blow Ever Received"

Gus got his SECRET PUNCH on KING SOLOMON, one of SHARKEY'S TRAINERS, at Sharkey's camp 5 DIFFERENT TIMES and HE ADMITTED THEM TO BE UNAVOIDABLE and THE MOST DAMAGING BLOWS HE EVER RECEIVED. Gus went 3 rounds with his hands behind his back and WAS NOT HIT ONCE by another of Sharkey's trainers and was carried out of the ring by the *World's* most famous sports writers.

Made Griffo and Battling Nelson World Champions

Gus showed GRIFFO this trick and MADE HIM A WORLD'S CHAMPION. He also MADE A WORLD'S CHAMPION of BATTLING NELSON in a 10 minutes' talk. John Hix's "Strange As It Seems" in the Brooklyn *Times* of June 9th issue, has Gus among the wonders of the *World* with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, as having knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, a welterweight, a middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today and neither do they know how to be a real K. O. fighter," says Gus.

Singer Won in Less Than 2 Minutes with Martel's System

AL SINGER IS THE FIRST WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHTER WHO USED GUS'S SYSTEM AND BECAME WORLD'S CHAMPION IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES OF FIGHTING.

There was not one straight damaging blow during the Sharkey and Schmeling fight, nothing but short arm jabs and hooks. Gus says he proposes to train Sharkey at his next fight and keep him World's Champion for years to come. Gus is 60 years of age and admitted the WORLD'S WONDER OF THE FIGHTING GAME. His simple way of training and living, **WHICH MEANS HOW TO EAT TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH AND MAINTAIN THE BEST OF HEALTH AND DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF NOTHING AT ONE THIRD LESS THE COST,** that preserves youth of 30 at 60, would take a John Hix, Ripley, or Roth the world's most famous syndicate writer to make you believe it.

New York Police Approve Martel's Secret Punch

If fighters knew of his SECRET PUNCH and his way of fighting, no fight would last five rounds. He could make Dempsey lick Tunney or Tunney lick Dempsey! If he could K. O. 500 MEN inside of three rounds, SO CAN YOU. He can make you like a streak of lightning. He can triple the power of your punch and with his SECRET PUNCH you can't lose. Gus Martel demonstrated his SECRET PUNCH before 400 drilling policemen, to the Boxing Instructor and assistants of the New York Police Department, on which occasion Mr. Harry Shelland, Assistant Editor of the *Police Gazette*, and well known Officials were present. As a police weapon of self defense, the MARTEL SECRET PUNCH is a sure K. O. and Gus proved it.

His fully illustrated SECRET PUNCH, copyright applied for, is so simple and clear that a boy can understand it. He is prepared to second his pupils for important fights. No wins—no charge.

FILL IN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GUS MARTEL, 198 Broadway, New York City, Dept. 100.

Enclosed is $2.98 (or will send C.O.D. via Parcel Post) in full payment for your SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH. You are to send me the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, fully illustrated, physical culture and muscular development, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. The SECRET PUNCH is to come at the same time on a separate sheet and will be put away and kept to myself.

Should I find your SECRET PUNCH not easily delivered or that it is not a sure K. O. or that it can be parried, blocked or guarded, I am to get back my $2.98. This K. O. PUNCH is to enable me to K. O. any man in self defense, I having both right and left to hit him at will and he being so tied up that he cannot hit me with either hand till I have him knocked out, thus making me a fighter almost at once. Prove one word of the above untrue and get every penny of your money back plus postage.

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

No Immediate Ring Solution, Says Dempsey

By Jack Dempsey

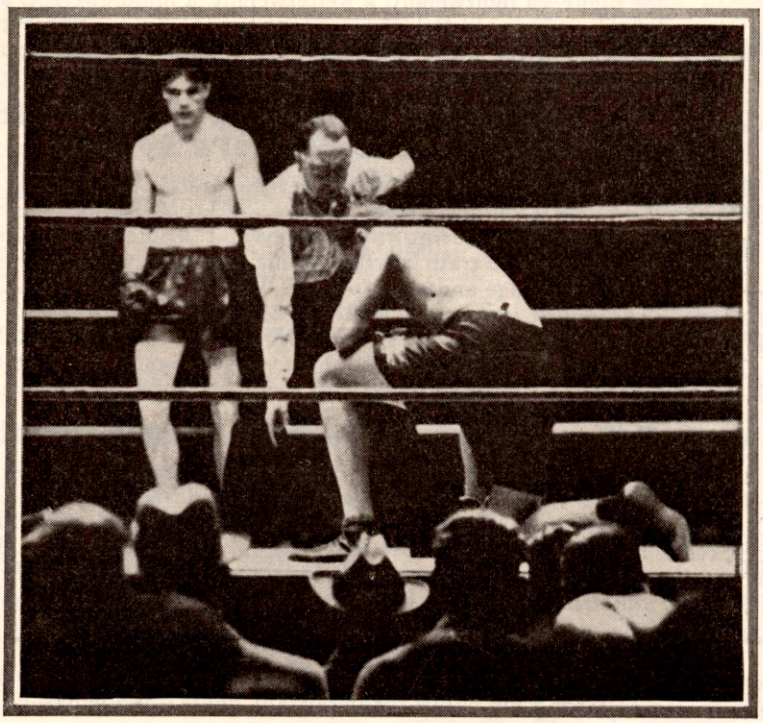
RECENT developments have not remedied the muddled state of the heavyweight division—in which, though no longer an active member, I naturally am deeply interested—nor do I see any reason to believe that a remedy lies in the matches in immediate prospect.

This is unfortunate, for the popularity and prosperity of a class depends very largely on the man at the head of it. A situation such as now exists among the heavyweights frequently is a cause for disinterestedness on the part of the public and a consequent apathy on the part of the younger fighters.

That the situation is no better than it is as this is written, is a source of disappointment to me. I was confident that out of the matches arranged for the late spring and early summer would emerge a man with an untarnished claim to the title left vacant by Gene Tunney. Instead there is the following uninspiring layout:

Max Schmeling, champion of sorts by virtue of his winning from Jack Sharkey on a foul, has quit the United States, is resting in Europe and talking of nothing more exciting than the possibility of meeting Paulino Uzcudun in Spain.

Young Stribling, whose quick knockout of Phil Scott in London catapulted him into the spotlight had a great chance to capitalize that feat on his return to this country, but he stepped off the ship talking about a bad hand and has gone into seclusion until the hand has mended sufficiently for him to go into action.



Young Stribling standing over Scott as referee counts after first knockdown

* * *

THE proposed bout between Sharkey and Primo Carnera having fallen through as a result of pressure wisely exerted on Sharkey by the New York State Athletic Commission, which does not look with favor on Carnera, Sharkey has been matched with Vic Campolo, whom he should defeat without proving anything.

It is obvious that the trend is toward another meeting between Sharkey and Stribling at Miami next winter. Sharkey, darling of the gods of pugilism, remains the key man in the situation despite his several disappointing showings in the past while Stribling, as I pointed out at Miami winter before last, has the biggest pull at the gate anywhere in the South.

Sharkey vs. Campolo, Sharkey vs. Stribling and the winner against Schmeling—that's the general idea. First, of course, Sharkey must win from Campolo. Later, Schmeling must be brought back to this country in a fighting mood.

So far as Sharkey and Campolo are concerned, I have small doubt but that Sharkey will win. Disappointing though he has been on occasion, Sharkey nevertheless is a first-rate fighting man and Campolo has yet to demonstrate that he belongs in the same category. The South American had two chances against Johnny Risko, one at Miami last winter and the other in New York later on, but he failed to make an impressive fight in either start.

At Miami, where the decision was a draw, there were many who thought Risko had won. In New York, where the decision favored Risko, there were many who thought Campolo had won. I don't quarrel with the decision in either case. I merely point out that in order to earn a rating alongside Sharkey, Campolo should have won clearly in both fights—or so clearly in the first that the second would have been unnecessary.

* * *

MOREOVER, Campolo has done nothing since the second Risko fight and undoubtedly is stable-worn by this time. Inactivity on the part of a fighter usually is detrimental, and this is quite as true in its application to a young fighter as it is to an old one.

Campolo, for example, has been idle at a stage of his career when he might have been picking up valuable experience for, after all, he has had only a handful of fights against opponents that really mattered, and it seems to me that his idleness has been a poor preparation for a meeting with a man of Sharkey's calibre.

If, as now seems likely, Sharkey gets by Campolo, there will be the matter of bringing Schmeling back here and putting him into the ring with the Gob. At present, Schmeling is of a mind to enjoy his possession of the title and to put off all discussions hinging on his defense of it in the near future.

The case of Carnera is an unfortunate one. I have no intention of adversely criticizing the (*Continued on page* 49)

THE FIGHTER WHO DOESN'T CARE

By NAT FLEISCHER

"MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, the Playboy of the Cabarets." That is a title which fits the conqueror of Jimmy Slattery far better than "World's light heavyweight champion." The boy who doesn't care—the fellow who thinks more of his Broadway life than of the crown. That is Maxie Rosenbloom, successor to Tommy Loughran.

Many interesting stories can be told of fighters who acquired fame in the ring—many of them world champions like Rosenbloom—but it is doubtful if any internationally known battler of the modern period followed his vocation with so care-free an attitude as does Maxie. This newly crowned king of fistiana looks out of place among the shrewd business men who occupy the throne in other divisions.

In Rosenbloom, the boxing world has a character who combines both the old and the new school of fighters. In the old days, a champion wasted little time before starting his round of bouts with wine, women and song. To-day, the fighter who climbs high enough on the fistic ladder to gain international prestige, keeps free of wine and the women and most often also goes without the songs. His money is invested in gilt-edged securities.

Al Singer, Tony Canzoneri, Benny Leonard, Tommy Loughran, Leo Lomski, Jackie Fields, Dave Shade, Jack Sharkey, Victorio Campolo, Primo Carnera, Young Stribling—these among several hundred mitt artists who have gained fame, fill the latter category. The spendthrifts of the past are few and far between but among the exceptions is Rosenbloom.

With him, the pleasures of life are far more important than the winning of a championship. "The Fighter Who Doesn't Care," seems to fit him better than any other designation. Games of chance, cabarets, dancing, fancy clothes, costly automobiles and midnight suppers—these, rather than the strenuous life of a training camp, have occupied his attention. 'Tis said that of more than $125,000 earned in the past year, Maxie can lay hands on only about a quarter of that sum.

It is the cabaret weakness that has given his manager, the genial Frank Bachman, gray hairs. Like the late Harry Greb, Rosenbloom abhors training. No matter how little he has prepared for a fight, however, the new champion is always ready to stack up against the cream of his weight and seldom does he fail to give a good account of himself. Like Greb, once the bell sends him on his way, there is no stalling. It is fight, fight, fight—no let-up, and that is why he is so popular with the fans. They know that any time Maxie dons the gloves, the spectator gets a run for his money.

The Harlem Hurricane is a battler of the "hurry-up style." If you like action, you must like Rosenbloom, just as you must like Kid Berg and enjoyed watching Harry Greb. No one can say that Rosenbloom tries to pick his opponents. He never barred any fighter and doesn't bar any now that he has gained the highest notch of the light heavyweight division. With him, it never was necessary to make a choice for the fighters who were willing, prior to Maxie's winning of the title, to mix it with him, could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

To obtain sufficient fights to keep him going and to enable him to live the kind of life he chose, it was necessary for the

Broadway's Playboy—By "Lank" Leonard

Harlem Hebrew to travel to all corners of the U. S. A. Orthodox fighters, black or white, big or little—none were barred and all looked alike to him. That is why he was able to get to the top.

* * *

HE is an easy going fellow, a likeable chap, with a tendency to let matters ride or slide. Worries? Maxie carries none. He turns those over to his manager, a companion who has brought the New Yorker up from obscurity to a world's championship. An idea of the worries a manager of a fellow of the Rosenbloom type must carry, may be gleaned from several of hundreds of escapades in which Rosenbloom was the principal.

Bachman, who only recently has come into the big money after spending a fortune getting Maxie to the front, tells the following:

"Rosenbloom, in my opinion, is a great fighter, yet he is as timid about fighting outside the ring as a pomeranian is to battle a bulldog. Several times I found it necessary to use harsh words and even to threaten him before I could get him to forget the Broadway cabarets to fill a Saturday night engagement away from New York. I've cowed him by offering to give him the licking of a lifetime if he would agree to meet me with the bare fists. Yet inside the ropes he always is a terror.

"When I first took the reins on Maxie, he kept ducking Saturday fights for Broadway life. I was compelled to resort to all kinds of strategy to get him away. On one occasion we had a contract to fight in Pittsburgh. On the day before the fight, he told me he (*Continued on page* 49)

The Fight in the Bar-Room Hall

By
JOE HUMPHREYS

THE recent epidemic of fouls reminds me of a fight in the days when the New York fan had to hide from the police, a fight in which Young Griffo, the great Australian scrapper and Patsey Sweeney, a two-fisted slugger from New York, were the contestants. The contest, like the one I described in the last issue of THE RING, was staged in the club membership days, a period in the history of New York fisticuffs when a police raid meant broken heads, bruised shins, torn clothes, a ride in the patrol wagon and a little sojourn in a dark, smelly cell.

It was on March 5, 1905, when my good old pal (God rest his soul) Tad Dorgan, met me on Broadway and asked me to accompany him to a little private battle. I asked him where it was to take place, and he replied:

"Don't be uneasy, Joe. Just follow me. We're going up to Harlem, in a dark-town side street, in the back room of a saloon. I don't know the spot myself. We'll pick up a few of the boys up in 125th street and they'll take us to it."

I did as Tad said, and it was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a biting cold day, with several inches of snow on the ground that, with the help of several of Tad's friends, we arrived at the rendezvous, a hide-away in a busy section of Harlem. Our credentials established, we were passed by a doorkeeper, a big, burly Negro.

To keep the cops from getting wise, only one or two passed into the saloon at a time. There was a lookout at the main entrance to see that no suspicious characters — "dicks" — got by, and once a fellow passed from the saloon into the billiard room, he was closely scrutinized before the password was issued and he was allowed to go into the next room, the hall where the fight was to be staged.

* * *

TO get from the billiard parlor into the "arena," one had to walk along a narrow hallway, quite dark, with two huskies, armed with heavy clubs, guarding the "road." The "arena," such as it was, was a smelly hole and with about 100 fight fans gathered into its small confines, you can readily imagine how stifling it must have been. The tobacco smoke, odor from liquor and the perspiration of the closely packed audience, was nothing over which to be envious. In the room there was a broken pool table, many broken boxes and chairs and refuse that had probably been piled there for several days.

There, sharply at a quarter past two, the doors were locked, the lookouts posted and the stage set for the encounter. Although the fighters were on hand, it took almost an hour before the bell sent them on their way. The managers were busy putting up their side bet and placing other wagers besides, and the adherents of the fighters were equally busy each placing wagers on his favorite.

In the throng were some of the leading merchants of Harlem and several nationally-famed bookmakers and many of the city's leaders in the field of sports. The fighters came into the ring, put on their tights in the view of the spectators, placed the resin on the floor and then, to the consternation of the handlers, found that the gloves had been left in the saloon!

One of the seconds was sent out to get them and in order to avoid suspicion, he carried a water bucket and in ten minutes he came back with the gloves in this bucket. Gloves adjusted, the referee gave his instructions and after sending the rivals to their respective corners, he gave the command, "Let 'er go!" and the battle got under way.

* * *

I HAVE seen many a thrilling bout in my long career as a ring official, but seldom have I seen a bout that was so hard fought, so full of action as this mill in the back room of a Harlem saloon. Griffo, one of the most scientific fighters of all time, had a big advantage in height, weight, reach and cleverness over his Irish opponent, but Sweeney had no fear. From gong to gong, it was a case of give and take, and let me say right here that Griffo knew he was in a battle. Sweeney remained in close and kept shooting over a pretty right to Griffo's kidneys with telling effect and in turn stopped jolt after jolt with his face.

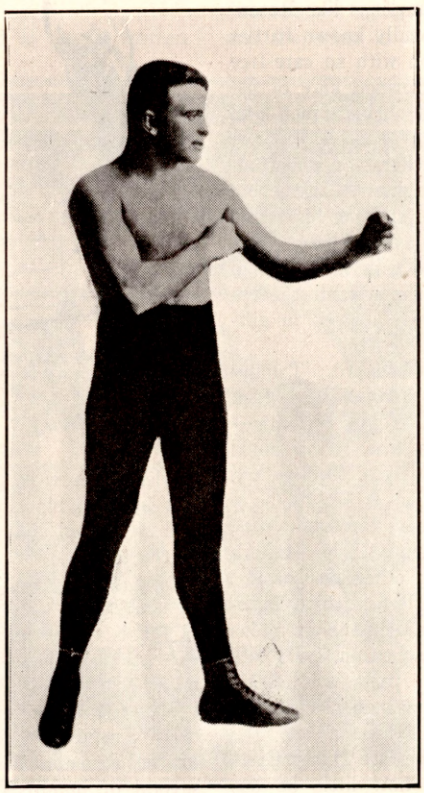
From the start of the fight through thirteen rounds, the men milled away with the same style prevailing, neither giving up an inch of ground. The betting was terrific, thousands of dollars being placed on the contest, the odds shifting as the fight progressed.

It was the roughest, fastest and toughest private go I'd seen in many a moon. In the seventh round, a lump the size of a fist, made its appearance at the side of Griffo's kidneys from the pounding he was receiving while a similar lump closed the right eye of Sweeney. When the eighth session began, Griffo, to avoid further punishment which was weakening him, tried long range milling and this change of style made it appear that the Australian would score a quick knockout.

But Sweeney refused to give in. Griffo jabbed, jabbed and jabbed, then drew in close and battered away at the body only to pull away again suddenly and jab Sweeney's head off. The Irishman would bounce around like a rubber ball, only to come back for more.

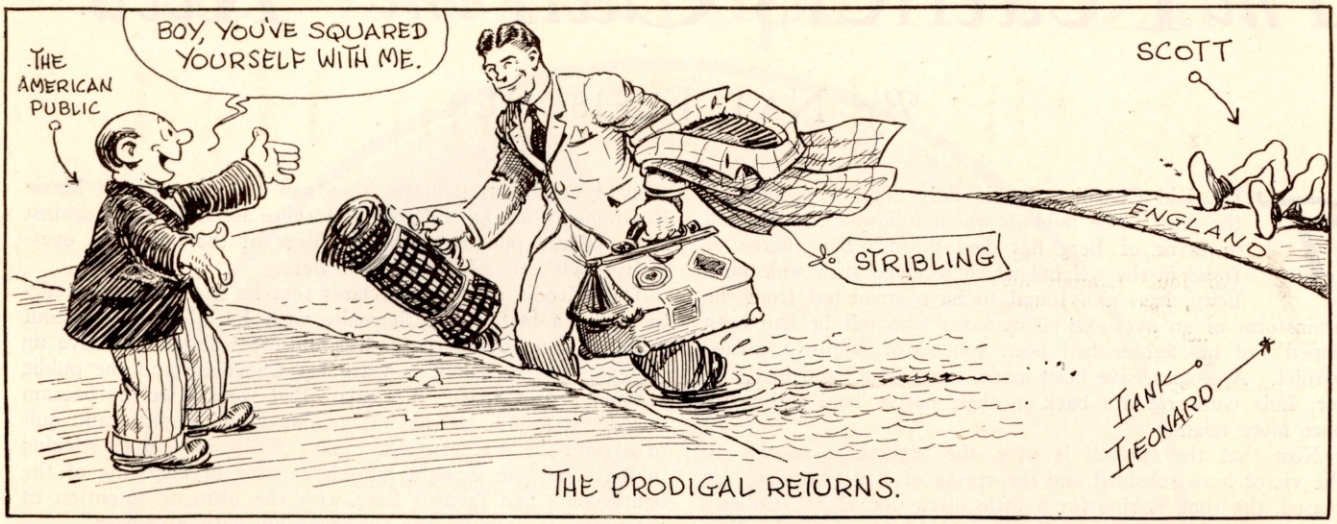
The ninth round found Griffo at his best. He cut Sweeney's ear badly and almost dropped Patsey with a terrific right to the jaw but Sweeney managed to stick it out for the round and come back refreshed for the following frame.

From the eighth to the eleventh (*Continued on page 47*)

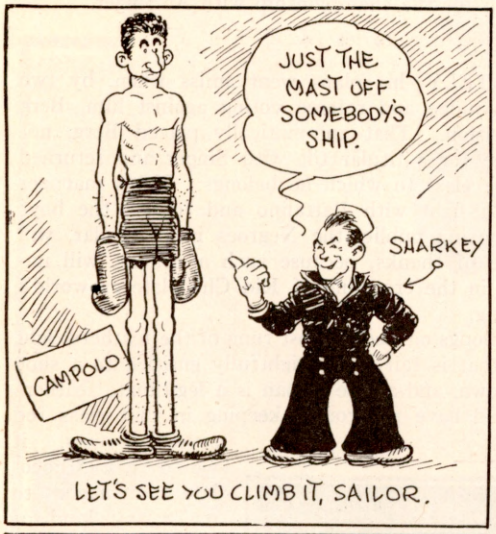


Young Griffo as he looked when he fought Patsey Sweeney

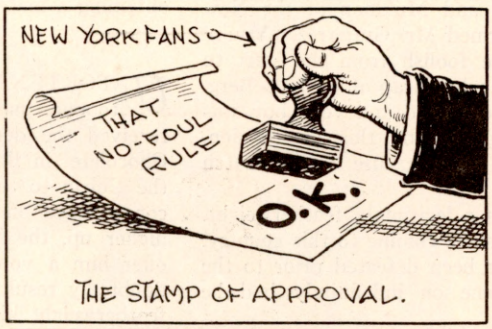
By "Lank" Leonard



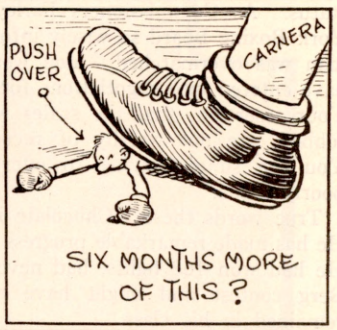
THE PRODIGAL RETURNS.



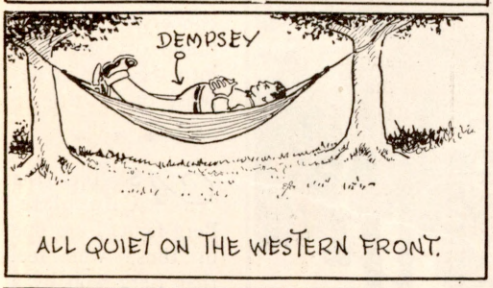
LET'S SEE YOU CLIMB IT, SAILOR.



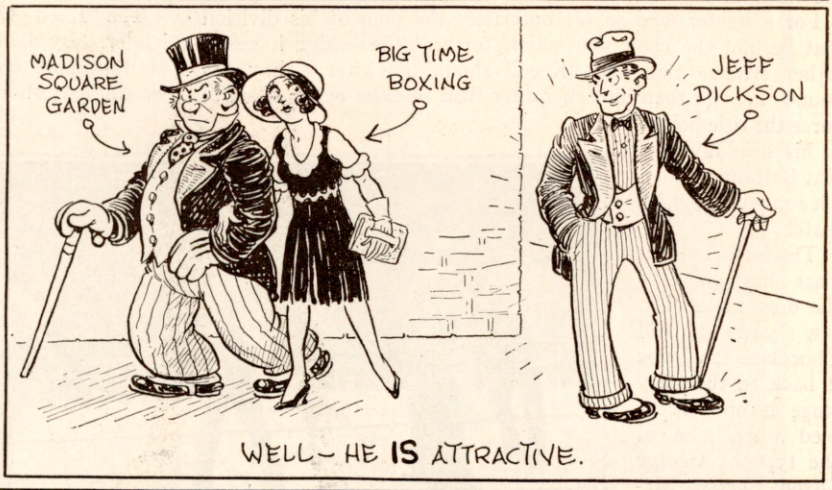
THE STAMP OF APPROVAL.



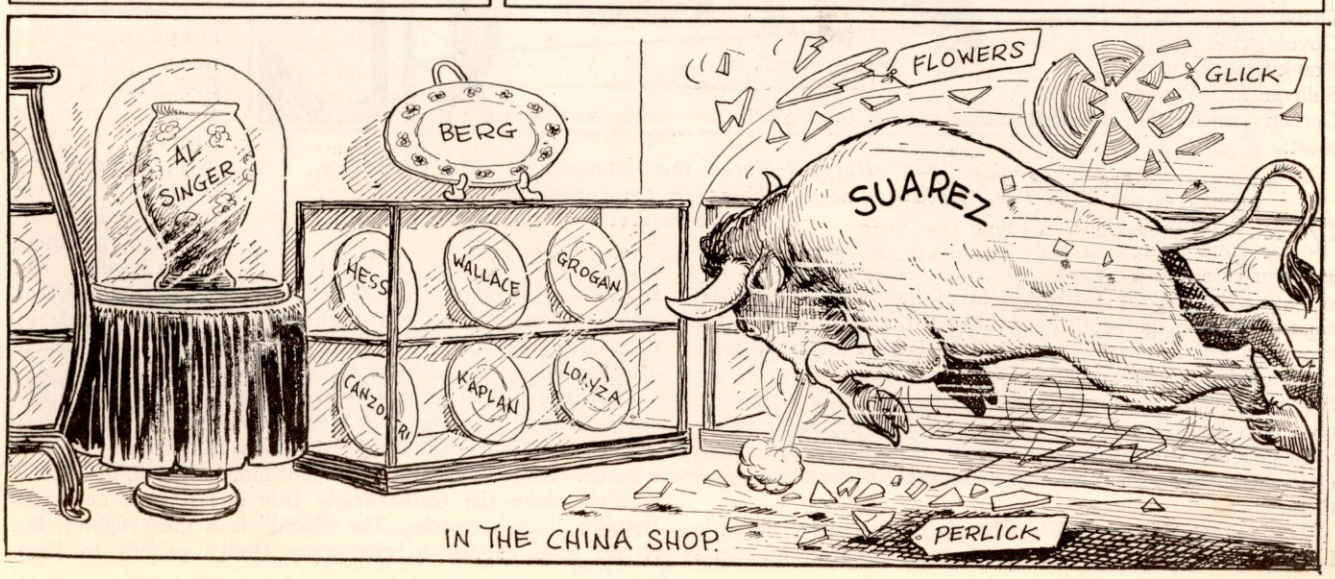
SIX MONTHS MORE OF THIS ?



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



WELL—HE **IS** ATTRACTIVE.



IN THE CHINA SHOP.

The Feathers Call *the* "Keed"

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE Kid Chocolate-Jackie Berg affair is a thing of the past. The hubbub which followed the decision in favor of Berg has died down. The charge of fraud in the weights which received such wide publicity, has been found to have emanated from the brainstorm of an over-excited manager who felt he had been duped and his fighter had been robbed of a justly earned verdict. Apologies have been made, the "Keed" and his mentor, Luis Gutierrez are back in their native land and peace once more reigns.

Now that the turmoil is over, the arguments relative to the victor have subsided and the crying of Kid Chocolate has ceased, the time is ripe for a little discussion of the Cuban's status. As Commissioners Farley and Muldoon of the New York Boxing Board so wisely informed Mr. Gutierrez, "You're man was overmatched. You were foolish from the start to have entered into negotiations for a handicap affair with Berg. Your assertions that the scales were fixed and your boy was jobbed, are not worthy of recognition by this commission. You are simply trying to offer some excuse for a match poorly made."

True words these. Chocolate is a legitimate featherweight. He has made remarkable progress since coming to this country. He had won 168 fights, had never been defeated prior to the Berg contest and might have gone on indefinitely had he remained in his class.

For a fighter who so far outclasses the men of his division that he, not the champion stands forth as the leader, it seems rather strange that the "Keed" should go after a boy ten pounds heavier than himself rather than to exert every effort to force the title holder in his own division, Bat Battalino, into a championship match.

The featherweight class has gone to the dogs in the last few years. Kid Chocolate can bring it back to the lofty stage it once occupied when men of the type of George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Abe Attell, Frank Erne, Tommy Sullivan and Young Corbett ruled the roost.

* * *

THE Cuban is far from being a Dixon or a Gans, yet he is the ranking featherweight of the world. He is the closest in style and ability to Little Chocolate the fighting game has had in twenty years, but he is still far from being as finished a fighter as either Dixon or Gans. When George Dixon and Gans went out of their class to fight heavier men, there was a good reason for their action. They were so far advanced that they were the masters not only in their own division, but over the majority of fighters in the class above them.

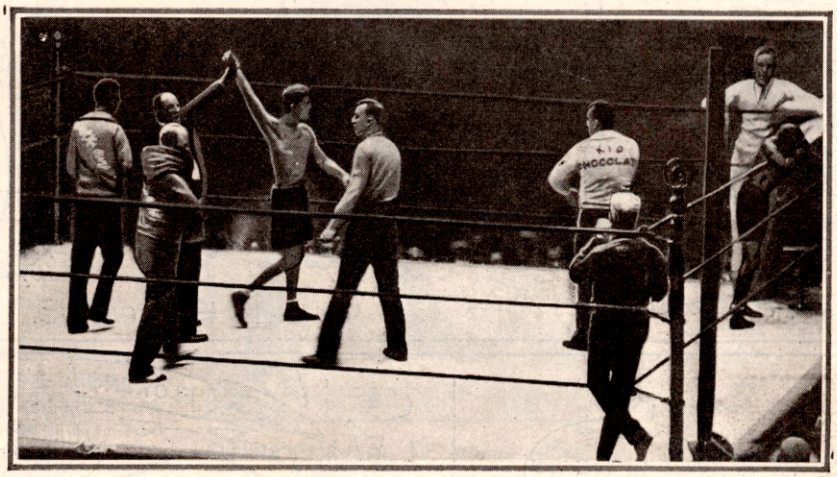
This cannot be said of Kid Chocolate. He is a great little battler. He has a pleasing style, is most colorful and exerts probably less effort than any ring man of to-day, except Maxie Rosenbloom, but he will soon lose these assets if pitted against men a dozen pounds heavier, fighters of the boring-in, ever-active style exemplified by Kid Berg.

The "Keed's" manager declares that he has tried repeatedly to obtain a match for Chocolate with Battalino but without avail. I don't doubt that. But Gutierrez should not give up so readily. The public is with Kid Chocolate and the public demand will be heard. Chocolate first went after the bantam crowd but found that he was gaining weight rapidly and quit to go into the featherweight ranks. Then, instead of sticking to that class, he thought himself capable of disposing of the lightweights and tackled Berg with the ultimate intention of obtaining a match for the championship with Al Singer.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, his plans went amiss when, by two to one, one judge and referee voting against him, Berg received the decision. That automatically placed Berg, not Chocolate, in line for a titular tilt with Singer and returned the Cuban to the class to which he belongs. If his manager concentrates on a fight with Battalino and forgets the boys higher up, the boxing public, the Negroes in particular, will offer him a vote of thanks, because such a contest will undoubtedly result in the crowning of Kid Chocolate as world's featherweight king.

The "Keed" belongs on the topmost rung of the featherweight ladder. By all that is fair, he is rightfully entitled to a shot at Battalino's crown, and as the Cuban is a legitimate featherweight and should have no trouble keeping in that class for several years, it would pay Chocolate's manager to make any kind of concession to Battalino to get him into the ring in defense of his title.



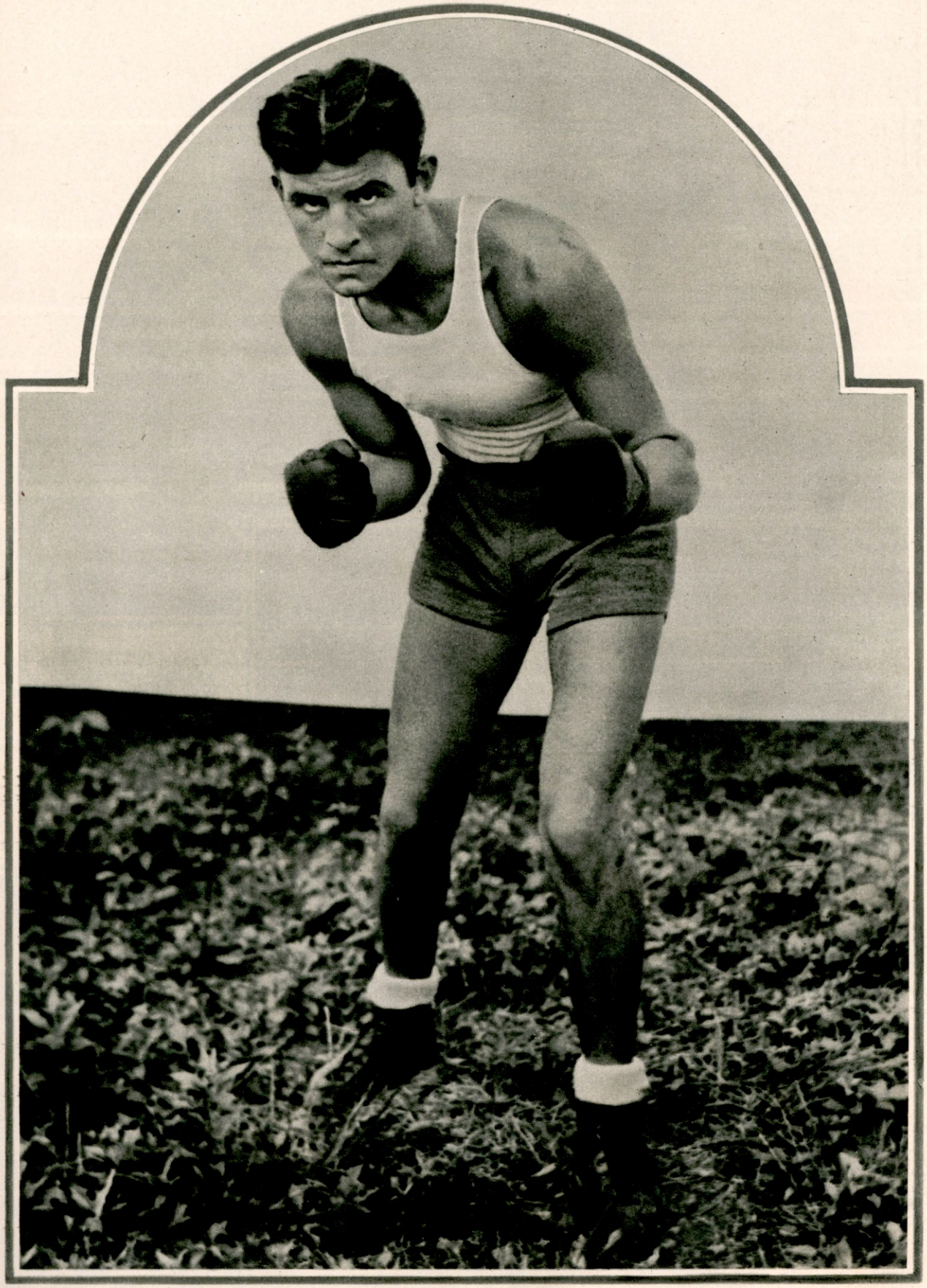
Jackie "Kid" Berg, declared the winner over Kid Chocolate. The "Keed" is seen sobbing in his corner, heart-broken over the verdict

* * *

AS for the Chocolate-Berg fight, I am one of those who feel that Berg won by a margin of two rounds. I scored five rounds for Berg, three for Chocolate and two even, but gave one of the five to Berg by a hairline margin. I do not think that Chocolate had any reason to complain of the decision. While I concede that many of Berg's blows were either blocked or went wide of the mark, yet Berg did all the forcing, executed the greater damage and connected more often than the "Keed."

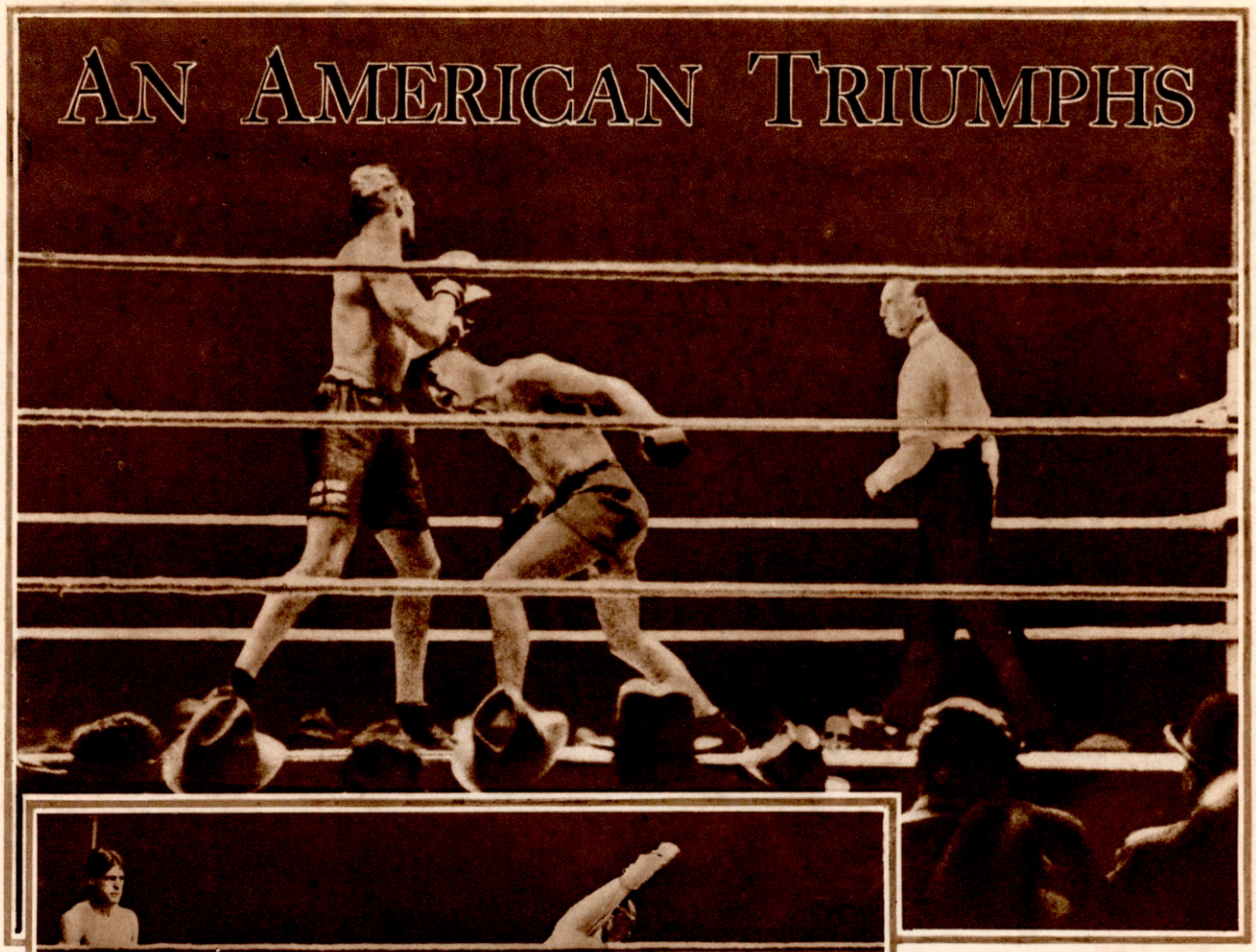
Chocolate had little opportunity to get set. Berg virtually chased him all over the ring. Weight won for Berg and it lost the fight for Chocolate who, by this time, has probably learned a lesson. I hope this bout has taught him to remain in his own division where the featherweight title is his, once he forces Battalino into a match. The "Keed" is a great fighter, but is not good enough to give away twelve pounds to Berg.

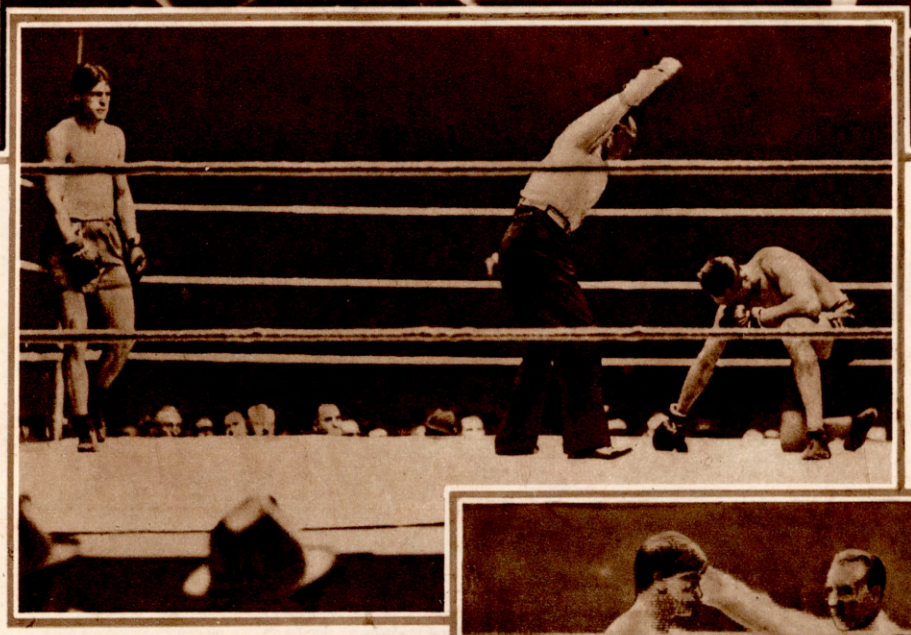
The Whitechapel Wizard



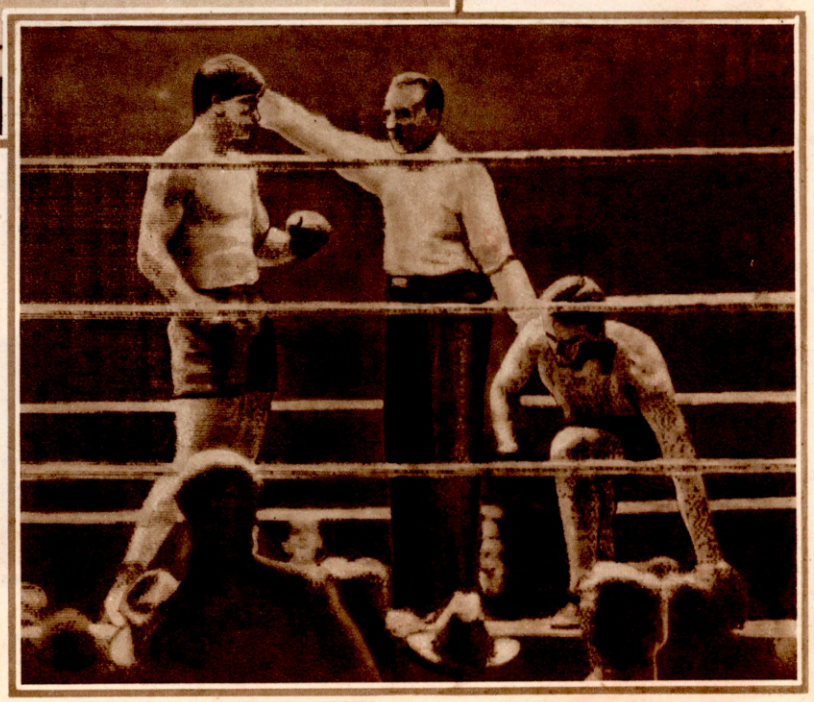
Jackie "Kid" Berg, England's sensational fighter. The London Hebrew, by his victory over Kid Chocolate, the Cuban Wonder, is now recognized as the leading contender in the lightweight division. Berg is a "Human Windmill"

AN AMERICAN TRIUMPHS





Above: Young Stribling about to sink his left into Phil Scott's mid-riff in the first round



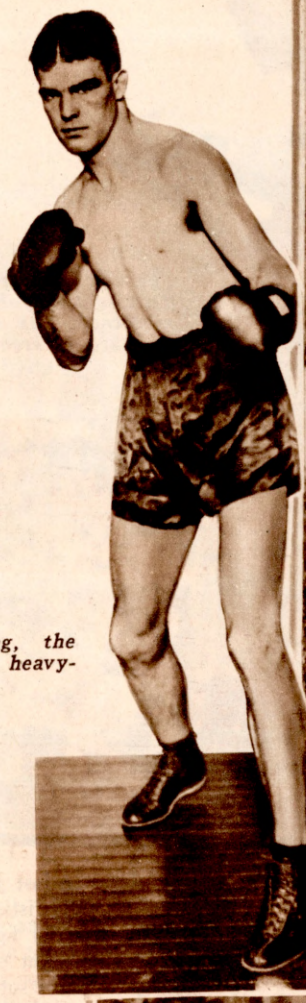
Above: Phil Scott down in the second round of Wimbley Stadium bout. Stribling apparently certain of victory, takes it easy in neutral corner

Right: This radio transmission from London shows Phil Scott about to rise after being sent to the canvas in the second round

The FOUR GRAHAMS

THE photographs on this page furnish an interesting study in heredity and physical development. It is the study of the "Four Grahams," known in private life as the Striblings of Georgia. Hardly had William Lawrence and Herbert, who in the fistic profession are referred to as "Young" Stribling and "Baby," learned to walk, when they were taught balancing and other acrobatic tricks, which later enabled them, with "Pa" and "Ma," to gain international fame behind the footlights as the Four Grahams. Now both the boys, grown to full manhood, and inheriting the strength and hardiness of their parents, are two leading pugilists of the South.

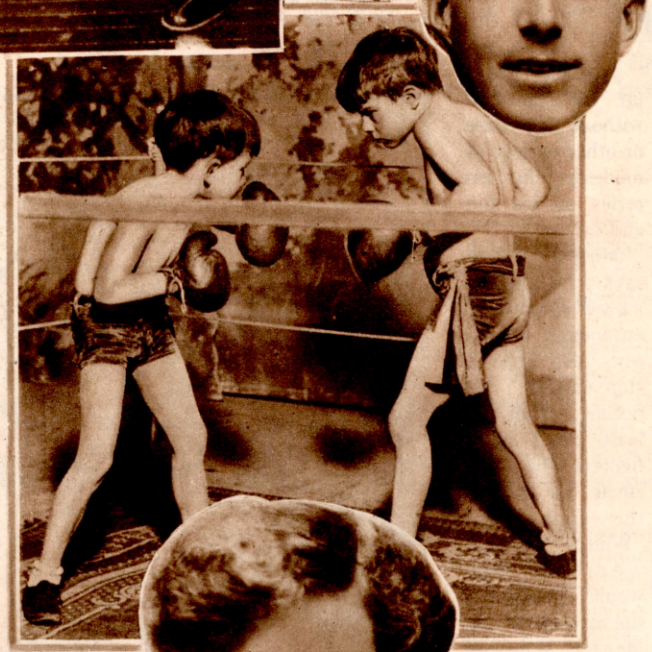
There is still another future great in the family, the three-year-old child of "Young," who already can perform difficult tumbling stunts. Down in Miami, when Stribling was training for his bout with Sharkey, this youngster gave an exhibition of tumbling almost daily.



"Young" Stribling, the ranking American heavyweight

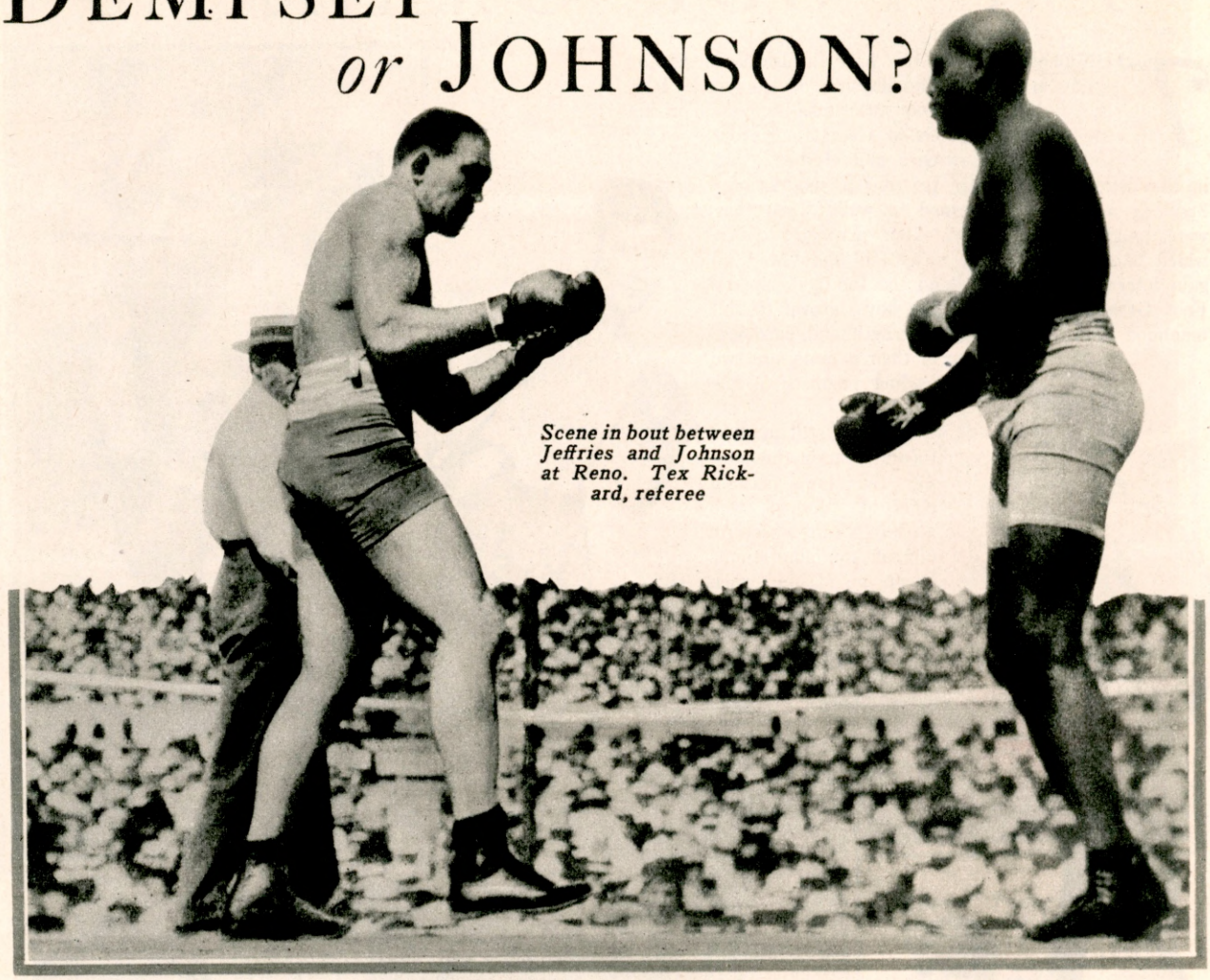
Above — Son of Young Stribling, who delights the crowds at "W.L's" training quarters with his sparring and tumbling

Left — "Pa," "Baby" and "Young" as members of the Four Grahams of vaudeville fame



"Young" Stribling and "Baby" as they appeared in a vaudeville boxing skit. "Pa" and "Ma" in inserts

DEMPSEY *or* JOHNSON?



Scene in bout between Jeffries and Johnson at Reno. Tex Rickard, referee

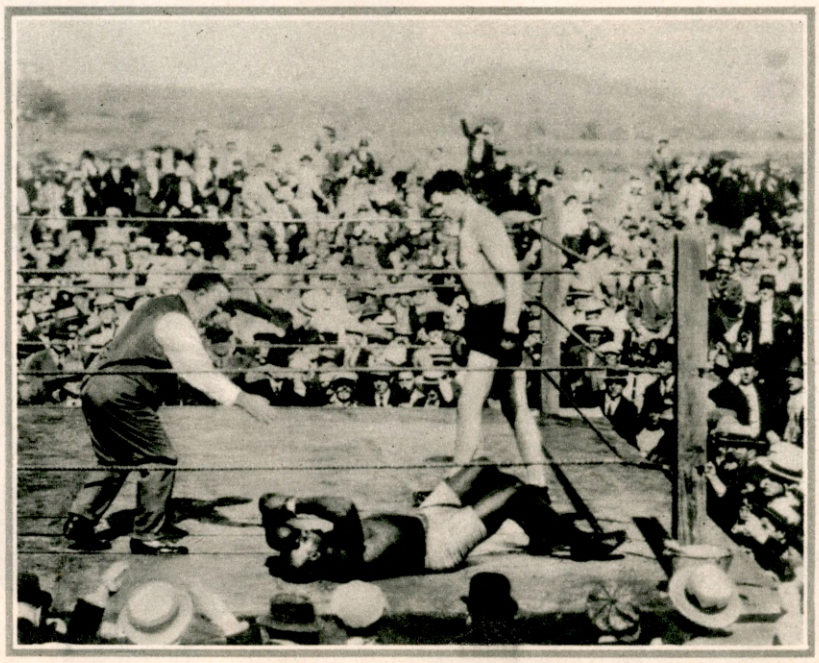
JACK DEMPSEY apparently has retired from the ring. Jack Johnson quit a long time ago.

But there's a lot of shooting about the pair. Would the Johnson of the Jeffries fight have beaten the Dempsey of the Firpo fight?

Johnson takes up the question without any false or other variety of modesty, in his series on his life and career.

Modest Jack says he would have stopped or outpointed Dempsey. He goes a step further. He declares that at least three other fighters who flourished just before the time when "Whites Hopes" were the rage, would have taken the measure of the Manassa Mauler—Jim Jeffries, Sam Langford and Stanley Ketchel.

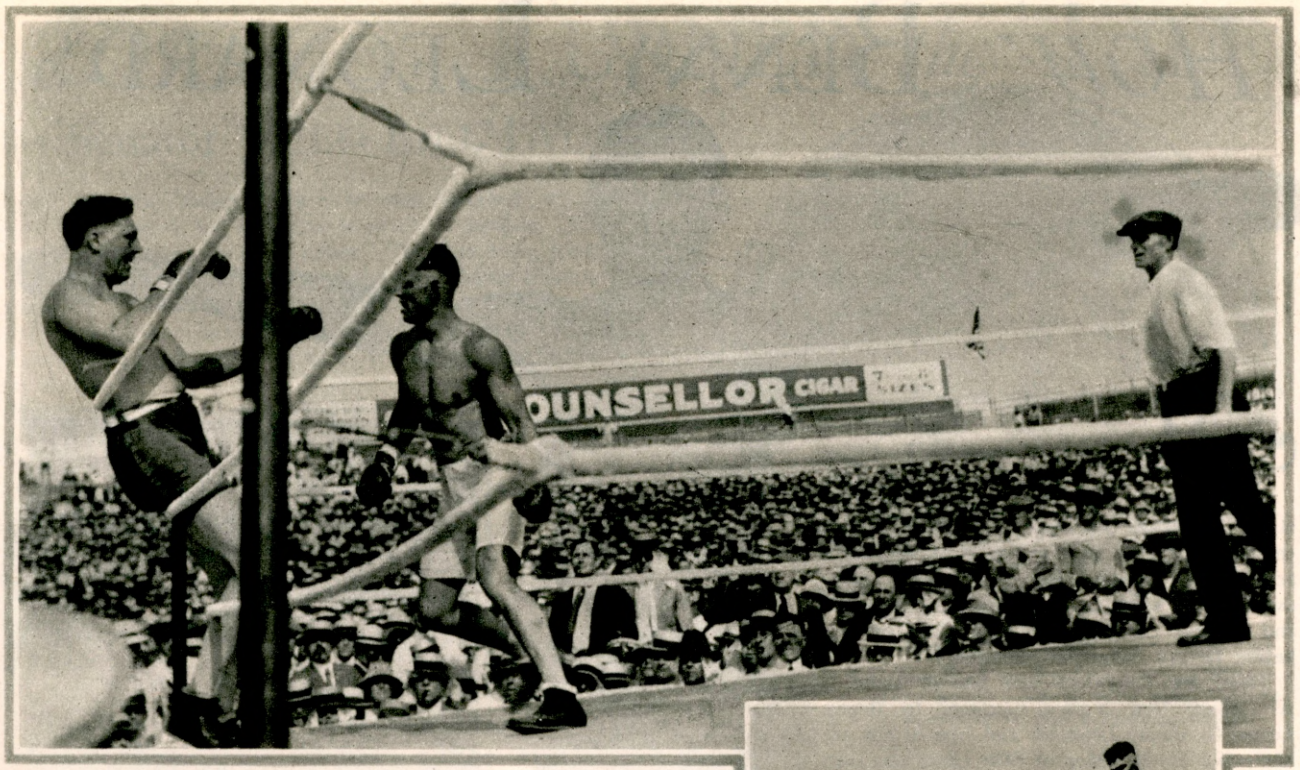
We do not know what grievance Jack Johnson has against Jack Dempsey, but he certainly laces it into the "Idol of Fistiana" by declaring that Dempsey is the most overrated fighter since Corbett relieved Sullivan of the heavyweight crown. It is Johnson's contention that Jeffries would have subdued Dempsey in six rounds if they had fought each other when both were in their prime and that he, Johnson, would have made the Dempsey that whipped Willard look silly if that same Dempsey had entered the ring with the Johnson who stopped Jeffries.



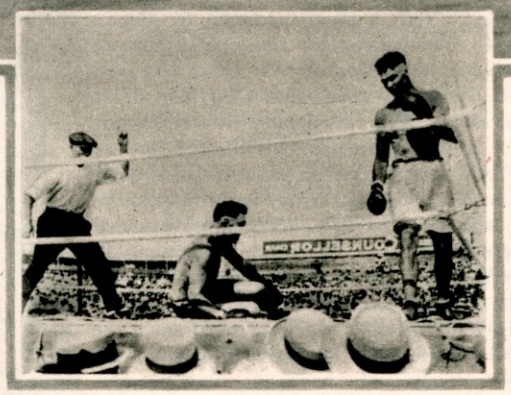
When Johnson shaded his eyes from sun's rays while being counted out in bout with Jess Willard

* * *

IT is this last statement that has aroused discussion among enthusiasts of boxing and as a result of many letters received by THE RING asking for an opinion on the subject, THE RING attempts in this comparison of Dempsey and



Willard a mark for Jack Dempsey at Toledo



Jess taking third count in first round

Expert supports Negro in contention he would have beaten Mauler

By CHARLEY HARVEY

Johnson to analyze their strong and weak points in an effort to decide the issue. This analysis causes us to incline towards the Johnson angle—that the negro was Dempsey's superior, but not to the extent that Johnson so cheerfully admits.

The fact that Dempsey was one of the speediest and hardest hitting heavyweights in history will hardly be denied by anyone. But in defensive skill and in attack on opponents of pronounced defensive ability, he was weak.

On the other hand, Johnson was one of the greatest boxers in the heavyweight division, a remarkably efficient ring general, and a hard, punishing hitter. It is on those conditions that I base my opinion that Johnson would have won from Dempsey had they been matched at a time when both were at their best.

* * *

LET us consider the condition of Jack Johnson when he fought Jess Willard. The Kansan Giant was in fine fettle at the time of their engagement in Havana which lasted 26 rounds. Johnson, in describing this bout several years after the championship was lost, declared that he had sold out, but the general sporting public had never paid any attention to this assertion. However, the fact remains that the negro, tired of roaming around the world a fugitive from Justice, in poor condition because he could not properly get into shape, without funds because he had squandered his fortune and the war prevented him from picking up easy money, cared little about the outcome of his fight with Willard.

He was tickled silly to get the $30,000 which he was guaranteed, and was still happier to be relieved of the championship so that he could go back to the States and serve out his time for violation of a Federal statute. That bout lasted 26 rounds and when Johnson was floored, he raised his knees, shaded his eyes with the glove of his right hand, and waited for the completion of the count. Had Johnson been in good condition, he never would have given in so readily.

* * *

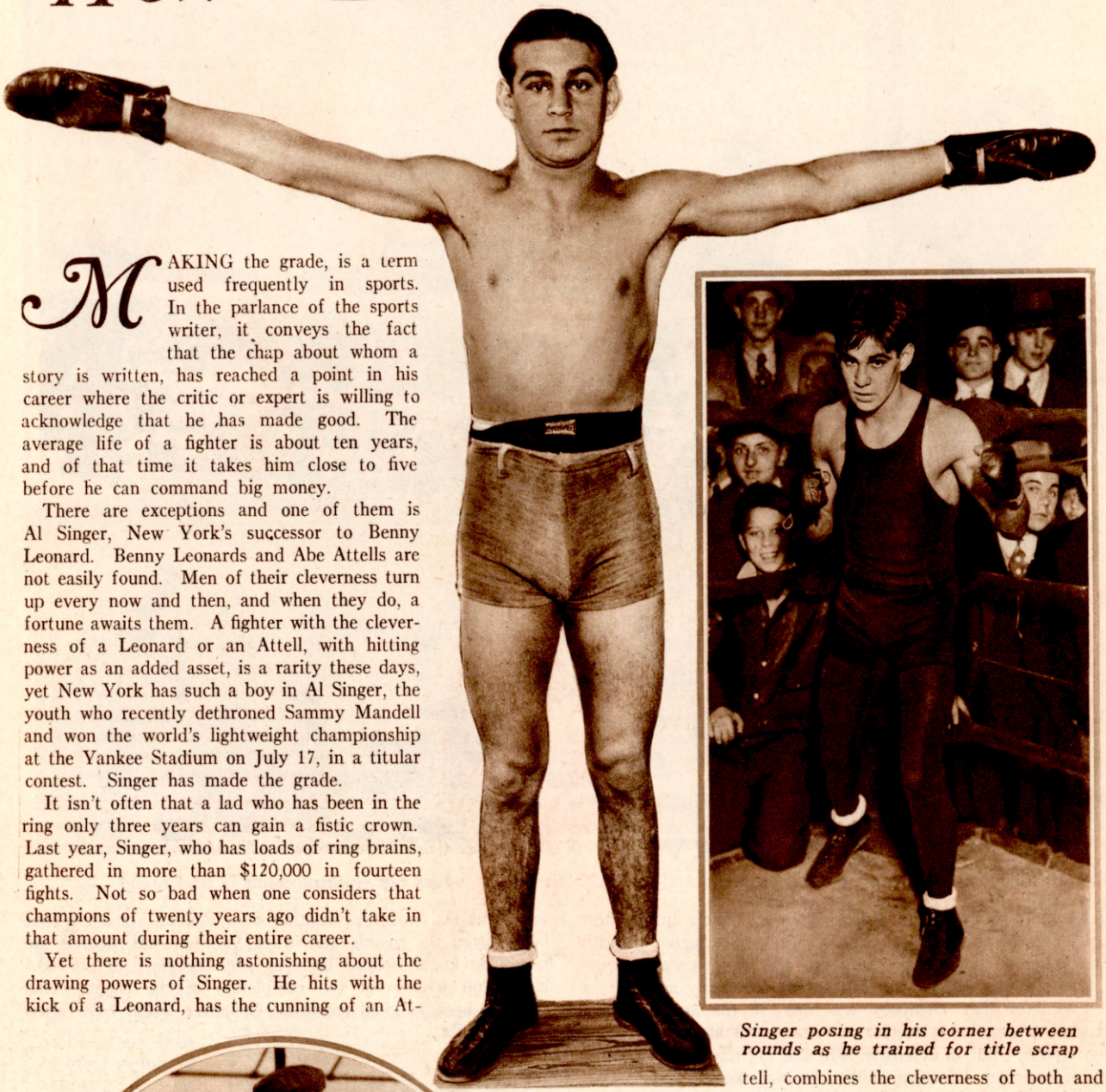
FOUR years later, Willard, a great untrained ox, slow of movement, softened by lack of proper conditioning, was stopped in three rounds by Dempsey, the latter at top form. Willard never was an expert boxer. All he possessed was size and strength.

In the Toledo battle, Willard prepared himself for the contest by boxing a few rounds with nondescript helpers for an admission fee, and then spending the remainder of the day sitting in his hotel lobby. It is possible that Johnson at his best in 1919 would not have stopped Willard in 3 rounds, but Willard would not have hit the negro the clout he gave to Dempsey in the second round.

Dempsey reached his highest form in 1918, and was in the best condition of his life in 1919. As showing the trouble Dempsey had with clever boxers, his two decisionless bouts with Billy Miske in 1918, are illuminating. They met in a ten rounder and a six rounder and each went the limit, with Miske on his feet in each contest and baffling the Manassa Mauler most thoroughly.

In 1920, Miske, shot to pieces by illness that shortly afterward resulted in his death, was stopped in 3 rounds by Dempsey. Bill Brennan was fairly clever, but not so much so as Miske and he puzzled Dempsey (*Continued on page* 46)

How Benny Leonard's



MAKING the grade, is a term used frequently in sports. In the parlance of the sports writer, it conveys the fact that the chap about whom a story is written, has reached a point in his career where the critic or expert is willing to acknowledge that he has made good. The average life of a fighter is about ten years, and of that time it takes him close to five before he can command big money.

There are exceptions and one of them is Al Singer, New York's successor to Benny Leonard. Benny Leonards and Abe Attells are not easily found. Men of their cleverness turn up every now and then, and when they do, a fortune awaits them. A fighter with the cleverness of a Leonard or an Attell, with hitting power as an added asset, is a rarity these days, yet New York has such a boy in Al Singer, the youth who recently dethroned Sammy Mandell and won the world's lightweight championship at the Yankee Stadium on July 17, in a titular contest. Singer has made the grade.

It isn't often that a lad who has been in the ring only three years can gain a fistic crown. Last year, Singer, who has loads of ring brains, gathered in more than $120,000 in fourteen fights. Not so bad when one considers that champions of twenty years ago didn't take in that amount during their entire career.

Yet there is nothing astonishing about the drawing powers of Singer. He hits with the kick of a Leonard, has the cunning of an Attell, combines the cleverness of both and possesses the color that draws them in at the gate. What better combination for a pugilist?

Singer posing in his corner between rounds as he trained for title scrap

Al Singer, new lightweight champion of the world

Taking the hurdles, in one of his morning workouts

Like Jimmy McLarnin, every time Singer appears on a card in an indoor arena the S. R. O. sign makes its appearance. He and McLarnin are the two best drawing cards among the fighters below the heavyweight division, and that is why each is in demand and can command his own fee.

Singer, a heavy favorite in the Mandell bout, made good the boast that he would bring the crown back to the city where it remained for many years under the watchful eyes and guarding fists of Benny Leonard, his pal and adviser. Like Leonard, Singer owes his rapid rise to a knockout. When Benny Leonard took the count in his bout with Joe Shugrue in the fourth round in 1912, and the following year was put to sleep by Frankie Fleming in the fifth, the experts figured Benny would have little chance to advance.

But Leonard thought otherwise. The fear of a knockout had hounded him. He sensed danger and therefore was careful about getting hit on the chin. But once he actually felt the sensation of a knockout punch and realized he "could take it," Leonard became a changed fighter. Fear left him and rapidly he rose to the heights that all strive for but few attain.

ADVICE TURNED *the* TIDE

By Senator "WILD BILL" LYONS

And so with Singer. When he was knocked out by Ignacio Fernandez, his admirers were shell shocked. They feared the end of a promising career. That knockout, coming at a time when Singer was the American fighting sensation, caused the Ghetto boy to lose at least $100,000, for several most lucrative contracts were cancelled by Hymie Chaplin, Singer's manager, in order to give Al a chance to get back into his own.

For several days Singer looked worried. He realized that he had failed to make good and feared for the worst. But that thinking brain of Al's got to working. He went to Stillman's gym and there.

Training is no irksome job for Singer. Here he is seen playing leap-frog in preparation for a coming battle

without confiding his secret to his handlers, he decided to determine for himself if he could take a wallop or whether he had a "glass" chin.

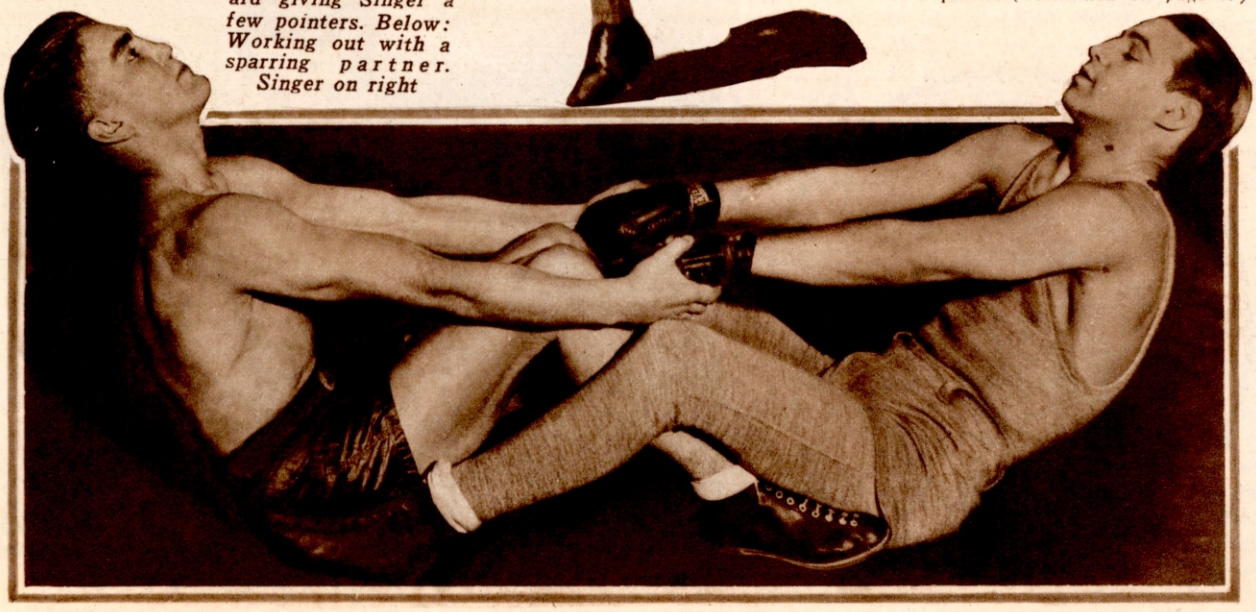
That knockout of Singer by Fernandez had awakened Al. Instead of depressing him, in reality it was the means for making a great fighter out of him. Speaking of his comeback, Singer said:

"I was about to quit after my knockout, but something told me I was simply experiencing what other fighters already had gone through. Benny Leonard came to me five days after the Fernandez bout and remarked:

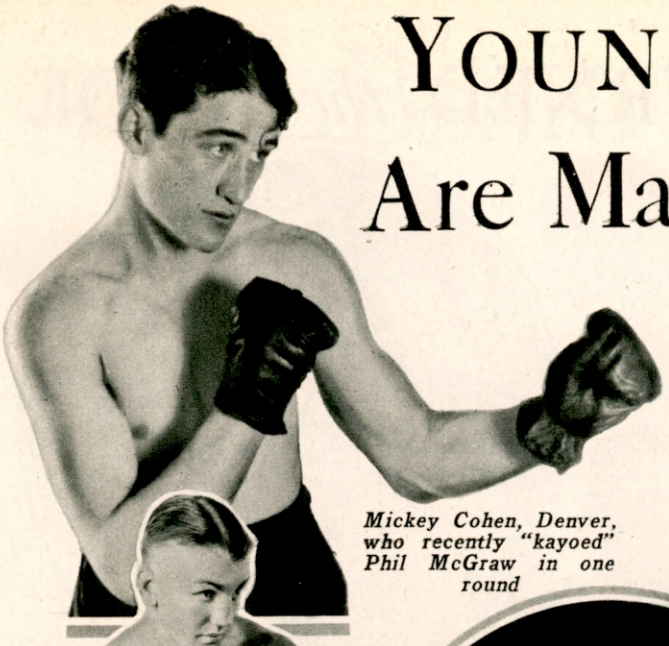
" 'Say kid, perk up. You've only been taught a lesson. You can lick Fernandez anytime you stack up against him again, so don't worry. Go down to the gym, get rid of that worried look. I experienced the same sensation but it was a good lesson, for it taught me that a punch (*Continued on page* 49)

Above: Benny Leonard giving Singer a few pointers. Below: Working out with a sparring partner. Singer on right

Out for a morning jog



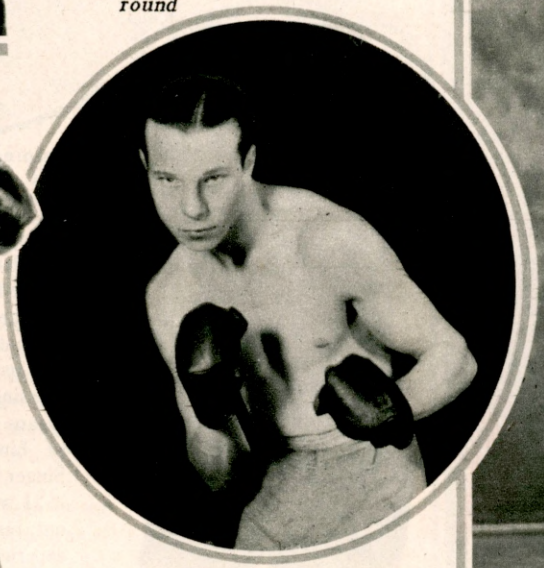
YOUNGSTERS Who Are Making the Grade



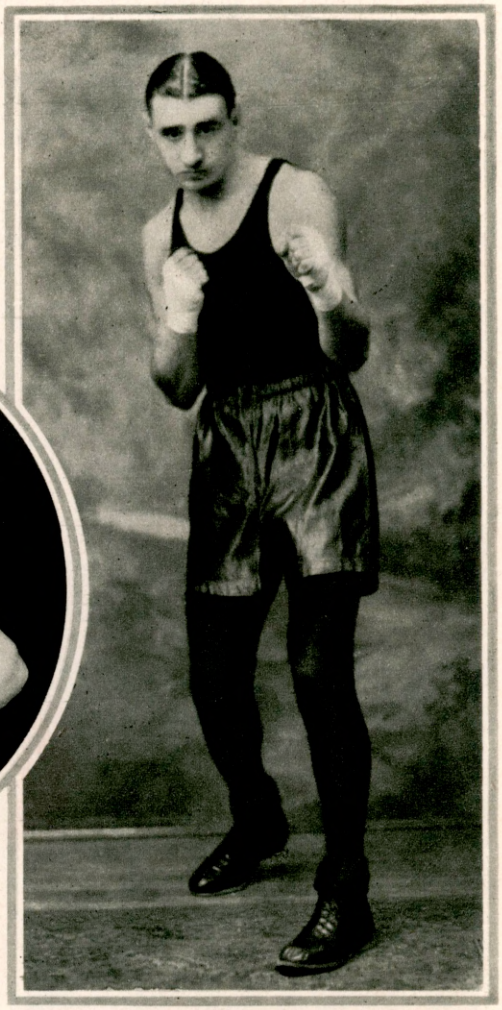
Mickey Cohen, Denver, who recently "kayoed" Phil McGraw in one round

Above: George Kerwin, English welter, residing in Chicago

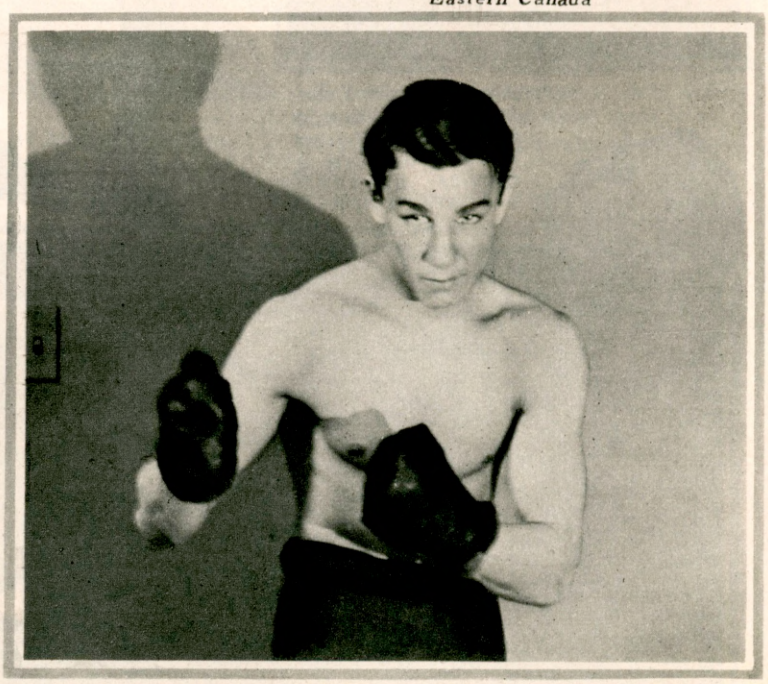
Below: Buck Easterling, Wichita, Kan., a great hitter in the 175-pound ranks



Pee Wee Wilson, rugged Detroit bantam, improving rapidly



Johnny Nemis, crack welterweight from Eastern Canada

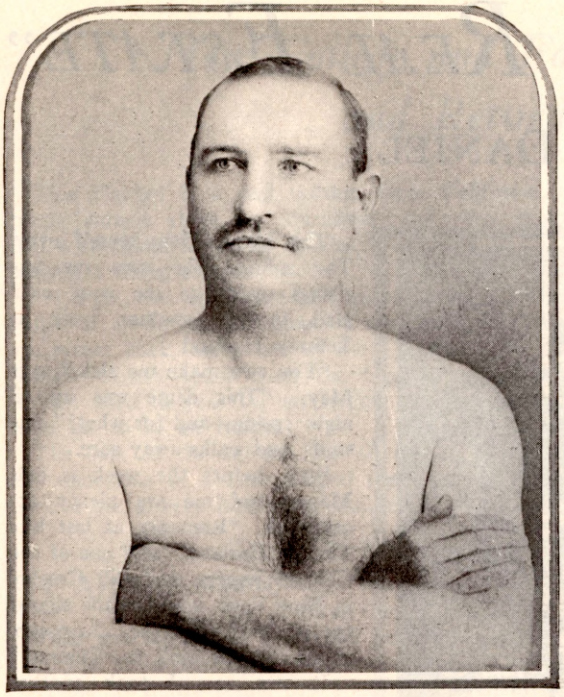


Benny Goldstein, classy Baltimore featherweight youngster

MICK DOOLEY

The Man Who Thrice Defeated Bob Fitzsimmons

By
WILL LAWLESS *(Solar Plexus)*
Leading Australian Fight Critic formerly of the Sydney *Referee*



Mick Dooley, famous Antipodean fighter who had Fitzsimmons' number

HAVING told in the last issue of the early life of Bob Fitzsimmons, I presume that readers of THE RING would like to hear something concerning that once great welterweight, Mickey Dooley who, as I proved in my last article, thrice whipped Bob Fitzsimmons. Dooley is still alive, but like another Australian of class, Billy McCarthy, who was Fitzsimmons' first opponent in America, Mickey is an inmate of one of the old men's homes.

Mick Dooley, a native of New South Wales, was a good natural fighter and in contests that called for nature's weapons not upholstered, he figured with great success. He defeated men ever so much bigger, stronger and more experienced. But when the ban was put on bare-knuckle fisticuffs in Australia, Michael decided to perfect himself in the more modern mode of warfare and wisely selected the late Larry Foley as his instructor.

Foley, I might add, was responsible for the development of such really great men as Griffo, Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, and Jim Barron, a lightweight, who, even with his right hand injured, fought the clever "Kid" McCoy a 10 round draw in 1894. These, in addition to many others who later taught their American brethren the correct way to hit, stop, jab and get away, were Foley's pupils.

In his early efforts, Mick Dooley was a six footer, whose fighting weight was but 150 pounds, so that in the way of poundage, he did not have anything on Fitzsimmons, when he so convincingly beat Lanky Bob.

* * *

OLD MAN DOOLEY, father of Mick, was employed as a driver on a light delivery cart connected with our Government Printing office, and when he retired, the son, Mike, Jr., took up the reins.

With many others, young Dooley was suspected of being present at a prize fight at the back of our headquarters for horse-racing, known to some as Randswick, and in polite but firm language, the boss printer informed Young Mick that he would no longer be required on the job.

Mick shed no salt tears over his dismissal, for he thought it gave him the golden opportunity of following up the fight game in real earnest.

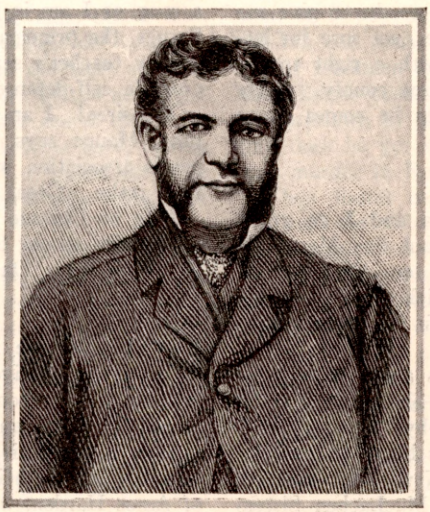
He called upon his tutor to inform him that he had got the "sack," and Larry Foley grasped the opportunity to secure the services of so great a fighter as young Dooley. He immediately appointed Mickey assistant instructor at that famous nursery for Australian fighters, the "White Horse Hall."

It was while so engaged that Mick defeated Ruby Robert and many others, but he also developed a craving for beer with the result that, within a few months, we find the once lean and lanky welterweight, a full blown heavy. Then, the inevitable resulted—Dooley's nervous system became wrecked and much of his former ability disappeared.

* * *

HOWEVER, before reaching the full length of his pugilistic tether, our old friend was responsible for many fine achievements. On one occasion he lost to the grizzly Joe Goddard, by a stutter.

As many old time American fans will remember, Goddard was a man who respected no rules. He fought vigorously all the time, swinging, jolting and driving sleep-producing wallops from every conceivable angle. He was the most durable heavyweight that ever graced a ring.



Larry Foley, Australia's master instructor of boxing

Though much bigger than Dooley, and infinitely more rugged, he set out to wipe the floor with the unfortunate Mick, but the latter's proppy left, that so impressed Kid McCoy when that worthy was in South Africa, that the great American improved his own sinister weapon to the extent of making him almost unbeatable, proved a punishing obstacle.

Beaten at every move, Goddard, in sheer desperation, grabbed Dooley round the waist, and hurled him to the boards of the unpadded ring in a manner reminiscent of the days when knuckle fighting was the vogue in England.

The referee, the late Sid Broomfield, a man who stuttered badly, especially when excited, immediately rose from his chair outside the ring, with the intention of disqualifying Goddard, but words failed him. After spluttering and (*Continued on page* 48)

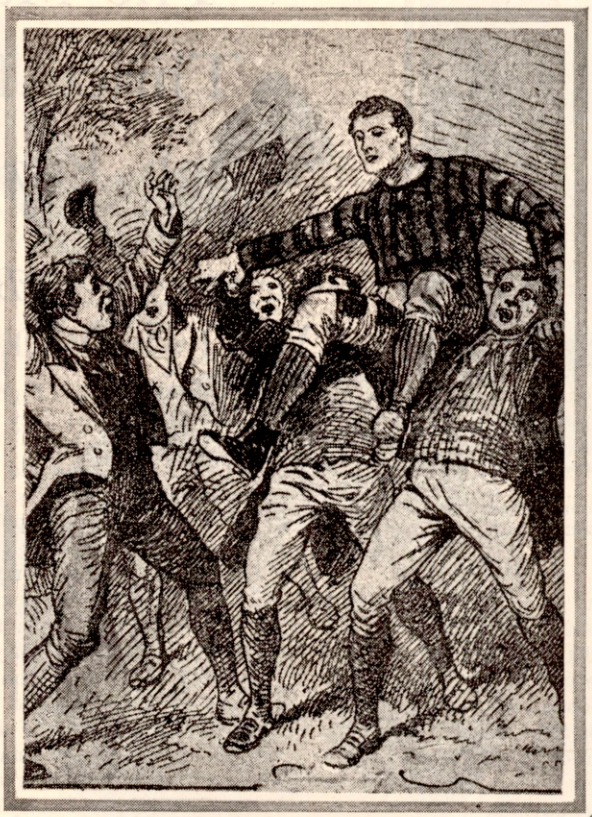
"Thomas Harland, *Real Estate*"

By Daniel M. Daniel

I'M telling you, any fighter who gets stuck on women is bound to get stuck himself. Ask me. I know! You can't tell me that I wasn't headed for that light-heavyweight title. Clever, fast as a cat getting chased by a dog, pretty smart, strong and young—why, I might have gone on to the heavyweight championship.

But when a bird gets tied up with dames he might as well say good-bye to titles and settle down to earning an honest—well, what I mean, he might as well call it a career, and look for something steady.

My trouble starts when I meet Mauna MacLachen. Sweet? Well! Looks? And how! I am boxing at the Palace in my home town—Capitolia, out in Illinois. You know—home boy makes good in big cities, and the folks want to see me work. So I get a week's booking at one grand, and settle down to showing the citizens just why the sport writers in New York thought Tommy Harland the coming light-heavyweight champion.



Hackell was out of the big game with Torney University and I was carried off the field on the shoulders of my wildly enthusiastic classmates

Well, my difficulties begin the first afternoon I am working at the Palace. There's a sister act, you know, song and dance, and plenty of pep—Mauna and May MacLachen. For years I make boxing my career and never look at a dame. That Sorley girl in Chi? Well, she was too smart for me. But that was just once.

Anyway, the minute I look at this Mauna, I am gone. Dark hair, flashing eyes, a couple of dimples, white teeth that didn't come from a dentist's, great getup. You know.

When I go on for my act I am thinking of the girl, and Spuds Murey, my trainer, keeps hollering from the wings, "Hey, Tom, are ye sick? Want the curtain down?" I was missing a mile, and the crowd was about ready to give me the razz when I sort of pull myself together, get sore for letting a girl get me nutty, and cut loose with a right to the heart that knocks Curly Cokely into the next county. Curly never expects anything like that, and when he comes to an hour later he resigns.

* * *

WELL, I work that week in Capitolia and I go great. Pack 'em in. And getting daffier about this Mauna all the time, And she seems to go for me, too. Her partner keeps warning her against getting too thick with a fighter. Fact is, May tells me so. Says I am not fit to associate with a girl like Mauna.

Toward the end of the week I am nuts about Mauna for fair, and I says, "Well, I'll be seeing you." She laughs, "We're off to Minneapolis, and it looks like good-bye."

It takes a lot of brains to out-smart this boy Tommy Harland. I wire to the booking office in New York and get myself billed on the same card with the MacLachen Sisters in Minneapolis. I walk in on them Monday morning at rehearsal, and say! Panic?

This Mauna gives herself away. The minute she sees me she rushes over like she was awful glad to get another peek at Tommy Harland.

"You two make me sick," says May. "This dame was up all night crying—and for what?" She sniffs, and walks away sore.

Well, before the week is out, Mauna and me are plenty acquainted. "Romance at last hits Tommy Harland," said one of the Chicago papers, and Bill Creeley in New York, who has me signed for fifteen with the champion, wires, "Say it ain't so, Tommy."

It was so. I took another booking on the bill with Mauna in Winnipeg. That week we arrange our plans—and that week I start getting into worse trouble.

* * *

WE are sitting in the MacLachen Sisters' suite at the hotel. May is in on the conference, too. Mauna is doing all the talking.

"I'm crazy about you, Tommy, but you aren't ready to take up married life," she says. "I don't want to be married to a man who knows nothing but fighting. You cannot go on boxing indefinitely. Age, somebody's right—they come on you in time. Why, even Dempsey had to quit. Tunney knew enough to step out before he had to, and it was a wise girl who showed him the wise way.

"I don't want to go through life the wife of just an ex-fighter. I know. You'll win the title first, and then cash in and quit. Whoa! You've got to do what I ask first, or you can book on another circuit and call this off."

Well, what do you suppose she arranges for Tommy? She wants me to go to college! I wouldn't class myself exactly a mug, as I am in high school for three years until Old Man Sprugs, the principal, calls me in for putting fly-paper on the history teacher's seat, and I am forced to give him a right cross in self-defense.

Yes siree! I am to go to college and be one of them rah-rahs, Mauna says. Then, when I am polished up after a year's association with the best boys, I am to win the title, then retire. Great programme.

I go to Chicago and look up Benny Horendel, about the wisest bird among the boxing managers. I tell him my problem. He says, "Okeh. I'll fix it up."

* * *

WELL, believe it or not, in a month I am enrolled at Downing University, my name is Amos Harden, I am a Mission Indian from California, and I am taking a course in physical training and direction.

Here is how this Benny fixes it up. He goes down to an Indian school in Mississippi and looks up a bird by the name of Amos Harden, who is an athlete of some account, and has a certificate which says he is entitled to enter a university without further examinations.

How College and Football Gave a Girl a Husband and Retired a Coming Champion

This Harden is a real redskin from California, and he's pretty earnest about his education. But when Benny shows him a thousand bucks he decides to go back to Cal and buy himself a filling station.

So I get this certificate and go to Downing, where I am hailed as an Indian sensation. I have high cheek bones, and am rather dark, being one of the Costello Irish, along with pioneer Scotch stock from the Cumberland Mountains, so it isn't hard to pass for an Indian. Especially as the boys want me to be an Indian.

The lads on the campus get all excited about me and I am something of a hero around the place, when one afternoon I get a very interesting visitor.

* * *

"MR. HARDEN," says this bozo. "Mr. Harden, I believe that down at the Mississippi Delta Indian College you were quite a football player. In fact, I am told that you are a corking halfback.

"Now, as things stand, this freshman eleven of ours needs a carrier of your ability. Now, don't say no. You owe it to old Downing to do everything you can to advance her fame and name.

"Anyway, I expect you on the varsity next season, and you've got to play freshman football to learn our ways and style. I could use you on the scrubs, but that wouldn't do the freshmen any good. They sure need you."

This was a fine package of howdyedo. I sit down and rush a wire to Mauna to call me over the long distance telephone. I call Charley Taten, my manager, and he hollers blue murder. "It's bad enough to waste a year, but get hurt in this football business? Why, you'd be a sucker."

But Mauna laughs. "Why, that's part of your education as a gentleman," she says. "All of our big men in Wall Street used to be football stars. That's the first real step. What you get out of the books and lectures isn't to be compared with football."

So I am cooked. I work on the quiet for a week to find out what it's all about, and then report for the Downing freshman team. "Amos Harden, Indian star, carries touchdown through varsity," says a headline about a week later.

* * *

WELL, this football isn't so bad. I am getting to like it. The boys on the big eleven get a little rough, but I just do my business and hold back the old Harland right. It's a tough thing to keep from socking some of those lads, but I said, "Remember what Mauna told you. Gentlemen do not fight. Play the game for a year, and then for the title and the dough, and wedding bells, and retirement with a little nest egg."

Yes, siree, I like this football! It gives me a chance to let off steam. A professional fighter gets kind of goofy sitting around class-rooms, and he welcomes a great opportunity like rushing a line and tackling a lot of big guys who think they are real rough.

Football suits me fine. One afternoon the coach calls a secret practise—the freshmen against the big team, which was playing one of its important games that week.

The big boys are sore, and they are told by the coach to get good and rough. You see, the coach didn't have to stop any rushes. He could afford to stand by and holler, "Hit 'em harder, varsity!"

Well, I get the ball and hit that big line for ten yards. I make five or six, then twelve on an off tackle smack, and first thing you know Amos Harden, the Indian, goes for a touchdown.

The coach gets kind of raspy. "Great lot of football players I've got this year. Let a freshman out of a hick school make a lot of monkeys out of them. Now, let's show some life!"

So the big team begins to hit hard. The backs come through and mop me up once, twice, again and again. The kids I had with me seemed to wilt under the impact and the strain.

I stood there and let them have it, always holding back that Harland right.

I never forget what Mauna tells me.

They go through for three touchdowns, and by that time I am not so hot for this game of football. Now, don't get me wrong. Nobody ever had a chance to say that Tommy Harland wasn't as game as they come, but I wasn't getting any help.

* * *

COLLEGE football is a nice, clean game and I think that those yarns about professionalism are a lot of applesauce. But once in a while you run up against a guy like this Rance Hackell, who was the fullback of the Downing varsity.

Rance was a big boy—about 190 on the hoof—fast, good kicker, but a bum sport. One of those snarly birds. A bit of a front runner, I thought.

Rance liked to be the whole show. He hated to give up the spotlight. I wanted to keep out of the public eye. When the cameramen took my picture I always saw to it that I had on a helmet, and screwed up my face.

Rance didn't like Amos Harden, "the Indian sensation." Near the end of this scrimmage I am telling you about, he comes through extra hard and when I wake up I am listening to the mocking birds. He drove me right in the pit of the stomach harder than Link Potel ever hit me when he put me down three times, only to have Tommy Harland rally and stop him in the fourteenth.

I wake up and kind of laugh, and Rance comes over and says, "Can't take it, eh? Indian sensation heap weak in stomach, what? Those headlines haven't done you any good, red boy. Watch out for me next time."

No, that Rance person had no use for Amos Harden, and right then and there Tommy Harland had no use for Mr. Hackell.

* * *

WELL, the Downing eleven gets licked in that big game, and the next week the coach is sore and the players are fit to be tied. The coach sees that raise of his going, and the boys stand for a lot of hard talk that I wouldn't take from any man if I was on a football team playing for nothing but rah-rah and glory and busted legs.

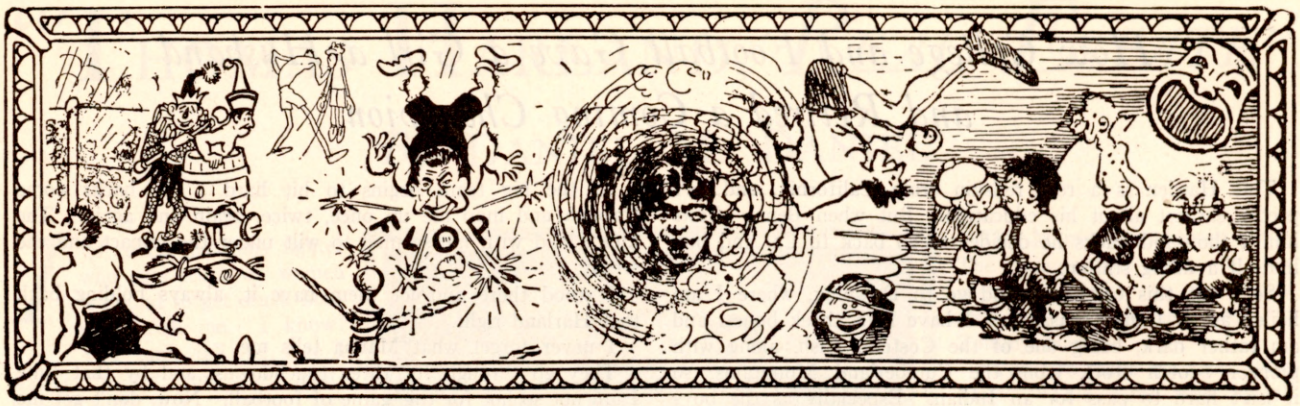
Our freshmen are sent against the big team again, and this time Rance comes through tougher than ever. I carry over a touchdown by giving Hackell the old-fashioned straightarm, and does he get sore? Why, when we lined up again there was murder in Rance's eyes.

They plaster us that afternoon, and two days later comes the final big scrimmage for the Home Coming Game. Freshmen against Varsity, four periods, and the whole student body in the stands, singing and cheering and hollering, "Beat Carney! Beat Carney!" That was their chief state rival—Carney College down the line.

Rance lets me have it once, then twice. He's getting dirtier with every rush. Big chance for the limelight. Our freshman line was worn out with battling the bigger, heavier and stronger men of the varsity. But the scrubs were a poor lot and we had to do all the dirty work in addition to playing our own Friday afternoon games with other freshmen and prep schools.

Hackell gouged me in the eye with a thumb, and the next time he deliberately kicked me in the head.

I got up and Amos Harden had a (*Continued on page* 46)



HUMOR *in the* RING

By WILBUR WOOD

(THIRD INSTALMENT)

MANY years ago, in a Western city, it was my fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to labor for a sports editor who could see only the serious side of life.

"You will have to cut out the spirit of levity in your stuff," he said, "if you expect to stick around here. There is nothing funny in boxing. It is a serious business. If you think it is funny, just let me punch you in the nose and see if you can get a laugh out of that."

As you may imagine, I declined the test of a punch in the nose. But I still maintain that there is many a laugh to be had out of the noble art of flattening noses, both in the ring itself and as by-products.

The late Tex Rickard probably had the most poorly developed sense of humor of any man who ever rose to fame in the profession. Yet Tex gave the boys many a laugh.

There was the time when, returning with a squad of newspapermen from St. Louis, where Gene Tunney had been signed to box Dempsey, the train stopped for a few minutes at Terre Haute.

A dashing youngster, with pearly teeth and an infectious grin, climbed aboard the special car housing the promoter and newspapermen. He was boisterously greeted.

"Where's Tex?" inquired the youth.

"Back in the drawing room."

The youth walked through the car and opened the door of the drawing room. He walked over to Rickard, stuck out his hand.

"How are you, Mr. Rickard?"

"Fine, fine," replied the promoter, a puzzled look in his piercing eyes.

"What you doin' out here?" asked Rickard, obviously fumbling for conversation with the smiling visitor.

"Why, I live here, you know. Just came down to the station to say hello to you and the gang as you went through."

The youth presently leaped off the train, as it started again on the trip to New York.

"Say, who was that young feller?" Rickard asked. "His face looks familiar, but I just can't place him."

There was a burst of laughter.

"What's the joke?" demanded Rickard.

"Why, nothing," said one of the scribes, "except that the 'young feller' was Bud Taylor, bantamweight champion of the world, and you didn't know him."

"I knew I had seen that young feller before," mumbled Rickard, but still he did not laugh. In all the years I knew Tex I never saw him break out into a deep laugh. He just wasn't built that way.

* * *

TEX could get mad, though. He never was more peeved than one afternoon prior to the Chicago fight between Tunney and Dempsey. The heat in the Pineapple City was terrific. Rickard had hidden away two bottles of real beer in the ice box in his private office.

On the afternoon in question he came in from an inspection of Soldiers Field very warm. He excused himself to all callers and went into his private room, locking the door behind him. He was set to finish that nice, cold beer. But, alas and alack, when he went to the ice box the beer was gone. A brace of equally thirsty scribes had finished it not half an hour earlier.

Was Rickard mad? I'll say he was. He came out with his ever-present stick swishing, demanding to know who had committed the outrage.

"I'll break this over the head of the fellow that got that beer," he roared. Though the culprits were within reach of the stick at that moment, neither spoke up. It would not have been wise.

The nearest the writer ever saw Rickard to a real laugh was when the gang was returning from Fair Haven, N. J., on his yacht, after a trip to the camp of Tom Heeney.

At Fair Haven Rickard had appeared before a talkie camera to make a brief speech. There was much giggling when he stepped out to talk. His white trousers were badly streaked. One of the newspaper fellows had stuffed his pockets with ice. That was not at all funny to Tex.

On the way home he took an over-ripe egg and dropped it into the coat pocket of Harry Grayson of the New York *Telegram,* breaking the egg as he dropped it in. Rickard figured Grayson, an inveterate practical joker, was the one who had loaded him with ice. When Grayson discovered the egg in his pocket, Tex grinned. That was as far as he ever went.

There was a bit of humor connected with an incident at Fair Haven that day. The famous "Six Hundred Millionaires," of whom Rickard was so proud, had come down en masse to watch Heeney box. They were packed around the ring six deep.

Charlie Harvey, Heeney's manager-in-chief, came bustling toward the ring.

"Gangway, gentlemen, gangway," he pleaded mildly. After much pushing and shoving he reached the ring.

No sooner had he arrived there than he let out a whoop of dismay. Well he might. For, when Harvey started to push his way through the press of millionaires he had had $800 in his pocket, with which he intended to pay off honest Tom's sparring partners. When he reached the ring the $800 was gone. Though it wasn't funny to Harvey, the newspaper men got a laugh out of the idea of Charlie having his pocket picked while rubbing up against the famous "Six Hundred Millionaires."

* * *

EVEN the sombre Phil Scott contributed a wise crack at a most unexpected juncture, which shows that one never knows when tragedy will turn into comedy in the ring.

Young Stribling told the story at a recent banquet given in New York by Jeff Dickson, European promoter.

"After the first round of my fight with Scott," related Stribling "during which I had knocked Phil down four times, he went back to his corner and was cuffed for a couple more knockdowns by Jimmy Johnston.

"'Go out and fight for your country,' roared Johnston so loudly that his words could be heard in our corner.

"'If that bird will only stop hitting me in the stomach he can have the country,' replied Scott."

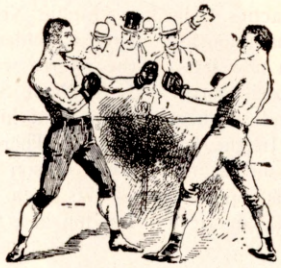
Johnston has been mixed up in many humorous incidents. One of the funniest, to those who knew him, occurred in Miami last February while Jimmy was fighting to have anyone but Lou Magnolia referee the Sharkey-Scott fight.

On one of his many visits to the office of the Miami Boxing Commission Johnston found nobody there except the secretary. Johnston started one of his interminable speeches concerning the necessity of fair play for "my Philip."

Several times the secretary attempted to interrupt. But stopping Johnston when he is in the throes of a speech is next to impossible. "Let me finish," said Jimmy each time the secretary tried to break in on him. At last, after ten minutes of continuous talking, Johnston paused for breath. At last the secretary had his chance.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

It seems the official was deaf in the ear into which Jimmy had been pouring his plea for justice.



* * *

YEARS ago, when Johnston was a promoter, the referee failed to show up. Jimmy seized on this as an opportunity to save a little money by refereeing the fight himself. In the third round one of the fighters inadvertently hit him a hard punch in the stomach. Johnston staggered back to a neutral corner and sat down on the angle formed by the junction of the middle ropes. And there he sat until the fight was over. He even called the winner over and made him stoop down so he could raise his hand in token of victory.

It was while he was promoting at a small club in uptown New York that Johnston went to considerable trouble to play a joke on the gate-crashing army.

On the night in question everyone who applied for the privilege of getting in free was directed by Jimmy to a door on which were painted the words "To the Ringside." However, it so happened that this door opened into a passageway which led to a second door. And when the crasher passed through the second door, which could be opened only from the inside, he found himself in the street again, where he was greeted by the laughs of those who had preceded him.

Dumb Dan Morgan, one of the sock market's most accomplished raconteurs, tells some amusing yarns about Jack Britton, whom he managed for years. In Canton, Ohio, one night Britton was engaged in one of his frequent battles with Ted (Kid) Lewis.

Britton was going great and had floored the Englishman several times, only to have the referee drag out the count interminably. After impatiently enduring several of these long counts, Britton took a hand in the count himself. As soon as he floored Britton he ran to his corner and got a stop watch from Morgan. Jack then proceeded to do the counting himself, while the crowd roared with laughter.

In his later years of boxing Britton's quick wit in an emergency sometimes came in handy. For instance, he was boxing a rugged, hard-hitting youngster in Havana. After several desultory rounds, the youngster took heart and began to make it tough for Jack.

The youngster finally nailed Britton with a punch on the chin that jarred Jack from stem to stern. Britton fell into a clinch and mumbled to his opponent: "Be careful, sonny, if you do that again I'll have to knock you out." The unsuspecting foeman took this admonition at face value and Jack had easy sailing for the rest of the fight.

* * *

BRITTON caused Morgan to do some worrying before another of Jack's battles with Lewis. It was in St. Louis. In the dressing room Britton had a preoccupied air. Nothing that Morgan could say seemed to rouse him from his gloomy reverie. Dan's best gags failed to get a tumble from Britton.

They went into the ring. Still Britton was gloomy.

"Listen," cried Morgan in the corner, thoroughly alarmed, "you got nothing to worry about from this guy. All you got to do is to box him careful for a while. After a few rounds he has nothing left."

Britton made no reply.

As the fighters and managers went to ring center for the referee's instructions, Britton paid no attention to what was said. His thoughts seemed to be far away.

As Jack sat in his corner, awaiting the opening gong, his face suddenly cleared.

"I've got it," he cried, joyfully.

"Got what?" Morgan wanted to know.

"It was the First National," said Britton, as the bell rang.

That reply still left Morgan very much in the air, but he rejoiced to see Britton stepping around with all his customary aplomb.

"What was that about the First National?" asked Morgan the first thing, as Britton came to his corner.

"Oh, that," chirped Britton. "I was trying all night to remember. The last time we were out here I put $300 in a bank and I couldn't remember what one it was until just a few minutes ago."

* * *

DESPITE the uproarious excitement that marked the first bout between Jack (Kid) Berg of England and Bruce Flowers, the boxing writers who sat close enough to the Whitechapel Whirlwind's corner to hear what passed between him and his seconds, had to laugh.

At the end of that never-to-be-forgotten first round, during which each boxer threw literally hundreds of punches without trying to block one, Berg skipped nonchalantly back to to his corner and remarked, conversationally: "'E cawn't bull me, 'e cawn't bull me."

That was the Kid's story and he stuck to it. At the end of the fifth round, each frame a replica of the torrid opening session, Sol Gold, in charge in Berg's corner, asked anxiously:

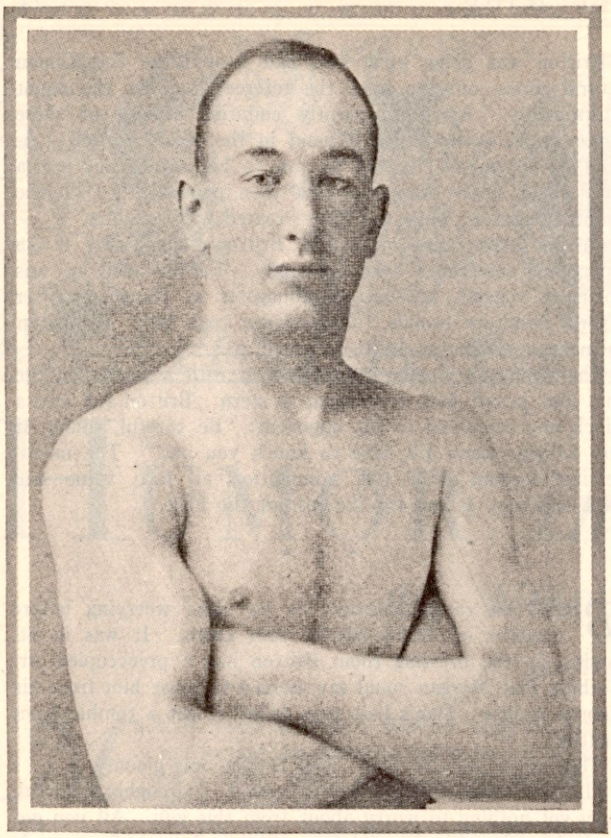
"How do you feel, Jack?"

"Fine, thanks, and 'ow are you?"

A polite fellow, that Berg!

FOUL CRIES *in* FAMOUS FIGHTS

By WILLIAM LEE KEATS



Jack "Twin" Sullivan, one of the trickiest fighters of the old school

THE recent Sharkey-Schmeling bout with its unfortunate ending, has served one good purpose. It has aroused the fight followers to the point of demanding curtailment of fouls and foul tactics. The winning of the world's heavyweight championship by Max Schmeling on a low punch has resulted in new legislation in several states where boxing is under legalized control, with the result that the past two months has found the boxing game comparatively free from foul fighting. In the last issue I reviewed "Foul cries in famous fights," and in the current number, I shall touch still further upon this topic and discuss, in addition, famous tricks of the trade as practiced by some of pugilism's shrewdest fighters.

"Elbows" McFadden, who earned his nickname through the accuracy and neatness with which he could ward off a punch with the elbows and who earned a far better right to the nickname through the precision with which he could bring those pointed portions of his anatomy into painful contact with his opponent's face and chin, was a master in ring trickery, particularly in his specialty. Often an opponent would complain to the referee that McFadden was fouling, but so skillful was McFadden in planting those elbows that it was impossible for the official to detect a foul and decide whether the "collision" had come through accident or design. Hence the referee refused to interfere.

* * *

SOMETIMES "Elbows" would tantalize his opponent by his defensive tactics and this would go on for ten or twelve rounds before McFadden's rival would become convinced that the elbow stunt was not a mere accident and would lodge a complaint. "Elbows" would immediately set himself right by an angelic apology, only to resume the play within a round or two later.

In this manner, McFadden, who to this day is one of the leading boxing instructors in America, was able to get away with what would heavily penalize the average fighter of to-day. His clever digs with the elbows were masterpieces of ring strategy and they enabled McFadden to become one of the outstanding boxers of his period, but it is safe to say that his tactics would not be tolerated in the ring of to-day.

One of the trickiest fighters in American ring history was Jack "Twin" Sullivan. He had the art of gentle tapping with the cranium and elbow digging down to perfection, yet he was caught at his trade only twice, suffering defeat through disqualification. He was disqualified once in his bout with Eddie Connolly and again in his contest with Marvin Hart.

He would tap with his head, jab with his elbow and slap severely with the bony part of the wrist and invariably escape detection. Bill Squires had a bitter experience with Jack Twin's wrist when he clashed with Sullivan two months after Squires had been knocked out by Tommy Burns. The Australian did quite well with Sullivan in the early part of the battle, but as the fight progressed, despite the fact that he was punching hard, he was finding his strength waning.

It puzzled Squires. He finally learned what was wrong but it was too late. The wrist stroke which Sullivan had been employing with regularity every time the boys clinched, caused this weakening and Squires' downfall. It brought on a paralysis of Squires' arm and eventually enabled Sullivan to bring home the punch soporific in the nineteenth round.

Frankie Neil's experience with the Forbes' family may be cited as evidence of the queer vagaries of referees. In this case, the referee was influenced by the unpopularity of "Old Man" Neil. Neil, Sr., was a genial fellow and a good sport, but his worship of his son became somewhat wearisome to fight followers. There never was and never could be any one the equal of son Neil, thought the father. Pop Neil was certain of this even after the defeat of his boy by Jow Bowker in London in a twenty-round mill.

* * *

NEIL had a great record, with many knockouts, at the time he decided to stack his skill against Harry Forbes. His only two setbacks prior to his first engagement with the Forbes family, were two four round losses to Eddie Hanlon.

He then took on Harry Forbes for the bantamweight title. In that contest Frankie put forth a great battle and, when the seventeenth round came on, he looked like a sure winner. In that session, to clinch matters, he sunk a beautiful body blow home that finished his rival, but the referee figured that Neil had hit low. The entire Neil family was in a rage and they and their followers insisted the punch was a fair one, but the referee had ruled against them and Neil went out of the hall swearing revenge.

A second mill was arranged, this time for Neil's home town, San Francisco, but plans failed to work out properly for Harry Forbes did not show up. In his place, however, came his brother, Clarence. As Clarence looked like his brother he was introduced as Harry and the crowd, for the time being, was none the wiser.

Neil went after Clarence as he had previously gone after Harry and had things sewed up early. In the seventh, he landed exactly the same kind of a punch for which he had been disqualified at Oakland, but this time the referee called the punch a fair one and Neil got his revenge.

Harry Forbes, hearing of the k. o., insisted that the records be corrected to show that Clarence, not he, was knocked out.

Ring Trickery Often Deceives Referee—Cases of "Elbows" McFadden and Jack "Twin" Sullivan Cited

He was considerably peeved and challenged Neil to another battle. This was agreed upon and took place at San Francisco and again Neil turned the trick with the same damaging body punch, this time in the second round.

Still not satisfied, Neil accepted a third match with Harry in Chicago and there he settled Forbes' hash in the third, again with a terrific body punch. And thus ended the Neil-Forbes family feud.

It is a peculiar circuumstance that out of four contests, in all of which the same body blow was used by Neil, only one referee decided in favor of a foul.

* * *

ANOTHER famous fight in which a foul claim was allowed by the referee, was that between the Dixie Kid and Joe Walcott at San Francisco on April 30, 1904, in which Walcott was declared the loser and which bout earned for Dixie Kid the right to the welterweight title.

One of the most discussed fouls in the annals of the ring was that in the Joe Gans and Battling Nelson tilt at Goldfield, Nevada, September 3, 1906. It was a bout in which a white man was disqualified in a fight with a Negro and in which the referee was none other than the famous George Siler.

Nelson at the time was under the management of Billy Nolan, a genial, yet a heartless soul when it came to business tactics in boxing. The terms which he had secured for Nelson and the manner in which Gans, the champion, was treated, did not exactly commend themselves to the Goldfield management. Consequently they were somewhat anxious to see Nelson and Nolan beaten.

The bulk of the fight fans had backed Gans heavily, for they still believed the Old Master was himself despite the fact that he was compelled to weaken himself considerably to make the stipulated weight. And yet they knew that in Nelson, Gans was facing one of the hardest hitting lightweights that ever graced the ring, a fighter who could go almost any distance and who could carry on regardless of the punishment.

They also knew that Nelson had a cast iron jaw and that the longer the battle, the better it suited the Durable Dane. Yet they relied on the Old Master's science and trusted to this asset to bring the champion out on top.

Unfortunately, they had erred. Their judgment was faulty. The battle proved that even a master boxer could not fight nature and come out triumphant.

* * *

DURING the early part of the contest, round after round found Gans in front. He seemed to be the only fellow on the scene. But when the boys reached the twentieth round, the spectators found the Master weakening while the Dane was coming along at an astonishing gait.

He was much faster and punching much harder than Gans. Though Joe was far ahead on points, he was beginning to show signs of weariness.

In the twenty-fifth round, Jerry Sullivan, in Gans' corner, asked the Baltimore wonder how he was getting along.

"I'm all right," replied Gans.

But to Sullivan, things did not look any too bright. He feared the worst.

For sixteen more rounds Gans continued, but it was plain that he was weakening. His punch and his speed were gone.

Again Sullivan made anxious inquiry, and again Gans gave a reassuring reply.

In the forty-second round the catastrophe occurred. Coming out of a clinch in which the Battler had more than once applied that bullet head of his, he got in one of his famed "left" half scissor hooks, as he called them.

It was a favorite punch of Nelson's. To connect with it, his left would slip from under his opponent's right, turn over and hook down perhaps five inches, plunging the knuckles, the thumb and the forefinger into his opponent's liver.

This was an awful blow. It hurt considerably as was attested to by those who got a taste of it. It landed on Gans and he was hurt. Jerry Sullivan was quick to notice it before the crowd had had an opportunity to realize that anything unusual had happened.

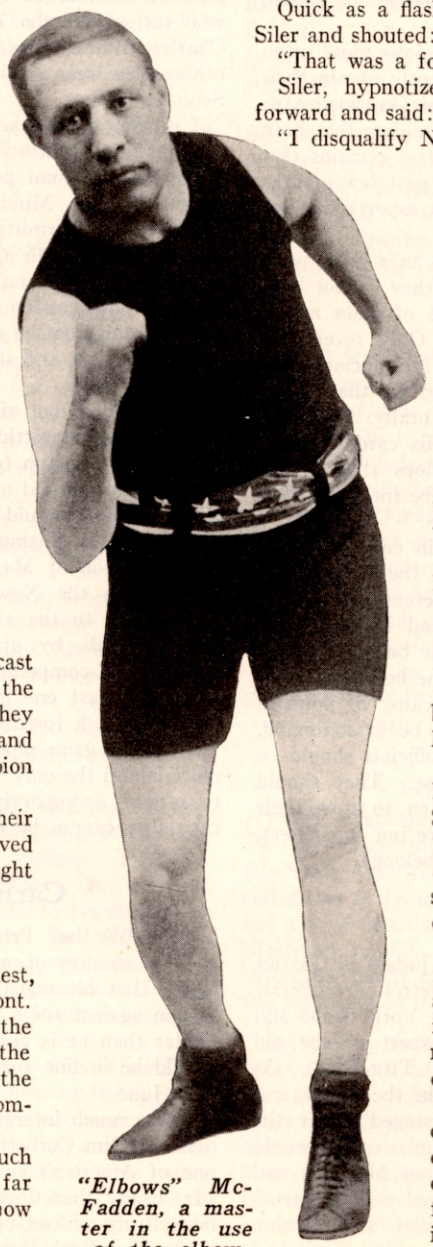
Quick as a flash, he leaped up, grasped the ropes, grabbed Siler and shouted:

"That was a foul blow, George, and you know it."

Siler, hypnotized at the sudden turn of affairs, stepped forward and said:

"I disqualify Nelson for fouling."

Many in that crowd thought the punch was fair and just as many were ready to swear Gans was fouled.



"Elbows" McFadden, a master in the use of the elbow

* * *

THE first fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey ended in a disqualification for Ruby Robert, when as a matter of fact, Fitz was far in the lead and was winning handily when the gamblers, aided by Referee Wyatt Earp, jobbed him out of a victory. Earp had gained a national reputation as a quick trigger man and his reputation served him well in this contest.

Fitz, backed heavily by his brother-in-law, Martin Julian who, it seems, had wagered the family jewels on a knockout of Sharkey within ten rounds, scored heavily as the fight went on. In the eighth, he sank a terrific solar plexus blow to Sharkey's body and the sailor boy sank to the canvas like a log.

Earp, seeing his chance to play fair with his followers, the gamblers, who were strong Sharkey adherents and had bet heavily on Tom's chances, immediately ruled the blow a foul shot and he stood there with his six shooter to see that his decision was not questioned.

Fitzsimmons and a horde of his admirers felt that Ruby Robert had connected with a fair punch but what was the use of taking any chances on an argument with a man who could hit the bull's-eye ten times out of ten?

That fight therefore went down in the record books as one which Fitzsimmons had lost on a foul. For months after, even to this day, the unbiased fans who saw that contest felt that Ruby Robert had been jobbed, but it would have been worth one's life to have expressed such an opinion at the ringside.

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Incompetent Judges and Referees Must Be Banned
Carnera Has Chance to Gain Top Rung of Ladder
Young Stribling Leads the Field of Heavies

THE new order of things in boxing, by which three gentlemen decide on the relative merits of the two competing fighters, has eliminated one of the most picturesque institutions of the ancient sport of "hit and get away"—the referee. Under the present system in vogue in the leading centers of boxing in this country, winners are determined by a majority rule of the two judges and the referee, a system that often makes of the third man in the ring an official of minor importance except for his routine work, when, all matters considered, he should be the leading figure.

The squawks, the dissension, the poor decisions most often are caused by incompetent judges who frequently obtain their posts through political pull, not through their knowledge of the finer points of judging. Fortunately it is seldom that both judges and referee are incompetent, yet the fact remains that some of the leading shows in America in the past few months have been handled by men whose opinions as experts shocked both the scribes and the patrons.

Why should men whose eyesight is poor, men who work hard all day and find themselves so fatigued they cannot keep awake, be appointed judges of a match that ofttimes means the making or the breaking of a fighter? Only recently I attended a show in Brooklyn and saw one of the officials actually sleeping during several of the rounds, and yet that fellow was called upon to render his verdict. Naturally, what else could be expected but a wrong decision! His card, showing his judgment on the rounds, was so ridiculous that it was really laughable to think such a fellow could be intrusted with judging the relative merits of the contestants.

There is a remedy and the sooner those in control of the sport, not only in New York but throughout the country, act the better. Let us do away with the incompetents, the physically disabled, the mentally incapacitated and highly prejudiced by eliminating the political drag from boxing. There are plenty of splendid judges of boxing and fine honest, capable referees who are shunted to the sidelines because of political pressure. These are the fellows who should be in command. It seems to me that men seeking to act as officials should be compelled to take a physical and mental test. They should be made to pass an examination, oral and written, to prove their worth before they are appointed. If that were put into effect, boxing would soon find itself back where it belongs.

* * *

School for Judges

IN New York the most competent of all judges is Charles F. Mathison, former sports editor of the Detroit *Free Press*, the New York *Morning Telegraph*, the New York *Globe* and *Commercial*, and for many years boxing expert of the old *New* York *Press, Sun-Herald, Sun-Press* and THE RING. As New York is the greatest center of boxing in the world, and as the world's most important fights are staged under the jurisdiction of the New York Boxing Commission, it would be well for Messrs. James A. Farley, William Muldoon and General Phelan to appoint Mr. Mathison head of an instruction school for judges. Baseball has its chief umpire who, throughout the spring and summer travels over the circuit and reports on the shortcomings of members of the league's staff. Why not take a leaf from the book of baseball and do likewise with the judges and referees?

An official supervisor of judges would soon enable the commission, not only in New York, but in other states, to weed out the good from the bad and give boxing a high class set of judges to whom the public could look with more confidence than at present.

Likewise with the referees. In New York, one of the greatest referees of modern times, Lou Magnolia, an official who rates with the kings of the past—Honest John Kelly, Charley White, Tim Hurst, Sam Austin, Dick Roche and others—has been banished because of his verdict against Phil Scott in Miami.

I do not know whether political pressure has been brought to bear on the verdict of the New York officials to oust Magnolia, but I cannot possibly conceive such intelligent men as Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Phelan keeping Lou from officiating while permitting referees who are far outclassed by Magnolia, to handle important contests.

As I've often remarked, I hold no brief for Magnolia, I was severe in my condemnation of his procedure at Miami, yet I still maintain that he is the ranking referee in New York if not in this country, and should be so recognized by the New York officials.

As I pointed out after the Miami fight, Magnolia used poor judgment in permitting himself to be guided by the demands of Jimmy Johnston to the effect that Scott must not win on a foul. Lou carried out Johnston's request to the letter. Why that "offense" should keep Lou out of New York rings, only the New York Boxing Commission can answer.

My opinion of Magnolia's worth is such that I would recommend to the New York members that they bring their referees up to the standard one would expect from Empire State officials by appointing Magnolia chief supervisor of referees and compelling the men who hold referees' licenses to attend at least one instruction session under the guidance of Magnolia each fortnight.

What the game most needs to get back to normal, is efficient officials and the only way to obtain such men, is for each state to appoint as supervisor of referees and judges, a man whose capability cannot be questioned.

* * *

Carnera's Big Chance

NOW that Primo Carnera has had the doors to this country opened for him for another six months, it is hoped that his managers will see the light and pit the giant Italian against some real opposition. Carnera is a far greater fighter than he is given credit for and if properly handled, he should be in line for a crack at the world's championship by next June.

I was much interested in a letter Bill Brady, the man who managed Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries, sent to Bill McGeehan, one of America's foremost columnists. It is the opinion of Mr. Brady that Carnera has done nothing wrong in building himself up on set-ups. In McGeehan's copyrighted column in the New York *Herald-Tribune* Mr. Brady says the following:

"In going around this country knocking out set-ups, Carnera is doing nothing more than sturdy gladiators of the past have done. The fact is that Carnera and his managers are profiting by a practice that has been a well established habit of 'champions' for many years. John L. Sullivan did it. In fact his record will show that it is mostly made up of set-up knockouts. James J. Corbett did it. He did it under my management. I arranged the dates and saw nothing dishonest about it as it was then an established method in those days to earn expenses between fights. James J. Jeffries, again under my management, earned many an honest penny on a 'knockout tour.'

"Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, all made easy money as Carnera did. Then we might remember many 'fakes' pulled off right here in New York City, and hereabouts, under the noses of our expert newspaper men and rated fans.

"It is my humble belief that Carnera is capable of whipping any of the so-called contenders. This means Schmeling, Sharkey, Campolo and even Young Stribling, for whom I have a great admiration. That the effort to deport Carnera is backed by powerful people cannot be questioned. The inside story of the attempt would prove very interesting, I think.

"I have no wish to go back into boxing, nor have publicity through it, but if I were twenty years younger I would try hard to get hold of Carnera, and if I did he would be world's champion inside of six months and in the interim I would like to have a photograph of the gentleman or gentlemen who would deport him.

"What a chance for a good manager to take Stribling to Berlin, challenge Schmeling, fight him there and bring the championship back to America! The old gag, but fine just now."

* * *

In re Set-ups and Shady Bouts

I AGREE with Mr. Brady that building up an unknown on tenth raters always has been regarded as ethical in the field of fistiana, but why shut one's eyes to bouts that from all appearances, have had an exceptionally shady color to them? How about the contest with Chevalier, for which Carnera, Frank Churchill, the former manager of Tod Morgan and Pancho Villa and others were suspended and barred from California? Would Mr. Brady shrug his shoulders and say, "Well what of it?"

In the interests of boxing, which needs a colorful fighter like Carnera to lift the sport back to the height it enjoyed when Tunney and Dempsey were in their prime, I am happy to see that Uncle Sam has not sent the "Venetian Goldolier" back home. But for this courtesy, Carnera's manager should reciprocate by pitting "Big Flat Feet" against candidates who are worthy of public patronage. Let's have no more Chevalier incidents to mar the rise of the Italian. He is a capable fellow, a heavyweight who carries a hefty wallop and can take 'em, and therefore needs no further protection in prearranged bouts.

Carnera as he appeared against George Godfrey, in my opinion, is the equal of any of the heavyweights now courting public favor, except Young Stribling and Sharkey. I believe either would defeat Carnera and possibly knock him out, but that should not matter. That would only add to his experience and make him a greater fighter a year hence. On their respective showings against Godfrey and Sharkey, I would pick Carnera to whip Schmeling this year, were they to meet. What would happen a year hence is problematical. It depends on the further development.

I foresaw in Max Schmeling a great fighter when I watched him in action abroad four years ago and even as far back as that I predicted he would be Gene Tunney's successor. As a matter of record, I now inform RING readers that it was I who induced Arthur Buelow and Schmeling to come to this country and got Tex Rickard to give him his start here. Had Tex lived, Schmeling would not have had the trouble which followed his disagreement with Buelow. Tex would have straightened the tangle and would have had a personal hand in the management of the German.

I refer to this because in Carnera I see a bright fistic prospect, just as I saw a "diamond in the rough" in Schmeling and if Primo fails to reach the heights, it will not be on account of his lack of fighting ability, but because of mismanagement.

* * *

Welcome News from England

AMERICAN fight fans are elated over the fact that the man who made foul cries famous, the elongated Phil Scott of London, has finally been eliminated from the heavyweight picture by a knockout at the hands of Young Stribling. Perhaps now, with him out of the way, the boys who seek fistic laurels will once again return to the good old style of fighting. It was Scott who popularized fouls and his retirement at this stage is welcome news.

* * *

Stribling Leads the Field

AS for Stribling, his recent feats place him in the front ranks of those seeking the heavyweight laurels. Having blotted out Scott almost as quickly as he did Otto Von Porat, the Georgian is now in line for a crack at either Sharkey or Schmeling. The Stribling who stopped Von Porat and then had Phil counted out, looms as a greater fighter than Schmeling. On his recent showing, Stribling would be favored to beat both the contestant in the last heavyweight championship fight.

Almost overnight, Stribling has become a raging lion. Today, by virtue of this dual knockouts, the Georgia Peach sits on top of the world in the field of fisticuffs. He outranks Schmeling, the champion; Sharkey, Carnera and the rest of the heavyweights. He has supplied the very things which the patrons of boxing have mourned since the retirement of the knockout artist, Jack Dempsey.

* * *

Let's Play Fair

THE RING has no desire to enter into any personal controversy between scribes and promoters, managers or fighters, but why continuously print insinuations? If a writer has proof that crooked matches are being arranged, that referees and judges are dishonest, that the boxing commissions are wilfully shutting their eyes to gross violations of the law and that matchmakers demand and obtain a "cut" of the purse of every boxer who appears at the country's leading fistic arenas, such information should be published, not hinted at. For the good of boxing, which has suffered sufficiently through fakes, fouls and weird decisions, writers of such insinuations should be compelled by their editors either to cease their unsupported attacks, or else make good by publishing names and giving concrete facts.

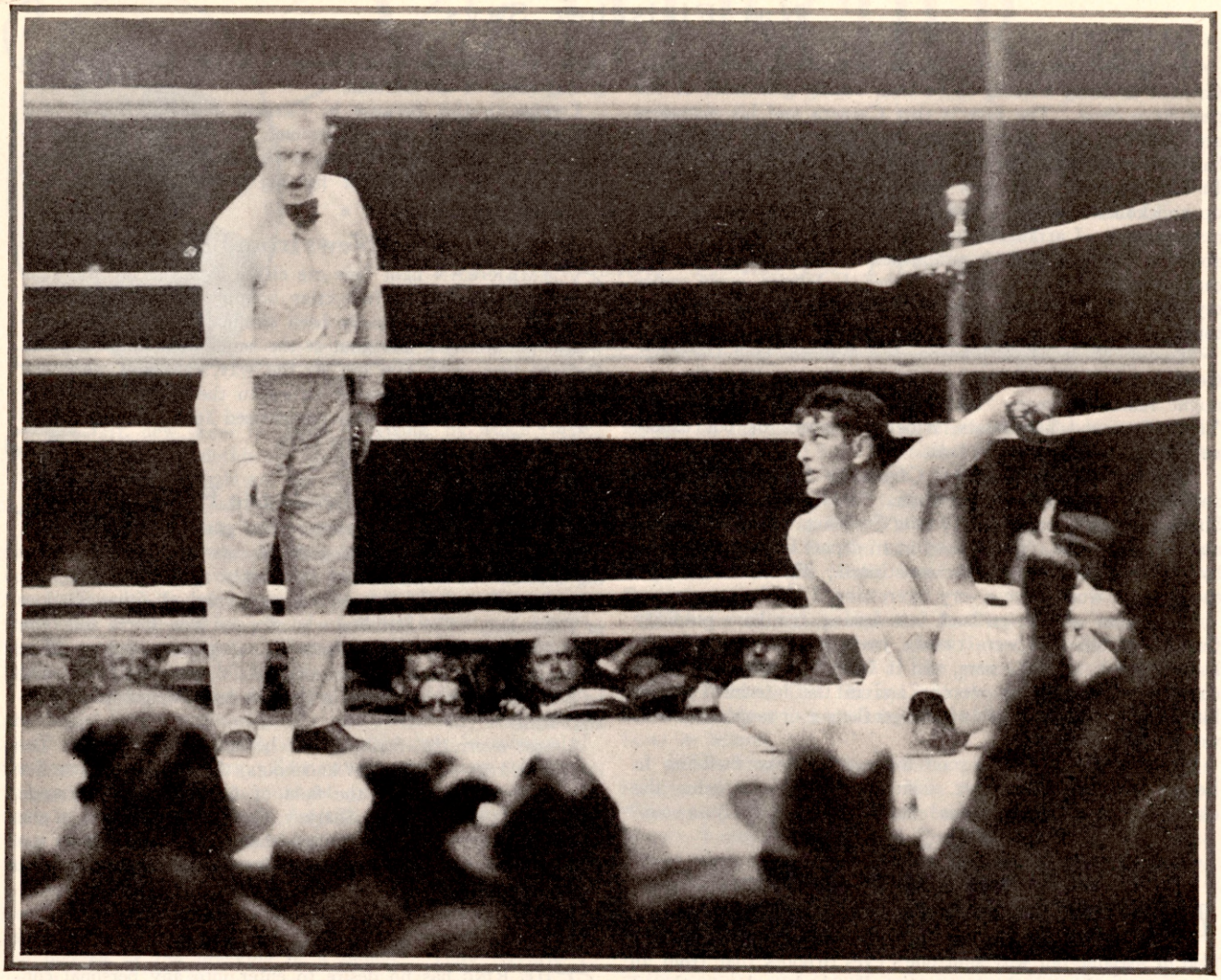
Let's play fair. Why strike from behind?

* * *

Gathered at Random

THE knockout of Bruce Flowers by Justo Suarez, Argentina's hard hitting lightweight, was a masterpiece. Watch this South American lad. He possesses dynamite in either hand and seems to be immune to punishment. He has an iron jaw and a style that makes it most difficult for an opponent to land effectively on him. He is the strongest lightweight parading before the public and it is my opinion that in a few months he will stand out as the best of all the division.

By the way, have you noticed how the foreign invaders have taken the spotlight from our army of American fighters? Not only are they furnishing the opponents in the most prominent bouts, but they are taking away thousands of good American dollars. Where are the native-born sockers? Koli-Kolo, crack Porto Rican, Angel Clivilli, Raoul Rodriquez, Ray Ravira, Kid Chocolate, Victorio Campolo, Ricardo Bertazzola, Primo Carnera, Max Schmeling—these are only a few of the foreigners making good here.



When Dave Barry handed Gene Tunney the famous "long count" in his bout with Jack Dempsey at Chicago

So Near And *Yet*—

By GRAHAM FITZGERALD

"ONE—two—three—four—five—six—"

The referee's arm rises and falls as the time keeper bellows the count, pounding on the edge of the ring platform with his gavel. The champion writhes on the floor. The challenger, tense, paws at the canvas in a neutral corner.

"Seven—eight—nine—"

The champion struggles to his feet and the challenger rushes in for the kill. He leaves himself wide open and is impaled on a wildly thrown right hand. His body stiffens and he hits the floor. No need for a count. His seconds drag him to his corner, spray him with water, revive him.

In his dressing room he mutters through bruised and swollen lips:

"I had him down. One more second and I'd have been champion of the world!"

One more second! The gripping drama of the ring is written in seconds! A second, even a split second, can mean the difference between glorious success and dull, aching failure.

In the greatest of all heavyweight championship fights the destiny of Luis Angel Firpo was altered by the tick of a watch in the hands of the time keeper. Five times Firpo had been knocked down by Dempsey in the first round while a crowd of 90,000 roared in a tumult of hysteria, and five times he had dragged himself to his feet. Dempsey bore in for a knockout and Firpo sent him tumbling through the ropes with a desperate thrust of his right hand. Still dazed from the effect of Dempsey's punches, Firpo rocked on his heels as Dempsey squirmed in the laps of startled newspapermen at the ringside, striving to get back into the ring.

"One—two—three—four—"

* * *

UNLESS Dempsey could get back within ten seconds, Firpo was the heavyweight champion of the world, master of millions! And at six Dempsey crawled back, rushed into a clinch, further weakened Firpo with fearful body punches—and knocked him out in the second round.

For years later Dempsey was to miss, by five seconds, the distinction of being the only former heavyweight champion ever to recapture the title. At Soldier Field, Chicago, in that never-to-be-forgotten seventh round, he flattened Tunney with a series of punches culminating in a left hook to the jaw—and wasted five precious seconds arguing with Referee Dave Barry when Barry ordered him to go to a neutral corner. It may be that if Dempsey had gone to a neutral corner

immediately, Tunney could have got up at nine. It may be that if he had got up he could have kept away from Dempsey —but the five seconds Dempsey frittered away in snarling, senseless argument effectively disposed of whatever chance he had to win.

* * *

THIRTEEN years before Firpo, Stanley Ketchel came within a second of the heavyweight championship when his murderous right dropped Jack Johnson in the twelfth round at Colma, California.

"One—two—three—four—five—"

The conqueror of Jeffries, the ogre of the ring, lay huddled on the floor, a wriggling black spot against the square of bleached canvas. Over him, poised, confident, the handsome Pole stood, waiting to drop him again if he should get up.

"Six—seven—eight—nine—"

Johnson was up! Ketchel lunged in—and the black crushed him with one blow, a right uppercut that ripped the teeth from his jaws and stripped him of his senses.

Charlie White, left hook artist from Chicago, whose high brow belied his sluggishness of thought, barely missed the lightweight championship of the world at Benton Harbor, Mich., on a summer afternoon in 1920. For six rounds Benny Leonard had outboxed him, outpunched him, outgeneraled him and softened him up for a knockout—and in the seventh White's deadly left hook had flashed and Leonard had been catapulted out of the ring.

"One—two—three—four—"

White had shaken off the fog. The lightweight championship was at arm's length now! His left hook had done it. Leonard, the champion, was out of the ring! The title—but at six Benny climbed back and in the ninth round White was stretched on the floor.

* * *

LEONARD had another close call one winter night in 1921 in the old Madison Square Garden. It was in his bout with Ritchie Mitchell, tow headed idol of Milwaukee. Leonard had stopped him once in seven rounds but Mitchell wasn't convinced. One more crack at the title, he wanted. He got it that night in the Garden and the title hung, for an instant, on the gossamer thread of chance and swung tantalizingly close to him.

When the bell rang to start the fight Leonard, cool, contemptuous of Mitchell, walked straight out to meet him, stabbed him with a left to the face and followed with a right aimed at the jaw. It was high and struck Mitchell on the left cheek bone but it felled him. Ritchie, in a panic, started to get up and his seconds bawled at him to take a count of nine. At nine he rose and Leonard nailed him again. Again he went down, to roll over and come up at six. Leonard was on him and with a right to the jaw, dropped him for the third time. Mitchell struggled to free himself from the canvas. The count roared on. Leonard, grinning broadly, acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd. Mitchell, plainly, was through.

But at nine Mitchell got up. He weaved about, almost ready to fall again and Leonard, leaving himself wide open, closed in. From somewhere Mitchell pulled a left hook that thudded against Leonard's jaw and the champion hit the canvas, his face suddenly pale, his eyes popping. In his corner Bill Gibson shrieked.

"Shake your head, Benny! Shake your head!"

"One—two—three—four—five—"

Mitchell, his left eye closed, blood trickling from his nose and mouth, his head buzzing from the champion's punches, lurched against the ropes.

"Six—seven—"

Slowly at first, then more rapidly, Leonard began to shake his head. The light of understanding came back into his face and he winked at the frantic Gibson.

"Eight—nine—"

Now Leonard was up. Now he was fencing for an opening. Now he was stabbing Mitchell. Mitchell faltered but cracked him with that left hook again. Leonard staggered but regained his balance and pulled Mitchell into a clinch. The round ended with the champion out of danger—and five rounds later Mitchell, blinded, bruised, bleeding, lay at the champion's feet.

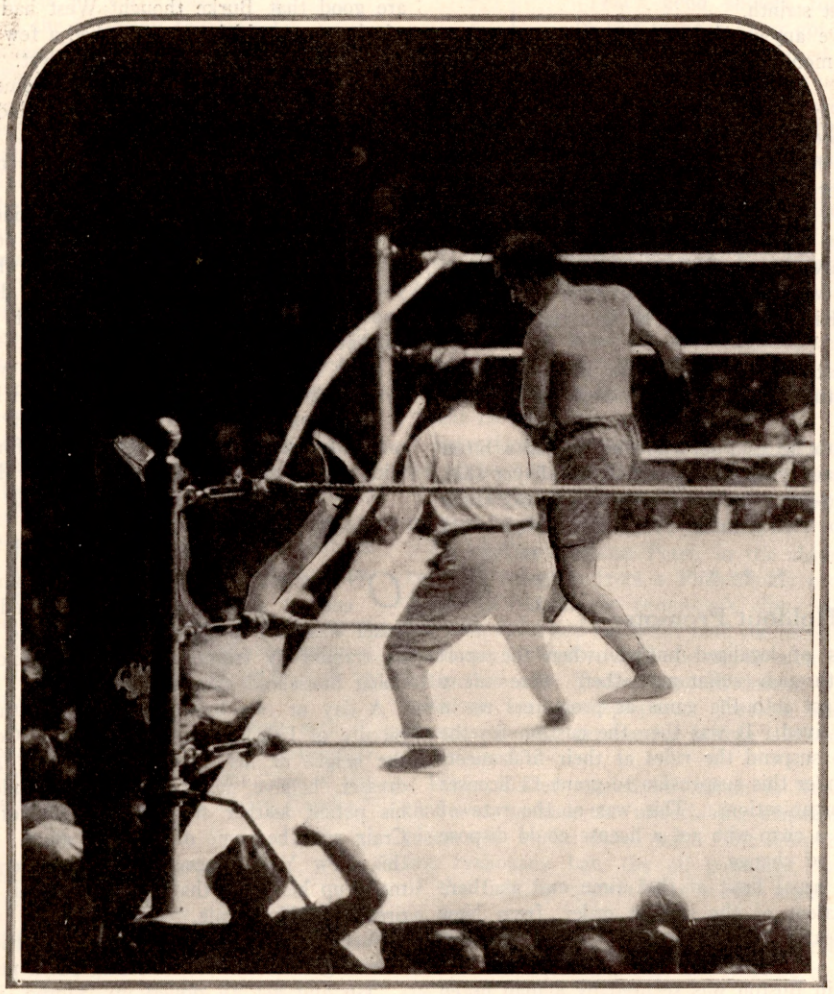
* * *

SOMEWHAT less than two years ago Leo Lomski came out of the Northwest hailed as another Ketchel, earned the right to fight for the light heavyweight title and met Tommy Loughran at Madison Square Garden. At the bell, Lomski rushed from his corner, broke down Loughran's guard and bowled him over with a right to the chin. Loughran struck on his shoulder blades and only the lower rope behind him kept him from going out of the ring.

"One — two — three — four —"

The new Assassin had the champion down! But at nine the champion was up, circling around the eager Lomski, holding him off with his marvelous

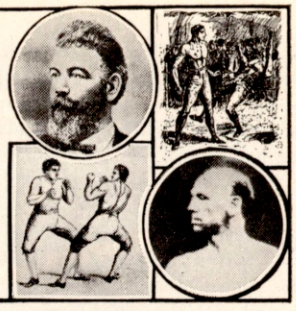
(*Continued on page* 49)



Dempsey shooting through the ropes in bout with Luis Firpo

FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



"THERE'S no use talking, Primo Carnera is the greatest fighter that ever lived," said an Italian fight enthusiast to a hard-boiled Irishman.

"G'wan, what's that yer blattern about? Canary, is it, yer praisin'? And who, may I ask, is this big Eyetalyen, that's done nothin' yit yer blabbering about him? Did yer iver hear of Dan Donnelly, the Irish champeen?

"Canary, the best foighter iver! Don't make me laf. Him with his pair of big pillers on his hands compared to a man who used to knock 'em dead with his bare fists. Didje iver hear of how Donnelly bate Cooper, the bloody English champeen? Hear it, if yer will:

" 'In eliven rounds
He gave him noin knockdowns
Besides he bruck his jawbone.'

"That's foighting. Did this Canary of yourn iver knock down a real champeen and break his jawbone?

"Canary is a bigger mon thin our Dan, but as fer strinth, there's niver been a mon existin' who could show more power than Donnelly.

"Wan day Dan was walking along Sackville Street wid a lot of lords and members of the Fancy. Wan of the gintlemin got to discoorsin' about strinth.

" 'How strong are ye anyway?' sez wan of thim lords to Dan. There wuz a mon jest passin' by leadin' a big bull and Dan up an' sez:

" 'I'll show yez, me lord, if yer'll pay for the bull.'

" 'Done!' said the lord, and wid that up steps Dan in front of the bull and hurls his bare fists between the bull's eyes and down want the poor baste! He fell dead in his tracks.

"Aye, but Dan wuz a good one, wuz he! An' do yer think yer Canary could have punched that poor crature into oblivion? Not an Eyetalyen!

"And do yer moind wot Dan towled the King of England in London, whin the King axed him if he wuz the bist man in Ireland.

" 'Oh, no, yer Majesty,' sez Dan, 'there's many a wan in Oireland that's bitter than the loikes of meself but oim the bist mon in England.'

"An' it wuz the truth he told fer thire niver was a bitter mon in the king's domain. Iny Oirishman could tell yer that.

"Ef he wuz alive to-day, you'd niver hear a word about yer Canary. 'Twould be Dan Donnelly, the bist Oirish foighter that iver wuz."

* * *

The Holdout Promoter

BEFORE the days of legalized boxing, when the sport was permitted through sufferance, there were many queer characters who got into the game as promoters up in New England where I lived. It was then the custom for the Board of Aldermen to suspend the rules at their first meeting of the year, and under this suspension to grant 12 licenses to various chartered organizations. This was at the rate of one show a month and a chap who got a license could dispose of it for a good piece of change.

Six rounds was the usual limit at that time and as there was plenty of fistic talent of the highest order, from New London to Boston, seeking bouts, the purses were anything but big.

One of the licenses in Boston was secured by a man noted for his trickiness in financial as well as other matters and he set about getting as strong an attraction as possible for as little money as he dared to offer. Jack Burke, a corking good middleweight, and Tommy West were among those who were in Boston at the time and just tearing at the leash to get at each other.

The affair was "steamed" up in great shape. Stories were told that did not make the men love each other to any greater degree, so that when it came to the actual making of the match, they never stopped to consider the financial side. What they wanted was to fight and the purse, to them, was of minor importance.

A purse of $60 was offered and taken. It was to be winner-take-all. Yes, reader, I intended clearly to write $60—SIXTY DOLLARS.

The battle was in the old Cyclorama building, and as usual, there were plenty of partisans of both men on hand to watch the going. Both men started off well. The first round was about an even up affair, but the end came in the second, when West knocked Burke out with a "one-two" delivered with all the force Tommy was capable of.

Now West was a plasterer by trade and he usually trained by working at his profession, a means of livelihood that gave him tremendous strength in his arms and hands, so the chances are good that Burke thought West had hit him with a load of plaster, to which were attached a few thousand of brick.

The next day West went to collect. The promoter was a very busy individual just at that moment, but stopped long enough to write a receipt and to hand over two ten-dollar bills.

"Just sign, Tommy, and good luck to you, old man," said the "busy" individual.

"But there's $60 coming to me," replied West.

"Say, you boxers are anything but educated," was the retort. "How do you make it out that there's sixty coming to you? It was $60 for six rounds—ten dollars a round, and if two rounds at ten dollars each don't make twenty dollars, I'll eat my hat."

West looked at the bills, wondered whether he was being gypped, then, with anger written all over his face, he remarked:

"And you call yourself my friend, eh? Why didn't you tell me that was the arrangement? For forty bucks I'd let him stick five rounds before sending over the haymaker!"

* * *

A Case of "Give and Take"

ON another occasion this same promoter was managing a colored pugilist who had drifted into Boston. The boxer was sent to the promoter's home in the suburbs where he trained by trimming the lawn, tending the furnace and doing household chores generally.

A day or two before the contest, the boxer was given a picture of Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," then at the height of his career in London. And Craig was some dresser, believe me. From the lavender spats that topped his patent leather shoes to the top of his shiny high hat, Craig was the acme of sartorial glory. Nothing cheap about this New York Negro. So impressed was Sambo that he made up his mind that, after the fight, if he won, he would dress just like Craig. Nothing but.

Well, Sambo won. His manager turned over to him $161, asserting that he wasn't holding out a penny for his services.

"Go and get all dolled up, Sambo, just like Frank Craig and come back and let me see how you look. Oh, by the way, the missus spent a little on you for special steaks and

chops while you were training and it would look nice if you went out to the house and just kinder offered her the money to pay for these extras. She won't take it, I know that, but it will look nice and thoughtful on your part to offer it anyhow."

Sambo, still with a mental picture of himself in his new Craig finery, started for his boss' home. But the boss knew the telephone was quicker. Getting his wife on the 'phone he told her that Sambo was on the way out to tender payment for the extras, and explained that he induced Sambo to make the offer by telling him he was certain his wife wouldn't think of taking a penny of Sambo's earnings.

"All I want you to do is your duty," he said as he hung up the receiver.

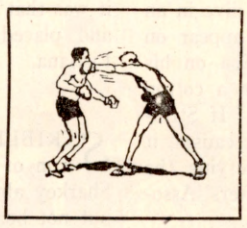
The "extras" Sambo's boss referred to came to $149.45, for the next day the writer saw Sambo shuffling along Washington street, clad in his old clothes, with a dreamy look in his eyes—a far away look that spanned the Atlantic to Picadilly, where he visualized the gaily dressed Craig and then contrasted his own attire as he passed out of the picture.

"Where are the new clothes you were going to get dolled up in, Sambo?" I asked, as I looked at the sadly dejected Negro.

"New cloes do Ah heah yo' say? Why, Ah ate dem up while in training if Ah'm to believe mah boss' wife. She took dat cloes money in return foh de meals Ah ate."

* * *

Fame and Excuses



WHEN Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian, was on one of his early trips to this country, he played at the Orpheum theater of Boston at a time when Jem Driscoll, the English marvel, and Owen Moran, another Briton, were to box at the Armory A. A. Lauder wanted to see the battle, which brought together two of the then greatest featherweights in the world, but he was a big feature and the time of his act came about the same hour at which the boxers would be operating.

Lindsay Morrison, then manager of the theater, agreed to give Lauder twenty minutes leeway, however, which would permit the Scotchman to witness at least six rounds. A taxi was at the door of the club house ready to rush Lauder back to the theater. Harry got so interested that he put off his departure until the eighth round. On the way to the show house the taxi went wrong.

Lauder's overture was played and repeated. Then played again. No sign of the comedian, however, so it was up to Morrison to "square" affairs.

"Mr. Lauder, as you know, is very charitable and left to give an entertainment at a children's home," Morrison explained to the vast audience. "We just got word that he grew so interested in the kiddies that he overlooked the time. However, he will be here in a few minutes."

The audience cheered and then settled down to wait almost a full hour. When Lauder did appear, he got the greatest reception of his career and he put in a lot of extra stuff to make up for the long stage wait.

Morrison figured that he was lucky to get away with it, but he tore his hair the next morning when, in the description of the bout of the night before, it was stated that "one of the most interested spectators at the ringside was Harry Lauder."

* * *

"Ma Tummy Rebels"

CAPTAIN BILL DALY, a great referee of the old days, was a wonder at repartee, especially during boxing bouts in which he officiated. He usually kept the crowds in roars of laughter over his sallies. One night he was the third man in the ring with two colored boxers in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

One of the big huskies had been sent to the canvas with a punch in the stomach. The fallen gladiator assumed a very easy pose while the Captain started to count. When Daly had got as far as "Five," he noticed the boxer open one eye and squint arouund.

Daly stopped counting.

"What's the matter, Joe, ain't you going to fight no more?" he asked.

"Sure, Mr. Daly, I'm going to fight some more, but not to-night," was the boxer's answer. "Ma tummy rebels."

* * *

Some Peter Maher Sayings

PETER MAHER, the hard-hitting Irish heavyweight, who was imported by Billy Madden, was so popular with the masses that it was said if Peter was beaten five nights in the week, he would draw a capacity house on the sixth.

When Maher landed in New York, he was only a big raw youngster with little pugilistic experience, but possessed the frame and punch of a real fighting man. The sons of Erin, who at that period dominated in the fistic game, were looking for a new idol to worship, and so Peter was accorded a welcome that visiting athletes rarely received.

Many amusing tales are told of Maher. He had but scant schooling and his manners were not those of the drawing room. He could read a little, but the usual hotel menu was Greek to him. Madden had trained Peter how to act at the table, so when Billy made his selection from the bill of fare Peter, looking carelessly at the waiter, would say:

"That's good enough for me, too."

In this manner Peter got by, as far as ordering his meals was concerned. One day at dinner Madden had given the order and Peter, as usual, chirped that Billy's order was good enough for him. The waiter had left, when Madden suddenly remembered he wanted to send a telegram. He called the waiter back and asked him to get him a messenger. Before Madden could stop him, Peter said to the waiter, "Bring me wan also, and have mine rare!"

At the first meeting between Bob Fitzsimmons and Maher, just before their fight in New Orleans, the men were introduced by one of the local club officials.

"Mr. Maher, meet Mr. Fitzsimmons; and Mr. Fitzsimmons, meet Mr. Maher," the official said.

They shook hands. Ruby Robert, looking Peter over, said, "Glad to meet you, sir!"

Peter looked at Fitz in amazement for a moment, wondering if he had heard aright, and then responded:

"You're from Australia, ain't ye? Well, ye certainly picked up the English language in a hurry."

On another occasion Peter, in the absence of Madden, received a telegram from a Philadelphia promoter offering him $1200 to box at the promoter's club. Calling Pete Lowry, his trainer, he had the latter read the message, then indignantly burst out: "Well, uv all the nerve oive iver heard, that bit bates thim all! Twilve hundred dollars, is it? What does he take me fur, the spalpeen. Just ye answer him that the cheapest he can get me for is wan thousand dollars—and not a cint less!"

When Maher opened his saloon in New York, the brewer that was backing the undertaking explained to him how the place was to be fitted out. The brewer told Pete of the fine mahogany bar, the oil paintings, luxurious chairs and of the lighting system that would make the place as light as day.

"And say, Peter, wait until you see the electrolier. It's the swellest money could buy and will be a great attraction to the cafe," exulted the brewer.

"Yis," said Peter. "'Twill be foine, but who the hell is goin' to play it?"

Young Stribling—

Enigma of the Prize Ring

By
MILTON K. WALLACE

HOOCHED and hooted, cheered and jeered. Such has been the lot of William Lawrence Stribling II, erstwhile "King of the Canebreaks." With a career more hectic than any other leather pusher, living or dead, Stribling is again knocking at the throne room, and there are those who will wager that he will not be denied.

Young Stribling is surely an enigma of the ring. His defeats have not been numerous, but he has blown practically all of his big shots. Against palookas he has looked like a champion, and against champions he has borne strong resemblance to the genus palooka.

He does everything backwards. He has cut his opponents to pieces while back-pedaling. He is a southpaw that leads with his left. He is cautious in the ring—some say too cautious—yet he will loop the loop, whip-stall or nose dive in an airplane in a fashion that would make gooseflesh appear on Charlie Lindbergh. He had rather spend a vacation on his plantation in South Georgia, following Old Beck in a cotton row, than to follow the bright lights of Broadway. If Stribling ever comes to his death by other than natural causes, it will be through some daring stunt where he is defying the law Sir Isaac Newton made to help the Apple Growers' Association of Minnesota.

* * *

DOWN in Dixie Land, the Georgia battler is probably the most popular figure, not excepting Bobby Jones. There has been a dearth of heavyweight prospects below the Mason and Dixon Line for the last decade, and because of the intense rivalry that exists between the South and the North, Dixie is supporting Willie Stribling's claim to the championship, to a man.

Another reason for Stribling's popularity among his homefolk is because of his personality. There is a marked difference between him and any other fighter, in many respcts. This difference is chiefly one of class distinction that is not marred by snobbishness. Of good Anglo-Saxon stock, he is well-bred and is as much at home in a drawing room as he is in the squared circle. Down in Macon, his home town, no social function is complete unless the Striblings are present.

Recently his home town turned out en masse to welcome him after his sensational one-round knockout over Otto Von Porat. The Mayor was there with a brass band, and other notables of the city were present to make it an official occasion. After shaking hands with the Mayor, Stribling pushed through the crowd to shake hands with one of his "buddies" of high school days.

They don't come back, is a ring axiom as old as the game itself, and a few months ago Stribling was a has-been in the eyes of the sporting world. Yet, today he is recognized as the leading contender for the heavyweight title.

* * *

THERE were nearly always excuses to be offered after his defeats, but strangely enough, these alibis were substantiated in every instance by reputable physicians. When he lost to Loughran, he had a fractured vertebrae; when Berlenbach licked him, he had been sick for two days before the fight, and when Jack Sharkey, the Boston sailor man, took a close decision from him, he had neuritis in his left arm. Although these claims were conclusively proven, the fight fans regarded them as alibis and quite naturally Stribling was placed in the category of an excuse maker. Outside of his own native heath, he became a very unpopular fighter with apparently little chance left to redeem himself.

After Madison Square Garden had turned a deaf ear to his demands for a chance to square himself, promoters of the Chicago Stadium made him an attractive offer to meet Otto Von Porat, said to be the hardest puncher in the heavyweight division. Stribling jumped at the offer, and a few days before the bout was scheduled to take place, he injured his punching hand.

He had gone too far to back out at that late date, and the fight must go on. A doctor was consulted and he encouraged Stribling by telling him that a shot of novocaine in his injured paw would make it immune from pain. This Stribling did, and it was that same injured hand that landed flush on Otto's chin and placed the Georgia Peach back into the limelight of Fistiana.

* * *

STRIBLING is an unusual chap, quite unlike the average run of pugilists. There is nothing of the bluff, arrogant Sharkey about him, and when he talks, he speaks confidently but not boastingly. He is a likeable chap with drawing-room manners and a personality that invites confidence.

A well known Southern physician recently tried to explain the cause of Stribling blowing up in his important battles.

"The trouble with Stribling is that he is too high-strung," he said. "He frets himself ill before a fight, and when he gets into the ring, he's in no mental nor physical condition to win. The average fighter has not the mentality and nervous energy of Stribling, and it is really the psychology of the thing that causes him to lose his fights before they are fought."

Psychology, or an inferiority complex, or whatever it is that the medico blames for Stribling's defeats, can hardly account for neuritis, broken vertebraes and malaria fever.

"Pa" Stribling, the father-manager of the Georgia boxer, poohs at the idea.

"It's just tough breaks," is the way he accounts for it. "I've never seen the boy nervous but once before entering the ring, and that was against Sharkey. He could hardly use his left arm, and everything depended on that fight. You would have been nervous, too, if you had the world's championship within your grasp, and only one hand to grasp it."

* * *

THE ex-schoolboy battler has participated in nearly 300 fights despite the fact that he is only 25 years old. There have been no fighters who have reached their peak before they were 25, and the majority of them were not in their prime until they had passed their twenty-eighth birthday.

Sports writers, from time to time, have lamented that his father, by unwise management, had "burned him out." After scanning his record, it will be seen that he has won 122 fights by knockouts, most of which have occurred within four rounds. Although he has stopped some good boys, a large number of his opponents have been of the genus "faw-down-and-go-boom," and the effort expended in disposing of most of them was no greater than that required in playing eighteen holes of golf.

He seldom trains for more than a week before any bout, even his most important, for the reason that it is not necessary. He has never smoked (*Continued on page* 45)

Queer Deals in Leather

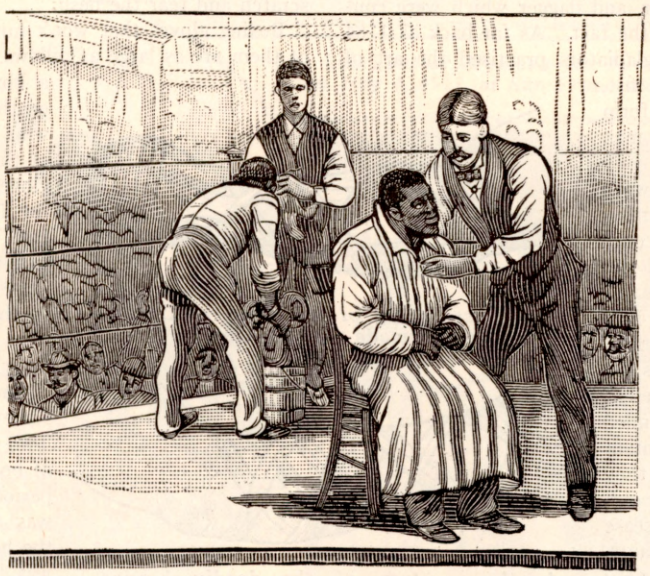
By Biddy Bishop

NO one better than a pugilist knows how the tide of battle may turn on little things. A moment of anger, a little peevishness, an uncomplimentary remark, or the most ordinary of the thousand and one things that go to swell the hum and noise about the squared circle may distract one of the men in the ring. In that second, during which his eye and mind are focused on a subject other than the opponent, his rival lets loose a wallop that lands on a vital spot, and it's all over. The victim awakens later, talks of a fluke punch and insists on a return match.

I remember distinctly a case in Seattle that illustrates my point. It came off at Germania Hall when Young Peter Jackson put the Black Pearl out of the running in two rounds. The managers of these two colored lads had agreed to a 15-round match and they were to do a very light weight.

I remember what a great card this affair was with the Negro sports. The Pearl came over from Portland to make the fight and later his backers sent all the way to St. Paul for Mote Freeman to come to Seattle to train him for the battle. Why those darkies were down to the depot to meet Freeman with a brass band and he got a welcome that would have done Jeffries proud.

The day of the show there was a "special" train load of Pearl rooters over from Portland and each one of them wore a yellow ribbon on his coat and each had a little red horn to toot when the Pearl landed the knockout. The Pearl was a hot favorite in the betting and with the crowd.



"Now Cyclone, just remember that all sidestepping, uppercutting and blocking are barred"

Favoritism was rife in those days and I felt morally certain that no matter how much Jackson might outpoint the Pearl the latter would be given the decision if the men were both on their feet at the wind-up. Hence, Jackson put in his best licks, sometimes taking incautious chances to win, but it looked to me that he would not be able to put the Pearl away.

* * *

IN the first round the Pearl showed all his old time cleverness and it was dollars to little apples that he would go the route with Peter. As they were close to the end of the second round the unforeseen happened. In those good old days the gallery seats were all of one price and no reservations were made. For that reason the "push" got there early for good seats and many brought along their dinner pails to while away tedious hours of waiting.

Among the very few "rooters" for Jackson was a precocious lad, who, in perfect desperation that Peter was not knocking the Pearl's head off his shoulders according to vociferous instructions to that effect, rose in his seat. He held a half eaten bean sandwich in his right hand. "Kick him in the lunch counter," yelled the persistent youth, and yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, he flung the sandwich out over the heads of the spectators. It hit the Pearl square on the side of the face. Now it happened that Mote Freeman had not given the Pearl anything to eat for more than eight hours in order that he might "do" the weight. Soon as the Pearl caught a glimpse of the sandwich he was seized with a tremendous appetite. He stooped to pick up the sandwich, and as he did, Jackson saw his chance. He shot a quick right to the hungry Pearl's jaw and the latter woke up several hours later and talked about fluke punches.

During the excitement that followed the knockout all the darkies who wore the yellow colors for the Pearl were busy discarding their ribbons and horns and one enthusiastic rooter who wore a yellow sweater even shed himself of that garment and went home in a barrel, and while all this was going on Little Smoke Turner, who was in the Pearl's corner, ran away with the latter's snow white bath robe. It was really the funniest thing I have ever been mixed up in.

Funny things happen in boxing matches at times. I remember once when I went up to a little town in Northern California to second a fighter named Hennessy against a big fellow by the name of Clarke. This was in the early 90's, and there were few men in those days in that section who understood how to referee a fight.

* * *

HENNESSY landed a left swing on Clarke's jaw and the latter went to the linoleum. It was as clean a knockout as I have ever seen and Hennessy, seeing that his man was done for, promptly walked to his corner and we commenced to strip him of his gloves.

The referee, a big hoosier who was the town marshal, walked to the ropes and leaned against them and reflectively chewed a big wad of tobacco while waiting for the beaten fighter to resume the battle. The official made no attempt whatever to count the man out. Finally Clarke began to come back and he got on his feet and waddled to his corner where his handlers began to work on him. He had been down fully thirty-five seconds, but when he had been sponged off and looked to be in fair shape again the referee called time for the next round.

"Why, I knocked that sucker out once," yelled Hennessy, "Why didn't you count him out?"

"Count him out?" asked the referee. "What do you mean?"

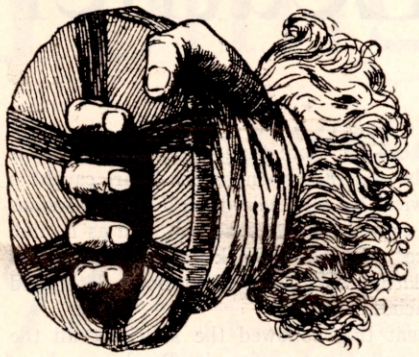
"Why you should have counted ten and if he didn't get up then he's licked," said Hennessy.

"Oh, very well, kid, I'll remember that the next time. Go on and fight."

Hennessy kicked but it was no use. The green referee told him he must continue or he would give the fight to Clarke.

Before long Hennessy landed another one on Clarke and he fell over like a load of loose snow. The referee was wised up this time and standing over Clarke he began to toll off the seconds like a town clock. At the count of seven Clarke struggled up and would have got on his feet, but the referee pushed him back and held him firmly down until he had counted him out.

The *Modern* Boxing Glove and Its *Evolution*



The Cestus

By EDWARD MERRILL

ANYONE strolling into an up-to-date gymnasium and picking up an ordinary pair of well-padded 16-ounce boxing gloves, the kind the boys train with, would hardly credit the statement that the forerunner of the harmless-looking hand covering was the deadly cestus—a weapon every whit as dangerous as the sword, spear, and dagger which were contemporary with it. Yet such is the fact. As far back as 1184 B.C. the Roman and Grecian gladiators practised the art of pugitatus, or fighting with the fist, and in all probability the same form of pugilism was existent when man first trod the earth.

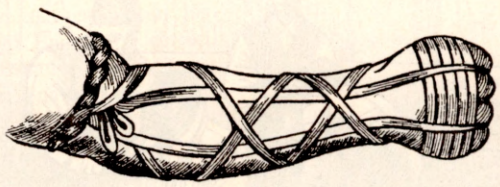
In the gladitorial combats between Greece and Rome there were various implements used in pugilistic encounters, which made the sport fatal and dangerous compared with the boxing of the present time. In those days there were no contests with padded or even unpadded gloves such as the pugilists and boxers of the present century use. Those who contended in the fistic arena were not content to fight with the naked fist, but they used various death-dealing weapons, which often resulted in the decease of one or both of the combatants.

The cestus was made in a variety of forms. The largest and most dangerous was found in Herculaneum. It is formed of several thicknesses of raw hide, strongly fastened together, and cut into circular form. In the center are four holes to admit the fingers, the thumb being closed on the outer edge to secure the hand, while the whole is bound by thongs round the wrist and forearm, with its inner side on the palm of the hand and its outer edge projecting in front of the knuckles.

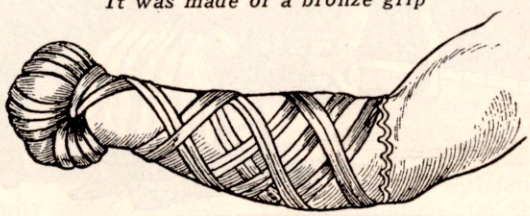
A glove of thick woolen worsted was worn beneath this murderous weapon. The other varieties were of a more improved pattern and of less destructive form. The knuckles and the back of the hand were covered with leather, held in its place by a thumb hole and further secured by two crossed straps to the vellus, which ends half way up the forearm.

A blow delivered with one of these weapons by an athlete would not only kill a person struck, but would be powerful enough to knock down an ox. These cestus might be compared with the brass knuckle-dusters, except that they weighed from three to six pounds, and were tightly strapped to the wrist or forearm, so that they could be more effective in delivering a blow.

Just fancy such men as Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, or Dempsey battling with these weapons! What would be the result? Nearly every contest would end in both the conquered and the conqueror dying from their injuries.



The most deadly of all forms of Cestus. It was made of a bronze grip



Another pattern of the deadly bronze Cestus

Thanks to modern invention, those weapons of cruelty, the cestus, represented in the four illustrations on this page, are unknown except in museums.

One blow with the cestus, as used by the ancient pugilist, was often the cause of the death of his opponent, but it is seldom that a blow delivered with the modern gloves would cause death, although there have been occasions when men have been killed in the ring but the cause invariably was the poor condition of the injured.

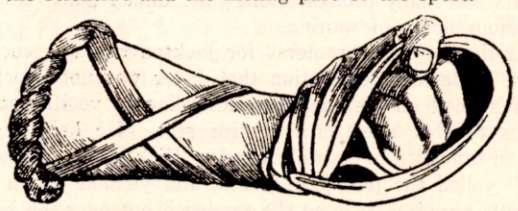
Pugilists of our day content themselves with gloves. The 6-ounce glove is the one in most common use. It figures in all friendly glove contests, and is displayed everywhere in sporting dealers' windows. Four-ounce gloves are not in great demand now, nor are skin gloves. The latter were worn solely in the skin-tight glove days. There were no patent brass eyelets to scratch and tear the flesh.

Boxing gloves that won't hurt are not made, although some of them are as large as pillows. The extent of the injury from a boxing glove blow depends: First on the physical condition of the man who is hit; second, on the strength of the blow; third, on the size of the glove. A pugilist properly trained for a fight will not feel a hard blow from a two-ounce glove as much as will a man in ordinary condition a slap with the open hand. His flesh has been hardened by work, and any blow not on a vital part, or that does not cut the skin, goes for but little.

And now for a word or two about some of the men who use the gloves. Two hundred years ago the science of boxing was in its infancy. In that period the system of give and take was adopted and he who could hit the hardest or submit to punishment was looked upon as the hero of the hour.

The positions of the old-time pugilists were curious and ungainly compared with the useful, stylish attitudes of those of the present day. Even the fighting rules are different. The first boxing rules ever printed were issued in 1743. They were framed by Jack Broughton, and pugilists of note fought by and allowed them to govern their encounters up to 1838, when the new rules of the ring superseded Broughton's.

Nearly all of the old-time pugilists, from Figg up to Jem Ward, had their own style of boxing and fighting. The position they assumed was curious to behold. They did not follow defensive tactics, but slaughtered each other, hammer and tongs, as long as they had the courage, wind, and stamina to continue the battle. Today things are different. Our greatest and most successful fighters are those who are schooled in both the scientific and the hitting part of the sport.

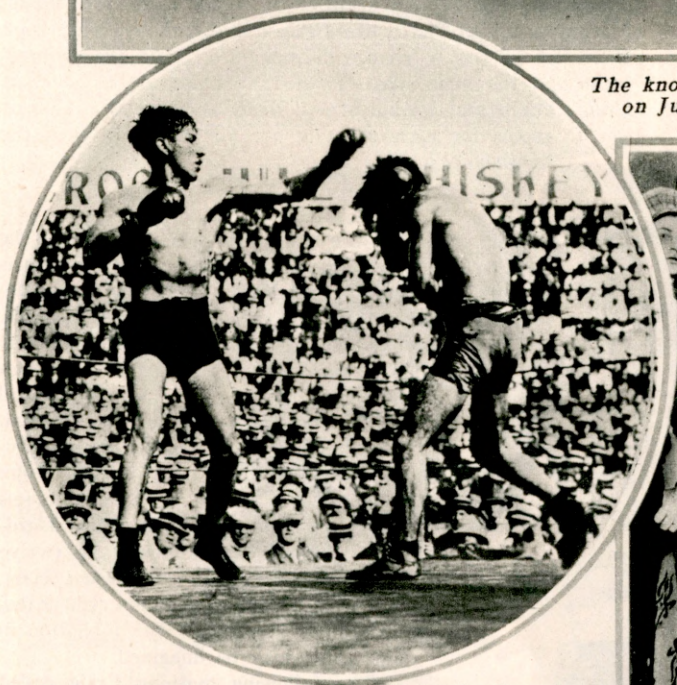


This type of Cestus had the knuckles and back of the hand covered with leather

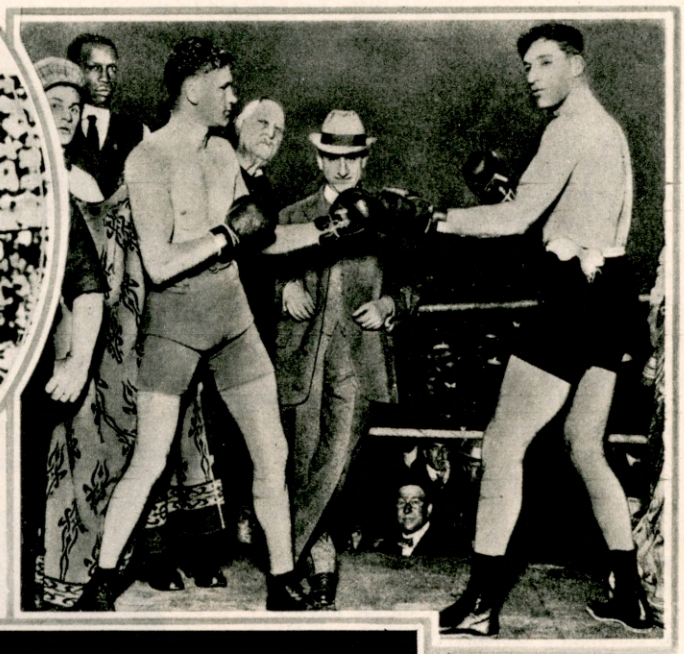
Famous Fights Recalled

Series No. 10

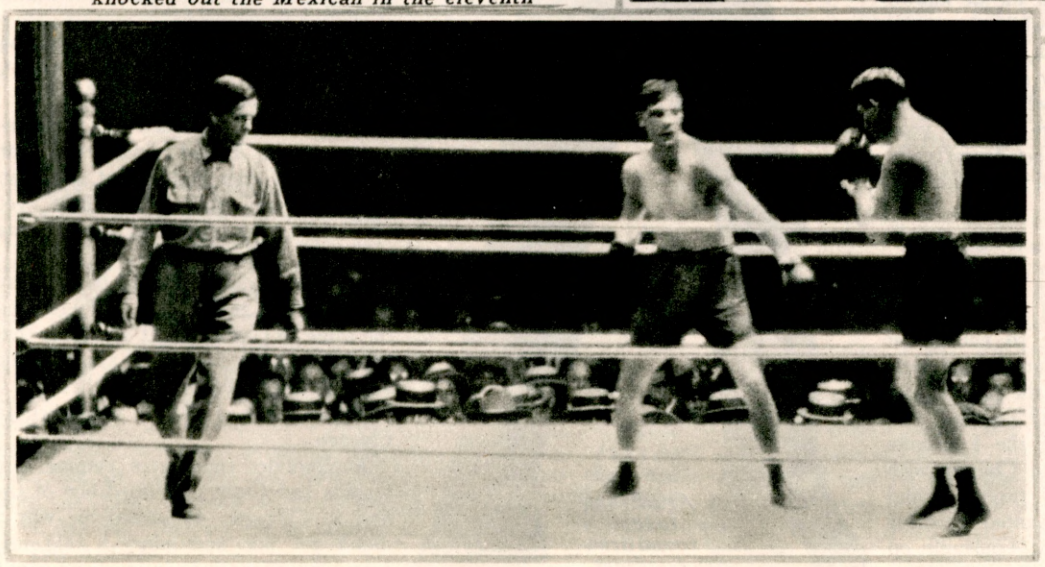
The knockout of Mexican Joe Rivers by Willie Ritchie on July 4, 1913, at San Francisco in eleven rounds



Here is Joe Rivers again. Ad Wolgast, champion, is seen covering up in a bout at Los Angeles. He knocked out the Mexican in the eleventh



Before Jess Willard was champion. Above he is posing with Gunboat Smith at San Francisco, just before their twenty round bout on May 20, 1913, which Gunboat won on points



Left: Harry Greb and Johnny Wilson in middleweight championship bout at Polo Grounds, August 21, 1923. Greb gained the crown on a decision in 15 rounds

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART SIX

EARLY in 1903, while Gardiner was in the East, where he boxed a no-decision bout with Bob Armstrong and knocked out the faded Peter Maher, I was invited to call upon Andy Craig, State Street saloon keeper, professional bondsman operating in the vicinity of the Harrison Street police station and a powerful figure in the Chicago underworld. I knew him slightly, but never had had any dealings with him and was curious as to why he wanted to see me. I was not long in discovering.

"I've been watching you, Jack," he said, "and you strike me as being an alert young man who can help me to do something I have had in mind for a long while. First I'm going to ask you a personal question: How much money do you make as Gardiner's manager?"

"Well, to begin with," I said, "I'm not his sole manager."

Having explained to him the nature of the agreement under which I was working, I continued:

"The last time George fought here, the gate was $11,000. His split of this was thirty per cent and, of that, I drew one third which I cut three ways, sending one part to Sheehan and Pierce, one to Greggains, and keeping one for myself. My end amounted to about $400, plus a little expense money. That's about the average. Why?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "I've made a lot of money but I've been tied down by my work for years. Now I want to spend some of my money, enjoy myself and make a name for myself as a sportsman.

"My idea is this: Let me be known as Gardiner's manager, while you make what matches you think are good for him, advise me carefully about his condition and tip me off when to bet on him. In return, you are to keep your end of the money you get for actually managing him and I will split with you whatever I win."

* * *

I KNEW Craig was wealthy and would bet freely. I realized it was an opportunity for me to cut in on some really big money for the first time in my life. I accepted the proposition.

Shortly after that, Will Douglas, veteran sporting editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, came to Chicago with Bob Gray, a Louisville promoter and sought me out. Gray wanted Gardiner to fight Marvin Hart at Louisville on May 13th, the night before the Kentucky Derby, and already had signed Hart. I took the match, summoned Gardiner from the East and put him into training in Chicago.

A few days before the fight we left for Louisville. The party included Pierce, who had come on from Boston and who frankly did not like the arrangement I had made with Craig. Nor, at first, did Pierce like Craig himself, though very soon thereafter he was to change his opinion of both the arrangement and the man. We traveled to Louisville in style as Craig's guests and, on our arrival there, he engaged a suite of rooms for each of us at the Gault House, then the finest hotel in the town.

* * *

ON the day of the fight, I informed Craig that he could bet as much as he pleased, for Gardiner was in excellent condition and I was certain he would defeat Hart. One of Hart's greatest admirers was Col. Appleby, a distiller, who wanted to bet $20,000 on him. Craig covered that bet and, through two agents he had brought with him from Chicago, covered $25,000 more around the hotels and the cafes. Gardiner won in twelve rounds when Hart, claiming he had broken his right hand, refused to continue. The jubilation in our camp may be imagined.

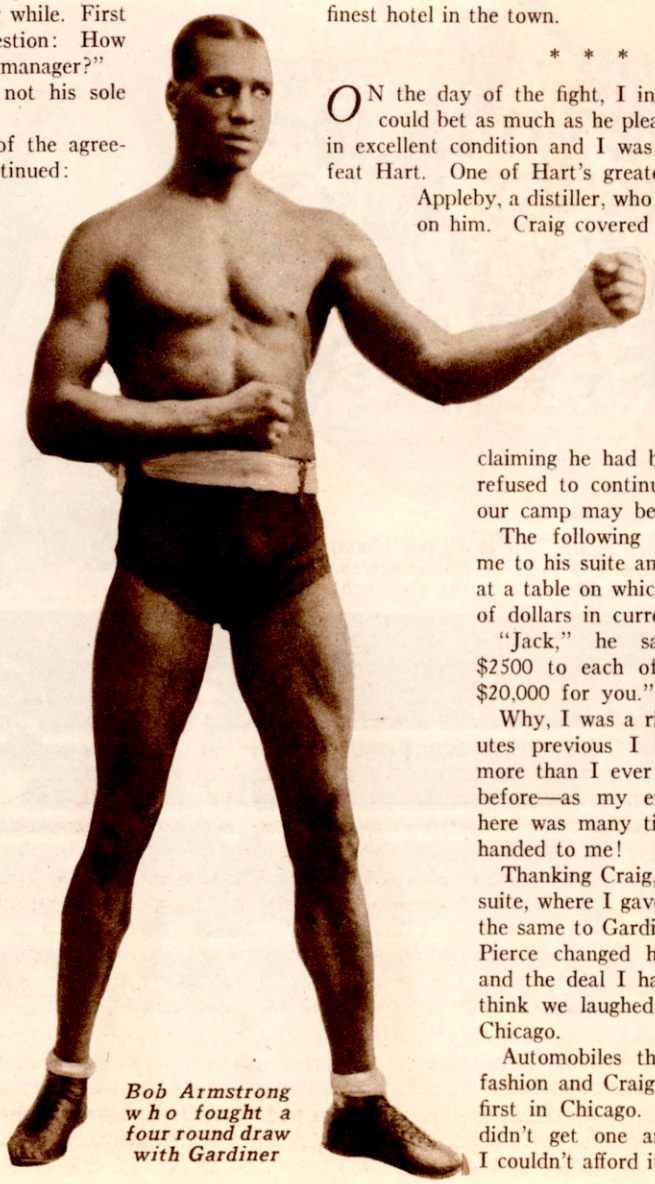
The following morning Craig called me to his suite and I found him sitting at a table on which was piled thousands of dollars in currency.

"Jack," he said, "I have given $2500 to each of my agents. Here's $20,000 for you."

Why, I was a rich man! A few minutes previous I had drawn $800—or more than I ever had had at one time before—as my end of the fight, yet here was many times that much being handed to me!

Thanking Craig, I hurried back to my suite, where I gave $5,000 to Pierce and the same to Gardiner. It was then that Pierce changed his mind about Craig and the deal I had made with him. I think we laughed all the way back to Chicago.

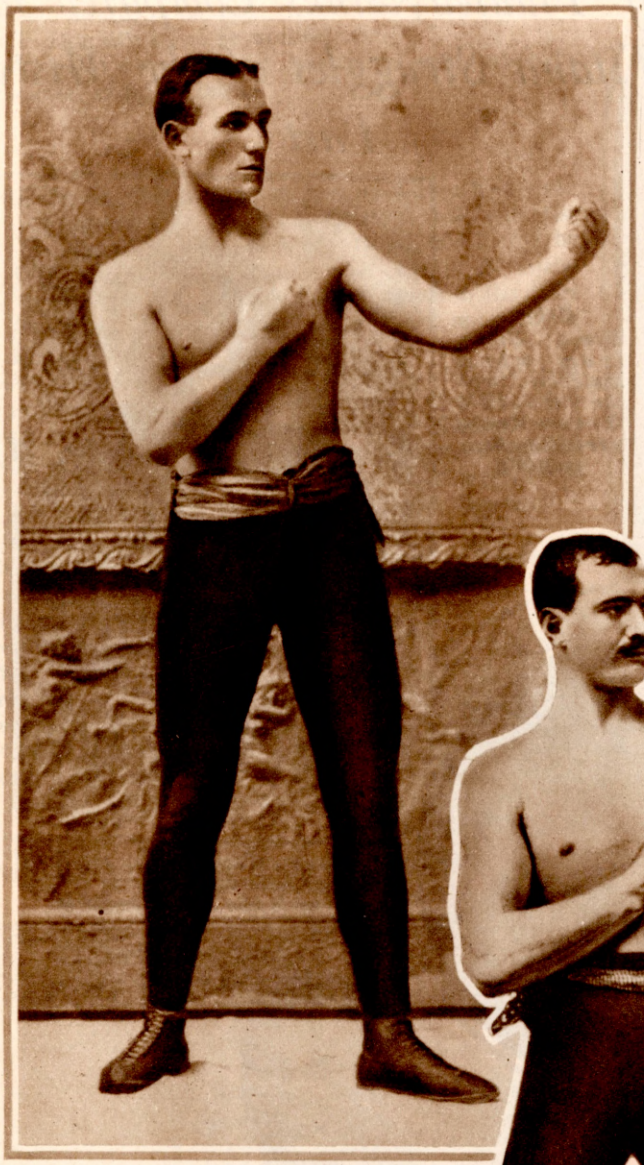
Automobiles then were coming into fashion and Craig purchased one of the first in Chicago. He asked me why I didn't get one and when I told him I couldn't afford it in spite of my newly



Bob Armstrong who fought a four round draw with Gardiner

acquired wealth, he bought one for me. It was a Pope-Toledo, with the entrance in the rear. I engaged Frank Carsey, an ex-fighter, to act as my chauffeur and was the envy of my less fortunate friends as I rolled about town—secretly hoping the contraption wouldn't break down that the urchins in the street might assail my ears with "Get a horse!"

Lou Houseman, manager of Root and sometime promoter



Jack Root who was knocked out in the twelfth by Gardiner

of fights—he had been running Tattersall's in Chicago when Joe Gans and Terry McGovern fought a very unsatisfactory fight that caused the lid to be applied to the sport there for a long time—also was sporting editor of the *Inter-Ocean* and the managing editor engaged me to write his boxing news. I mention this only because it was to form the setting for a series of amusing incidents following the matching of Gardiner and Root to fight for Jack Herman at the Fort Erie Athletic Club on the afternoon of July 4, 1903.

With the making of this match, we stressed for the first time the fact that it would be for the light heavyweight championship of the world, the weight to be 175 pounds, give or take three pounds. It also was stipulated by Houseman that the men should fight under the rules normally in force at Fort Erie, which called for a clean break after every clinch. Houseman's insistence on this was due to his eagerness to rob Gardiner of his effectiveness at infighting, for it was with body punches landed at close quarters that George had raked Root at Salt Lake.

* * *

WE began to smoke up the match in Chicago and it was then the fun began. I would write a column boosting Gardiner and knocking Root, either directly or by inference, and it would appear on the sporting page that carried a streaming banner line: "Best Sporting Page in Chicago—Edited by Lou Houseman."

Andy Craig, saloon keeper and professional bondsman, who figured prominently in Chicago's underworld thirty years ago

When this had happened several times, Houseman, who ordinarily did not give much of his time to his newspaper job but left the handling of it to his desk man, began to rush to the office before press time every day to rip my column out of the form. I'd wait around until he had left the composing room and then would have the make-up man slip the type back into the form. Of course, when the paper appeared, Houseman would be enraged. He discharged me half a dozen times but I knew he didn't mean it and refused to take it seriously. The feud was waged until the time arrived for us to depart for Buffalo, where we were to make our headquarters, since Fort Erie is just across the river.

Meanwhile, I passed up an opportunity to make a fortune. I never have come close to one since—and do not expect to be that close ever again.

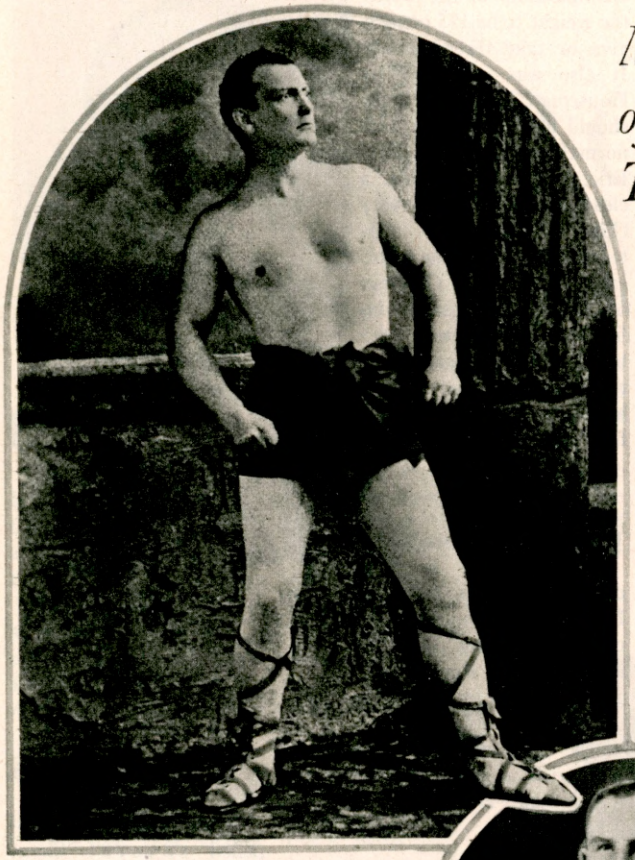
Taking motion pictures of fights was a newfangled idea that was beginning to catch on and we determined to take pictures of this one, the expenses of the operation to be divided among Herman, Houseman and myself and the profits, if any, the same way. There was in Chicago a man by the name of William Selig, who had a motion picture camera and whose "office" was a tiny store with a developing room in the rear. At my suggestion, we signed a contract with him to take the pictures and, a day or so before we left for Buffalo he confided to me that he needed $1000 to pay for the film and that until he got it the manu-

(*Continued on page* 47)

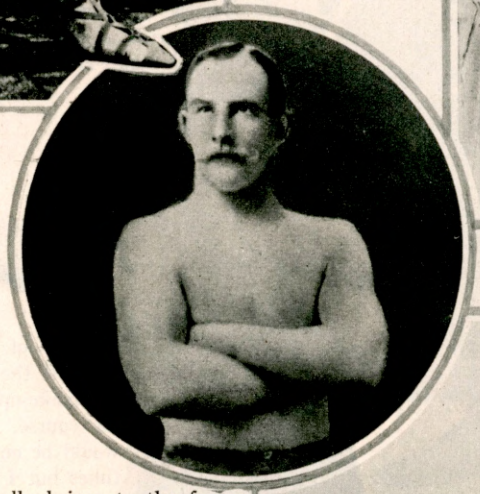
Peter Maher who lasted less than one round against Gardiner

MULDOON, King *of*

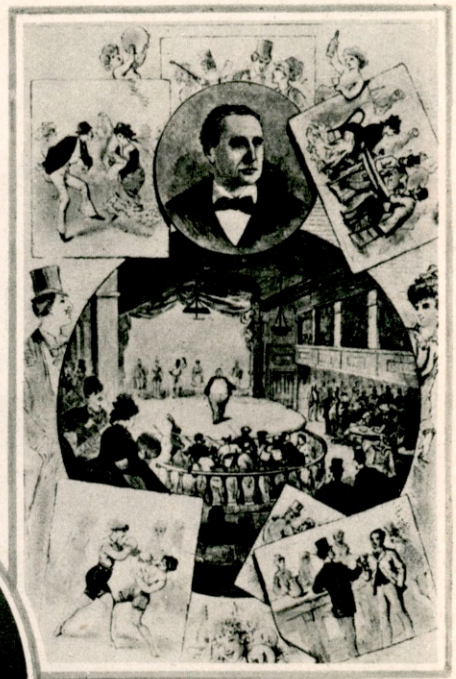
Modern Mat Sport Like Game of Tiddledywinks Compared to Titanic Struggles of the Misty Past



Muldoon as the "Fighting Gaul"



Below Edwin Bibby, from whom Muldoon won the world's Greco-Roman wrestling championship



Scenes at Harry Hills, the most famous American sporting rendezvous in the early Seventies,

MODERN wrestling, as compared to the titanic struggles of the misty past, is as tiddledywinks to tossing the caber. The caber, be it known, was a wooden pillar about the size of the ordinary telegraph pole, which braw Scots delighted to toss about the mundane sphere as if it were a piece of kindling wood. This naturally brings to the foreground the lithe figure of Donald Dinnie, champion of auld Scotland, and the greatest wrestler, Cumberland style, in the history of the mat. He weighed but 157 pounds, but was as quick as a flash, slippery as an eel, and determined as a bull terrier.

In 1884 he arrived at the decision that he could vanquish William Muldoon, the Greco-Roman champion, but not at Muldoon's style of wrestling. Therefore, he proposed a mixed match, half Greco-Roman and half Cumberland style. He was also a bit magnanimous, for he offered to win twice as many falls Cumberland style as Muldoon would capture Greco-Roman. Greco-Roman rules are well known, contestants not being permitted to take hold below the waist, and two points on the mat, both shoulders, to constitute a fall.

It becomes of interest to inspect the Cumberland rules. Here are a few:

"Contestants were required to stand chest to chest, each resting his chin on opponent's shoulder, and each grasping the other about the body. Loosening the hold, loses the fall. When a contestant touches the floor with any part of the body except his feet, he loses the fall.

Muldoon as he looked when in his prime

Old Time Wrestlers

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

When both men go to the floor, the first one to strike it loses the fall. Dog falls are to be wrestled over."

It is readily discernible that Dinnie had some reason to expect victory under the rules.

* * *

THE agreement called for 30 minutes Cumberland style, to be followed by 30 minutes Greco-Roman, only the actual time consumed to be counted. Dinnie laid 2 to 1 he would win the match. The contest took place in the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, which was jammed to the doors by a crowd that remained from 8 p. m. to 2 a. m., watching with deep interest the efforts of the noted gladiators.

Twenty-six falls were recorded, of which Muldoon won fifteen, and Dinnie eleven, Muldoon requiring 16 minutes and 45 seconds for his victories and Dinnie using 13 minutes and 46 seconds. Among the bouts captured by Muldoon was the fifth, at Cumberland style, which he won in 7 seconds, and also the twenty-third, at Cumberland style, the time being 5 minutes and 23 seconds.

The twenty-second fall marked the beginning of the end so far as Dinnie was concerned. Muldoon won that fall and two more in succession.

The twenty-fourth bout, Greco-Roman, was a trying one for the game little Scot. Muldoon, sensing that his opponent was tiring, rushed in like a panther, seized Dinnie by the head and shook it until the Scotchman was dizzy. Then Muldoon took a grip on the back of his opponent's neck and, putting his shoulder under Dinnie's chest, obtained an unbreakable lock. It was Muldoon's purpose to catapult Dinnie off his shoulder, and the consequences might have been serious.

Above: William Muldoon, the champion wrestler

Right: How Muldoon appeared when he went out for his road work

Donald Dinnie, of auld Scotland, greatest of Cumberland style wrestlers

Loath to injure his opponent, Muldoon, while holding the lock said to Dinnie: "Do you give up the fall?" "I give up the fall," said Dinnie, and Muldoon released his hold.

* * *

DINNIE managed to win the twenty-fifth fall, Cumberland style, but Muldoon captured the twenty-sixth in 2 minutes and 11 seconds, giving him the victory. Dinnie, of course, had an alibi, to the effect that he had tired himself at a Caledonian picnic the day previous, where he had tossed the caber too steadily. He said, however, that he would like to meet Muldoon in a match later on. Muldoon said he was willing, and would undertake to throw Dinnie twenty times in an hour Greco-Roman style, for $1,000 a side.

* * *

THE manner in which William Muldoon won the world's Greco-Roman championship, his opponent being Edwin Bibby, the English titleholder, is characteristic of the great American grappler. In his first match with Bibby, who was a great wrestler, Muldoon was seriously handicapped by a dislocated thumb on his right hand, the injury having been suffered three days previous to the match with the Englishman. He treated the

(*Continued on page* 45)

HEENAN *and* SAYERS, *a* PARALLEL *to* 1930

By JACK KOFOED

John C. Heenan

Tom Sayers

THE Sharkey-Schmeling international heavyweight battle for the world championship, with its turmoil and its unsatisfactory ending, brings to mind another contest in which America's best fought the foreign leader. Another scrap in which the world's title, as we know it today, really was at stake for the first time. It was America against England—John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, against Tom Sayers.

On the morning of April 17, 1860, London Bridge Station presented a packed and excited scene. It was four o'clock; dark as pitch, and chilly with the dampness of early spring. Men milled here and there. Everyone was talking and the babble of voices could be heard streets away. Outside the station were still more men. There seemed to be no end to them.

The names of "Heenan" and "Sayers" were on every tongue. Many of the throng had stayed up all night at Owen Swift's in Tichborne Street, or at Harry Brunton's, Nat Langham's, Alec Keene's or other famous sporting houses. They were tired-eyed but still full of enthusiasm.

It was the morning of the fight between Heenan and Sayers. It was the most talked-of fight that had ever been staged. Both countries were anxiously awaiting the result, and these men in London Bridge Station would have stayed up half a dozen nights instead of one for the privilege of seeing it.

Two huge trains of thirty-three cars each had been made up by the railroad company. They were packed to the guards by three-thirty; only the non-arrival of the boxers, who were staying at nearby lodgings, delayed their departure.

Sayers arrived first. He had been in bed since six in the evening, and looked fresh, brisk and debonair. He was given a tremendous cheer. No champion England had ever known was as popular as this man. None who followed matched him in esteem.

* * *

HEENAN arrived shortly afterward. He was anxious to avoid recognition, and instantly proceeded to a compartment reserved for him and his seconds. The tickets were then collected, and at twenty minutes past four the trains steamed out of the station.

There was hilarious good nature in all the cars. The great adventure was coming close. America against England! Hurrah!

When it became light, it was seen that through all the Metropolitan district, which extends fifteen miles outside of London, police mounted and on foot lined the rails to see that the match was not staged within their bailiwick. But the backers had no intention of staging it there. The trains steamed through the dewy English countryside touched now with the glory of the rising sun.

At Reigate Junction the trains turned off toward Guildford, and passed through the wild district where the military town of Aldershott is located. There was no pausing there, either, and it was not until seven o'clock that the passengers were deposited at the station of Farnborough.

No time was lost in choosing a site for the ring, which was quickly and well formed by the veteran Tom Oliver and his son in a pleasant meadow bordering the railway station on the boundary of Hampshire and Surrey.

The twelve hundred men present made up the most distinguished assemblage that had ever seen a prize-fight in England or anywhere else. It included names distinguished in the pages of Burke and Debrett; officers of the Army and Navy, members of Parliament, justices of the peace, and even ministers. Newspapermen from both sides of the water were present. *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, Frank Leslie's Illustrated News* and the New York *Clipper* sent men to cover this great athletic event.

Everything being in readiness, the warriors appeared. Sayers

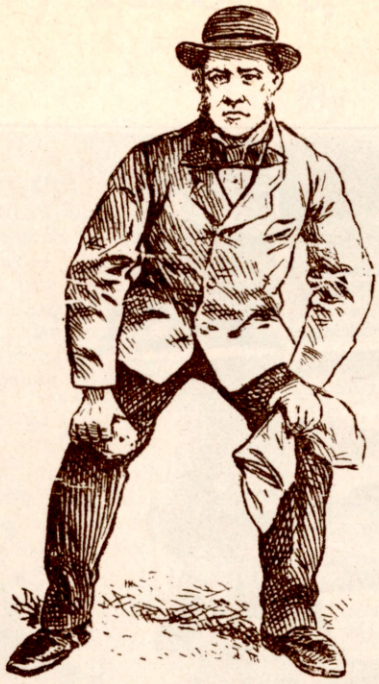
came first, and tossed his hat into the ring, quickly following it himself, attended by Harry Brunton and Jimmy Welsh as seconds.

The Benicia boy was not long in following his example. He was attended by Jack McDonald and Cusick, his trainer. Heenan did not look as dapper as the smaller man, but was grinning broadly.

They eyed one another curiously, since it was their first meeting. Then they walked toward each other, and shook hands with considerable warmth. There was no enmity on either side, both being fine sportsmen. The crowd cheered heartily.

* * *

WHEN the umpires and referee had been chosen, the final preliminaries were gone through. The colors were tied to the stake, and the fighters doffed their upper clothing. Each had taken the precaution to don his tights and shoes so that no time was wasted in this direction. Tom wore the usual lace boots, while Heenan had very fashionable ones with elastic in the sides. The eyes of the crowd fixed themselves on the men as soon as they were stripped. Sayers had a bronzed, good humored face. He stood about five feet eight and one-half inches in height, and weighed no more than 165 pounds. He was a broad but not particularly thick-set man, with finely turned hips and small but powerful and flat loins, remarkably round ribs and square shoulders. His arms were not of the bulging muscular type, but long and flexible.



Jack McDonald
Heenan's chief handler

Heenan, on the other hand, was a giant. He towered nearly five inches over the Englishman and had an advantage of thirty-five pounds in weight. Every muscle on his broad back and his shoulders and arms gave evidence of enormous power. His legs were rather light, but there was no lack of wiriness and activity. He looked older than his twenty-six years because of the hardness of his face. Tom's skin was brown, John's exceedingly fair and transparent.

Jimmy Welsh,
one of Sayers' seconds

Despite the vast difference in size, Sayers did not appear to be disturbed. He had beaten a bigger, if older man, in the Tipton Slasher, and his quiet smile gave every evidence of confidence. Heenan, too, was quite sure of himself.

Time was called. Heenan led, and just reached the champion but Tom came back with a smashing drive to the mouth that brought first blood. Through the first six rounds they fought furiously or strove for the fall with straining arms and all the tricks then in vogue. The sun came out, blinding Tom. He tried to work around his big opponent, but John would not have it so.

The Englishman made up for his lack of size by superb footwork, but Heenan, for all his bulk, was fast too. It was said that on boards he was the fastest man of his time. By the time the famous seventh round had started, he had all the better of the going. Four times he had knocked Sayers down. True, one of his eyes was closing, and he dripped blood from a cut cheek and a split eyebrow, but Tom bled, too, and was weakened by the tremendous thumps he had taken.

To start the seventh Sayers rushed in and landed a crusher on Heenan's nose, following it with another that almost knocked the giant off his feet. John recovered quickly, and lashed out with his right, laying every ounce of his giant body behind the blow. The Englishman blocked it with his forearm, but the bone snapped under the terrific impact. Yet he continued to drive in telling blows with his left until he was wrestled down.

Round after round, the little man came out smiling, his right arm held across his chest. It was useless for either offense or defense. All he had for defense were those nimble feet of his; all for offense, that poking, smashing left.

The American was much stronger. He was able to assimilate more punishment and was inestimably the harder hitter. Yet so great was Tom's skill and speed, that he kept the battle going in noble style. On one occasion, he even knocked Heenan to the soggy grass.

After doing that, instead of taking his half minute's rest, Sayers went prying into Heenan's corner to watch the seconds wiping blood away and see for himself how badly his opponent was hurt. Can you paint such a picture in a modern scene? Can you conceive of it with the background of Madison Square Garden, for instance?

One of the rounds lasted fifteen terrible minutes. It would have been easy for Tom to have gone down and avoided punishment and to have saved himself for coming efforts. But he would have none of that. Heenan, with his eyes almost closed, believed that victory was near and that every passing moment weakened his adversary so much more. He kept pressing in, hitting furiously until he stretched the game little Englishman on the ground once more.

* * *

AFTER that, Sayers was no longer able to even carry his injured arm across his chest. It dangled clumsily by his side.

No braver, harder fight was ever staged by any men than these two showed. It wasn't just for the championship or the large purse involved. There was more to it than that. Each felt himself the representative of his country—and in a sense he was.

Both America and England watched this battle with the most intense interest. No prize-ring affair before or since had aroused such a feeling of rivalry between the countries. For months, the sporting papers could talk of scarcely anything else and even the most staid and conservative journals were forced to give space to it.

So, Tom didn't suffer that broken arm for mercenary reasons alone, nor Heenan his blinded eyes and bruised body. It was England and America fighting there, and none knew it better than the warriors themselves. Each felt that he would be eternally disgraced if he didn't win.

On they went in their deadly warfare, the little man a smear of blood from his waist up, his battered face lit with a quenchless smile. And the giant, blind in one eye and the other closing, kept after him in a sort of weary frenzy.

By the end of the thirty-fifth round, they had been fighting for two hours. The American was stronger in the legs, but had little daylight left to him.

Henry Miles Downes in *Pugilistica* describes the last rounds:

"36—The Benicia boy's face was a spectacle to behold, while Tom was very weak. The Boy rushed to a close and caught Sayers around the neck, dragging him to the ropes. At this time the police, who had been gradually making their way to the ring, began a violent struggle to get close enough to put a stop to hostilities. The Boy tried (*Continued on page* 45)

A Bare-Knuckle Fight in the Early Fifties

There were no soft-cushioned seats for the spectators to sit on in those days. Travelling secretly to the scene of the battle, the spectators gathered themselves around the improvised ring pitched on the turf and enjoyed the mill between the "bruisers." And mills they were! No fouls halted a contest then! It was a case of fight until one man collapsed

Ruby Robert, The Practical Joker

By Frank Dunn

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS was a persistent practical joker in his prime. He never lost an opportunity to indulge in some mischievous prank at the expense of his cronies. One of these was Geoffrey Thorne, an English middleweight, who was not a dangerous opponent for American 160 pounders, but who furnished much amusement to the mischievous Fitzsimmons. Shortly after Fitz' title passed on to the bulky Jeffries in June of 1899, Fitz and Jeff Thorne, (mistakenly referred to in the records as "Jim" Thorne) appeared in Madison Square Garden, in what was regarded as a show to create a consolation purse for the ex-champion.

As Kid McCoy had stopped Thorne in three rounds, there was not a rush to see the Briton in a match with the then unbeatable Fitzsimmons. To the horrified amazement of the onlookers, the second round was hardly under way when Thorne landed a right on Ruby Robert's chin and sent Fitz sprawling on the canvas.

After taking a count of nine Fitz struggled to his feet and made a desperate attempt to keep as far away from Thorne as possible. After running about the ring with Jeff in hot pursuit, Fitz suddenly pulled himself together and with a heavy left to the jaw spilled Jeff in the resin dust. Jeff took a count of nine and arose in groggy condition. He then went on the defensive while Fitz, looking angry and confident, clattered after the Englishman.

* * *

WHEN Jeff got his bearings, he unhooked a right and down went Fitz for another long count. No sooner did Fitz get on his feet than he let fly with a crashing left that sent Thorne tumbling. Thorne was very wabbly when he regained his feet, and Fitz apparently was none too steady on his pins. The greatest excitement prevailed among the onlookers.

The fighters then played for time, sparring lightly and keeping out of danger. Finally they came to close quarters and both unhooked blows, Fitz a left that caught Thorne on the jaw and Jeff a right cross that landed on Fitz' chin. Both men fell as though shot, and both were counted out by the referee. Then each sprang up nimbly, shook hands, grinned and trotted to their dressing rooms. The spectators, one and all, confessed it was the most realistic acting in a double knockout that ever had been staged.

* * *

THE boxing books of this period have no record of this contest, probably because the statisticians believed that there was no need of recording an exhibition, for so was this mill regarded. Yet the fact remains that the few fight fans who attended the show were treated to one of those "Believe it or not" affairs which every now and then amaze the fistic followers. They had no idea that Fitz was staging a burlesque, for the fighters were quite groggy just before the mill ended and the knockdowns looked genuine.

It is seldom enough that one is treated to a double knockout, those ring occurrances being few and far between, but to see such a great warrior as Bob Fitzsimmons hit the canvas several times and then become a party to a "double knockout," was exceedingly rare.

That Fitz was Thorne's master never was doubted. A few months later, on October 28, 1899, out in Chicago, Lanky Bob and Thorne clashed again and this time, Fitz put his man away in one round. Thorne started off by applying unsavory epithets to Fitz, and Fitz retorted by promising to stand Jeff on his bloomin' 'ead.

* * *

THORNE made a mad rush at his opponent, and Fitz sidestepped. As he did so, Freckled Bob crashed a left that sent Thorne down with a thud. He hit the canvas in the same manner as one taking a high dive, his head striking with force and his legs pointing upwards, like one suspended by the feet.

Fitz made good his threat to stand his opponent on his head. After the bout stories were published to the effect that both bouts were part of a skit, and if they weren't, they certainly looked the part, for Fitz and Thorne were great friends both before and after the contests.

The Beginning

IN the dusk of the earth's new lighting,
When the father of men was young,
He found when it came to fighting
The snake had a wallop that stung.
And he said with a sad precision,
As he thought of the battle's cost,
"Of course it's the judge's decision,
But I cannot believe I lost."

When a featherweight named Kid David
Gave Goliath an awful bump,
Said the Philistine champ, "That knave'd
Have dropped with a terrible thump,
But I met him without real training.
He'd better not feel extra proud,
For more than a week I'd been ailing;
I fought for the sake of the crowd."

Through the days since the first beginning
Of the alibi retinue
They've been silent regarding winning,
But in losing they turn anew
To excuses as old as Adam:—
"My ulna bone chipped on a bar,"
"If I hadn't uv slipped I'd uv had 'im"
And "I hurt my wrist driving my car."

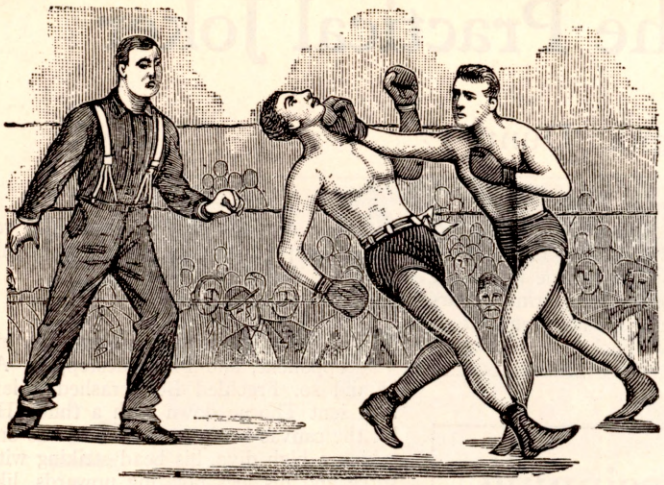
Locker Room Ballads

By Earl McKee

HE blew into the gym one day and "'lowed he'd work a spell,"
We tagged him as a "farmer," but, of course, we couldn't tell;
He was skinny, he was awkward, and he looked as green as grass.
What a dandy chance for "kidding," and we did not let it pass.
For our gang had a snappy "line" that we had used before
To have some sport with strangers who entered our gym door.
We'd boast about our victories, just like we all were champs,
Instead of what we really were—a bunch of fistic tramps.

Kid Williams started off the fun by telling of the time
That he boxed Oranges for big dough in a far-off southern clime.
Spike Hogan then related how he'd sailed the seven seas,
With a long stop in Australia—it was there that he trimmed Trees.
"I beat Carpets in Grand Rapids," boldly boasted One Round King,
But the "greenhorn" kept on working, and never said a thing.
So Shifty Jones then played his ace: "I 'spose you'd like to hear
How I gave Shoes a lacing in Arkansaw last year?"

The stranger shadow-boxed around the old gym ring once more,
And from the look upon his face 'twas plain that he was sore;
He straightened up and faced the gang, as he said, "Did you know
That I once met Jack Dempsey—going into a picture show!"



The Italian punched straight at him, first a left, then a right. Cecil ducked the left but the right caught him on the chin and he went down with a terrific crash

The SOFTIE

How a College-bred Dandy Made Good

By FRANK GRAHAM

OLD HUGHIE McGUIRE, who had made a million or so by parleying a pick and shovel into a contracting company, lived with his wife, his red-haired daughter, Mary, and a whole flock of servants in a fifteen-room apartment on the Drive. Mrs. McGuire had almost succeeded in forgetting the days when she washed Hughie's shirts and hung them to dry on a line that stretched out of a kitchen window in a railroad flat in the carbarn district. She had come a long way, figuratively, since those days, though actually the fifteen-room apartment was only a mile or two across town from the railroad flat.

Mary, the red-haired daughter was pretty, vivacious and thoroughly modern. She had but a dim recollection, all but erased by her years at a convent in Switzerland and a college on the Hudson, of the railroad flat. She adored her buxom, stylishly gowned mother and her burly bull-necked father and, being thoroughly modern, treated them somewhat as though they were her children. She smiled at her mother's almost feverish social activties, was amused and impatient by turns at her father's open contempt of society and the way in which he clung to diversions he had favored when he was a young, husky laborer, swinging a pick in the city's streets.

Old Hughie's most favored diversion was boxing. It always had been and it always would be. Nor was he among the Six Hundred Millionaires whose shirt fronts gleamed in the front rows at the Garden on Friday nights. He went, instead, to the neighborhood clubs and, in particular, was a regular at the old Puritan A. C. in an abandoned horse market hard by the tenement to which he had taken Mrs. McGuire as a blushing and buxom bride.

"You can have the Garden, with its refined atmosphere," he would say. "The trouble is the fighters are refined, too. Give me the old Puritan, where the fighters are rough as hell and blood and guts is all that counts. I see more real fightin' there in one night than I'd see in the Garden in a year."

* * *

SO much for his diversion. His aversion was a young man who looked adoringly on the red-haired Mary and whose suit found favor in her eyes, which were large and very blue under their long, dark lashes. His name was Cecil Broadbent and he was tall and slim and always faultlessly attired. He'd been graduated from Harvard and spent a year or two at cloistered, ivy-covered Oxford.

"The big softie!" Hughie would say, every time he thought of him. "Cecil the Softie! He talks like a dook and a day's work would kill him. I'll bet he plays tennis and I can tell by lookin' at him he has no guts. He's 'in the Street,' says Mary. In the street, is he? Bejazus, if I had me way I'd put him in the street wid a pick and shovel!"

There came a night when Cecil and Mary sat in the softly illumined library talking of one thing and another when, of a sudden, Cecil said:

"Mary, will you marry me? I know your father doesn't like me but . . ."

Mary smiled at him tenderly.

"If I could be sure I loved you," she said, "the fact that my father doesn't like you wouldn't stop me from marrying you. Still, I'm crazy about my father and I do wish we could change his opinion of you."

There fell a silence between them. Then Cecil rose and took Mary's hands in his.

"I love you very much, my dear," he said. "Try to love me—not just a little bit, but enough to marry me. Now I shall be going. May I see you to-morrow night?"

Before Mary could answer her father strode into the room.

"Hullo, Mary!" he cried, affecting not to notice Cecil's presence, but really speaking for the young man's benefit. "What a fight I saw to-night! Kid Belton and a little Spiggoty from South America! Toe to toe they stood and slugged. It was great!

"And what preliminaries and—oh, hullo, Cec—Mr. Broadbint. I didn't notice you at first. I've been to the Puritan. That's the place to see fighters, me boy. Real fighters, and not them Fancy Dans they have at the Garden. Well, I'll say good night to you. I just stopped in for a minute, not knowing you were here."

"Good-night, Mr. McGuire," said Cecil.

Mary's brow was puckered with a frown which, thought Cecil, made her more adorable than ever.

"Father and his old fights!" she said. "And that old Puritan club! It's awful!"

Cecil, leaving the apartment, walked down the Drive. An idea that made him breathless for an instant suddenly had popped into his head.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, aloud. "I've got a week to brush up for it, I'll show the old man something!"

* * *

THE next afternoon by diligent search he found the Puritan A. C., wedged in between a brewery and a warehouse and in the dingy office he found Matt Lewis, president and matchmaker. Lewis sat with his feet on his shabby desk, idly watching a group of children at play on the sidewalk. He looked up as Cecil entered.

"Well?" he asked, without shifting his feet from the desk or his cigar from a corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Er—er—," began Cecil.

"Lewis," said that gentleman.

"Mr. Lewis," Cecil began again, "I want to see about fight-

ing at your club." Cecil felt very uncomfortable.

Lewis surveyed him from head to foot, noting the cut and texture of his clothes, his fine features and his quietly obvious patrician bearing.

"You want to fight at my club?" he asked, amazed.

"Yes," said Cecil, conquering his nervousness by an effort.

"You don't look like a fighter to me."

"I'm not."

"Then what are you trying to do, kid me?"

"No. I'm not a fighter, but I have a reason for wanting to fight here—just once."

"If you want to fight," grinned Lewis, "go over to the Y. M. C. A. where you won't get hurt."

It was more difficult than Cecil had imagined. The only way he could achieve his end was to take Lewis into his confidence. He hadn't wanted to do this but there was no help for it. Lewis, surprised, listened to what he said. For a moment he was silent.

"I suppose I'm a sap," he said finally, "but I guess it means a lot to you, so I'll put you on next Tuesday night. How much do you weigh?"

"About 165," said Cecil.

"All right," said Lewis. "I'll match you with a wop that's been pestering me for a fight. I don't know whether he can fight, either, but I guess the customers will stand for one lousy fight. They ought to. They see enough good ones. Be here at seven-thirty next Tuesday night and bring trunks and shoes with you. You're to go four rounds—or less."

* * *

CECIL went into training the following day. Each day as soon as the Exchange closed, he went to the exclusive Downtown Athletic Club of which he was a member, played squash or handball, ran a few laps around the track and sparred with a retired welterweight, a former world's champion, who was the club's boxing instructor. To no one did he confide the reason for his sudden urge for the gymnasium, not even to Mary, whom he saw twice during the week.

Tuesday night found him in the shabby dressing room for preliminary fighters at the Puritan A. C., suddenly dismayed at his surroundings and cursing himself for the impulse that had caused him to take this utterly ridiculous step. He looked about him, wondering which of the hard-faced young men in the room was to be his opponent. His curiosity quickly was satisfied.

"That's the guy you're gonna fight," said the club second assigned to him by Lewis when the matchmaker, suddenly feeling sorry for him, realized he had no one to look after him.

Cecil turned his gaze in the direction indicated by the grimy finger of the second. In a corner of the room, half-screened from his view by a cluster of handlers, was a brawny Italian, already stripped to the waist and now divesting himself of his trousers. The Italian glared at him and it seemed to Cecil that his face was even harder than those of the others.

"Tough lookin' guy, ain't he?" asked the second. "Well, don't be scared of him. He can't fight."

Cecil slowly undressed and got into his trunks and shoes, then sat nervously on a rude table. Beyond the frequently opened door he could hear the swelling murmur of the gathering crowd. Once when the door opened the battered face of Lewis' assistant, one Battling Kelly, appeared.

"Young Jeff and Johnny McCloskey!" he called.

Two of the now silent fighters looked strangely at each other for an instant and then, surrounded by their handlers, stalked through the door. In a few seconds there was a buzzing from the crowd, then a salvo of cheers. Then quiet. And then a roar that filled the old building. The roar fell, rose, fell again, then seemed suddenly to be suspended, only to break out once more.

The door opened and McCloskey bounded into the room, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming feverishly, while around him swirled his excited handlers.

"One round! Oh, boy!" one of them shrieked. "Whatta punch!"

Behind them came Young Jeff's crew, supporting the sagging form of the beaten fighter. His eyes were half closed and blood welled from his nose and mouth. Cecil gazed at him, fascinated, as though he never had seen a bleeding man before.

* * *

THE battered face of Battling Kelly was at the door again.

"Tony Umbatti and Young Brent!" he bawled.

Across the room the scowling Italian got up from a stool on which he had crouched and started for the door, his seconds hurriedly falling in behind him. Cecil's second tapped him on the shoulder.

"C'mon," he said. "That's us."

With a start Cecil remembered that he was Young Brent, he and Lewis having agreed on the name when he had arrived at the club that night. The way to the ring led under a wooden bleachers and when he came through the passageway and saw it under its gleaming lights the thought struck him that a condemned man must feel very much as he did when the little green door swings back and he sees the electric chair for the first time. His head throbbed, his heart pounded and his knees felt weak. The few steps up to the ring seemed long as Jacob's Ladder. Vaguely, he was aware of shaking hands with the scowling Italian, of the referee peering at him, of a tumbling murmur from the crowd.

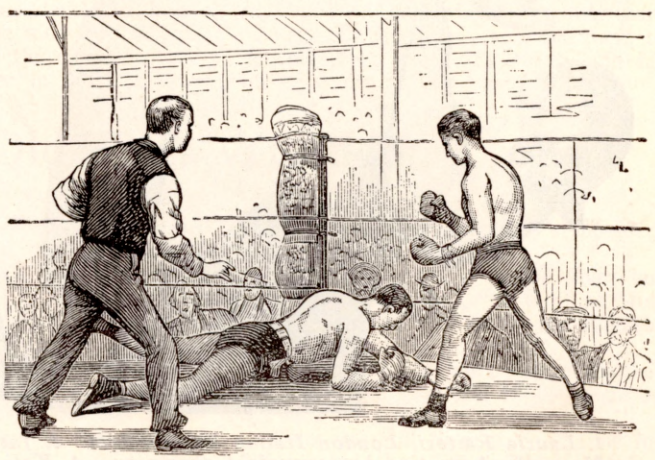
In a box, pressed close against the ring, old Hughie stared up at him.

"The Softie!" exclaimed Hughie. "Well, I'll be—what—what—what do you think of that!"

The referee beckoned to Cecil and Umbatti, who advanced to the center of the ring to receive instructions that Cecil grasped not at all. Then they were waved to their corners and the bell rang.

The Italian rushed across the ring and, when he got within range, swung fiercely with his right hand, missed, tried with his left and missed again. Cecil danced away from him, jabbed him twice and then crossed a right to the jaw. The Italian swayed but lunged in again, swinging both hands. Cecil lost whatever poise he had and was struck twice by the flailing fists of his opponent. Instinctively he lashed back and the pair slugged each other vigorously.

They clinched and Cecil, stepping back, assumed the defensive again but he couldn't keep the Italian off. Umbatti belabored him with heavy blows, tied him up in a clinch and wrestled him cruelly about until the referee pulled them apart. Cecil resorted to jabbing again, then rushed in wildly to beat Tony to the punch and they clawed and wrestled and mauled each other until the bell rang. (*Continued on page* 48)



A blow that landed in the pit of the stomach swept the breath from Cecil's body and he dropped to the canvas

FOREIGN STARS WHO ARE MAKING GOOD

1. Laurie Raiteri, London Italian heavyweight. 2. Jack Voguero, Panama lightweight champion. 3. Francisco Magnelli, Argentine bantamweight champion. 4. Koli-Kolo, Porto Rican featherweight sensation making good in New York. 5. Johnny Peters, English bantam, just returned from an Australian invasion. He will shortly appear in this country. 6. Jimmy Thornton of England. 7. Ignacio Ara of Spain.

Heenan and Sayers a Parallel to 1930

(*Continued from page* 39)

to hold Tom, but the latter slipped through his arms and fell.

"37—Sayers was up first and seemed to be the better man; he made his left twice on Heenan's eyes, and the latter caught him around the neck at the ropes and held him there. It was asserted that the ropes were cut by the English party.

"At any rate, the mob swarmed in, and the referee left his post, sending orders for a cessation of hostilities. Five more so-called rounds were fought with pretty equal advantage. The ring was half full of people, and neither had a fair chance. . . . The authorities were in arms in all directions, and it would be a mere waste of time to go elsewhere."

Englishmen felt that Sayers had been robbed of a victory. True, he had a broken arm and was pitifully weak, but Heenan's eyes were almost closed and it would have been impossible for him to go on much longer. The Americans likewise felt that Heenan was the conqueror and had been duped out of certain victory through the interference of the mob and police.

The news reached America eleven days after the fight and created the most intense excitement. The Hyer-Sullivan affair was nothing compared with it; the Burdell murder case was eclipsed, and the Charleston convention almost forgotten. Every place of amusement was packed; sporting houses were thronged the entire night. The fight and the heroic conduct of Heenan and Sayers was the sole topic of conversation.

Not only New York, but all other cities boiled with excitement. It was intense in California. Everyone appeared to be convinced that the hero of the moment had been given the worst sort of a deal in England, and the cowardice of the referee in leaving the scene of combat came in for universal condemnation.

* * *

EVEN the British press condemned the action of the referee. The sportsmen of London, to show their appreciation for the valor displayed by Heenan, presented him with an exact facsimile of the belt given to Sayers. In the presentation speech at the Alhambra Theater of London, Frank J. Dowling, the master of ceremonies, said:

"This belt is being presented to you by the Editor of *Bell's Life* in appreciation of your spirit and pluck in crossing the Atlantic to combat for the British championship belt and to commemorate the valor, endurance and fair spirit displayed by you in this battle. This belt was purchased by subscription headed by a gift of £25 from your brave opponent, Tom Sayers. The history of your great struggle is already familiar to every inhabitant of the old and new world. It is a history which will be read with admiration by future generations. This belt, we hope, will strongly tend to increase that international good feeling already subsisting between America and England."

And with those words, Dowling gave Heenan the belt which he immediately buckled around his waist amid thunderous applause from a huge gathering. Then came the presentation to Sayers after which both gladiators stood in the center of the stage, belts buckled around the waist and hands clasped while the crowd cheered lustily.

The fight itself was a great fight and its drama was tremendously enhanced by its background.

The difference in size; the superb courage of Sayers in fighting through those desperate hours with a broken arm; the equal courage of Heenan, whose eyes started to close early in the fight; the arrival of the police; the struggle at the ringside; the cutting of the ropes, and the five unofficial rounds that followed the real bout, all went to make a picture that has few equals in fistic annals.

Young Stribling—Enigma of the Prize Ring

(*Continued from page* 30)

in his life nor tasted anything more intoxicating than an occasional cocktail at dinner. His most violent dissipation is a quart of ice cream, always eaten directly after a fight. Training has always been a religion with him.

Pa and Ma Stribling are natural show people. For a long time before their elder son made his advent into the world, they were troupers, hitting the by-ways and highways of tank towns with a novelty athletic act. When William, Jr., and Herbert put in their appearance, they were drafted into the act when they became old enough. Then when the senior Stribling saw the making of a champion boxer in his son, the act was disbanded and the circuit deserted. Herbert "Baby" Stribling is a welterweight boxer, but he has never risen to the heights of his older brother.

Pa Stribling, besides being a showman, is a business man of marked ability. He is the type that could have been a success at almost any financial undertaking, and by wise investing, has made a modest fortune for himself and family through his percentage of the ring earnings of Young Stribling. Ma is a pretty woman whose looks belie her age. She attends nearly all of her son's fights.

* * *

YOUNG STRIBLING'S reputation and ability as an aviator nearly equals his renown as a gladiator. When he took up aviation, even his closest friends suspected that he was doing it as a publicity stunt. This was not true, however, as he has stuck with it and has developed into a real aviator, spending most of his spare time cruising around the ozone.

The Georgia boxer in 1926, married Clara Virginia Kinney, daughter of a well known Southern cotton broker, and a member of one of the best known families in Georgia. They have two children, a girl and a boy.

There is nothing high-hat nor low-brow about Young Stribling. He is the most regular fellow one would care to meet. If one did not know that he was a pugilist, he would never suspect it by his looks or speech. The serious work of clouting his opponents on their chins has lessened none of his finer sensibilities, and he told me that he has never knocked out an opponent that he did not feel sorry for.

"I don't like to hurt anyone," he said, "but I look at it this way: Boxing is my business, and when I go out there against another fellow, he's out there to get me if he can. It's either ruin his business, or let him ruin mine."

Muldoon, King of Old Time Wrestlers

(*Continued from page* 37)

thumb to the best of his ability, but his friends begged of him to postpone the match.

This he refused to do, asserting that the people of San Francisco had treated him very generously and he declined to disappoint them. He kept his word and, for two hours battled with an active and dangerous opponent during which his right hand was practically useless. The spectators, accustomed to seeing Muldoon take the offensive, expressed their disapproval by hisses, but Muldoon, being forced to the defensive, maintained his pace till the end of the two hour limit, when the match was declared to be drawn.

A month later, Muldoon, having recovered from his thumb injury, made another match with Bibby, which ended in an hour and 20 minutes with a victory for Muldoon. The first hour was unproductive of anything except that the men were well matched. The turning point came shortly after the men took hold after a 15 minute rest. Muldoon got a neck hold and brought Bibby's shoulders close to the mat.

Finally Bibby went to the floor, but Referee Jourdan said, "no fall," as Muldoon's arm was well under the Englishman.

Muldoon went to work and got another neck lock and soon had Bibby prone on his back for a fall.

There was still 20 minutes of time for Bibby, but he accomplished nothing. Muldoon thus won the title, $1,000 stake, and $2,500 gate money.

"Thomas Harland, Real Estate"

(*Continued from page* 19)

little talk with Tommy Harland. "Don't be a sucker," said Amos to Tommy. "Mauna wouldn't want you to take all that from a mucker. Let him have it. If you don't, he may ruin your fighting career."

* * *

IN the third period I made a touchdown through Hackell, and by this time that boy was certainly not my pal. The freshmen in the stands, all dressed in their odd-looking suits prescribed by the higher classmen, were hollering, "Harden, Harden, Harden!" and Rance figured I was stealing his show.

So the next time he came around he uncorked a right to the wind.

I stood up and said, "Hackell, put up your hands. You know what I mean. I have stood for your mucker stuff too long. Put 'em up."

Players and coaches rushed out, the students got up in their seats and cheered.

"This has got to be finished right now," Hackell insisted. "I've got to put this Indian freshman in his place or quit the squad. Which will it be?"

The coaches were scared stiff and walked away. Hackell stepped up to me and said, "Indian, get ready to ride home. I'm going to give you the tanning of your life."

In football togs, out there in front of four thousand lads, Tommy Harland was himself again.

Hackell charged. I sidestepped, led the right to the jaw, and gave him the one-two. He looked surprised. I didn't hit hard.

Rance was the college heavyweight champion of those parts and even had some professional ring ideas in his head.

He was more cautious now. He tried to feint. I laughed. Well, it's a long story. I played with him, and after cutting him to pieces for about two minutes, crashed the Harland right to the heart and they carried Hackell off the field on a stretcher.

I broke three ribs for the star of the Downing eleven, and the campus went into mourning. Hackell was out of the big game of the year with Torney University, and I was carried off the field by my wildly enthusiastic classmates.

Old Man Boyden, the president of Downing, had me in his office the next day. "I saw what happened yesterday Harden, and I want to congratulate you," he said. "You did the right and manly thing.

"But tell me something. Who are you? Don't try to tell me you are Amos Harden. I think I recognize you now. I was at the ringside when you stopped Link Potel in New York. I don't believe I ever saw a better scrap—and I was at Carson when Fitz stopped Corbett. I once thought I could box myself."

* * *

WELL, I break down and tell the old boy the whole plot. He sits for a while thinking, then he breaks out and laughs until I think he's sick.

"We cannot afford a scandal, Tommy, so we'll just let you stay here and become a gentleman," he chuckles. "But no more football. You might kill one of our boys. And you might get hurt yourself. Never can tell about broken arms and legs. I think you're going to win that title. Now, mum's the word, and no more football. Good day, and good luck."

The next day they announce that I have hurt a leg and cannot play with the freshmen any more. I am the hero of the campus, the sensation of the sport pages.

The following week Mauna rushes into my room and says, "A fine bird, you are. Had to fight out in front of all those kids, eh? Couldn't hold your temper after what I told you about gentlemen not fighting. Tell me what it was all about."

Well, we make up. As we walk around the campus, the coach of the freshman eleven grabs me. He seems all excited.

"Big game with Hale freshmen on Saturday, and we lose Jephson and Thoms, our only real backs. You've got to play. Your leg looks okeh to me."

* * *

MAUNA and I go into conference with old man Boyden, and he sees I am up a tree. I can't beg off and still retain the respect of the kids. So he says, "Peculiar circumstances sometimes warrant strange decisions. I am going to do something which is against the rules. But I realize your position. Go out there and play, but be careful."

So I went out and played, and that's why you see me in the real estate business in Capitolia instead of being the world's light-heavyweight champion.

Money? Plenty of it. I can't kick. Mauna is a financial wizard. She was a corking song and dance performer, but as a real estate subdivision manager she's just a lady Rockefeller.

We have a fine home—yes, and a little girl, too. Folks out our way think I'm a great guy and I don't do anything to make them change their minds.

But I still think I should have been world's champion.

In the first period of that game with Hale, a big tackle hits me fore and a giant guard swats me aft, and a halfback pokes me in the middle. I am a marked man, and I am hamstrung. They break my left leg, and I still limp slightly. That injury kills my boxing career. Mauna cries, and maybe out of sympathy she marries that mug Tommy Harland. That's a break I get out of the busted leg, anyway.

Yes, I am a success in Capitolia. But say, I should have been world's champion. That's what you get for letting yourself get daffy about a woman.

It's "Thomas Harland, Real Estate"—but take it from me, it should have been "Tommy Harland, Champion."

Dempsey or Johnson?

(*Continued from page* 13)

completely for 11 rounds in the old Garden.

Then in 1923, Tom Gibbons made Dempsey look very bad, their bout going the limit of 15 rounds. The plea that Dempsey was afraid to hit Gibbons because of threats of gunmen does not carry much weight.

Carpentier in 1921 landed one terrific blow on Dempsey in the second round that almost floored our champion. Yet Carpentier was far from being a man-killer. Sharkey was having much the better of the argument with Dempsey in 1927 when he was hit low. The records show that Sharkey was knocked out, but my record and that of THE RING publisher who was sitting close by me, showed that Sharkey was hit low three times.

Dempsey hit Tunney *one effective blow* in twenty rounds and the loser would not have landed once in 20 rounds on Johnson, for the Negro was a far greater defensive fighter and cleverer than was Tunney.

* * *

JOHNSON was at top form in 1906, in which year he defeated Joe Jeannette, clever boxer, in 15 rounds, and Sam Langford, the ablest ring general and most dangerous hitter of his time, in 15 rounds. Langford at his best, would have turned the tables on Dempsey had the Negro been in Willard's place at Toledo.

In 1908, Johnson stopped Tommy Burns, good boxer and ring general in 12 rounds; stopped Ketchel, a rip-tearing slugger in 12 rounds, and in 1910 he stopped Jeffries in 15 rounds. Jeffries had the strongest jaw of any of the heavies of his time, and while past his prime, was still hard to beat. Johnson knocked out Flynn in 11 rounds in 1907 and again in 9 rounds in 1908. Johnson was not a quick finisher, but wore his opponents down before sending over the settling blow. That is why he didn't dispose of Flynn more quickly. On the other hand, Dempsey rushed in and sought to land a knockout blow early in the proceedings.

Johnson would have avoided these efforts on the part of Dempsey, and by superior boxing and accurate hitting, would have worn down the latter to the knockout point. Failing to stop Dempsey, Johnson certainly would have won the decision on points at the end of the scheduled number of rounds.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 35*)

facturers would not deliver the film to him.

"Get me the $1000," he said, "and I'll make a bargain with you. The motion picture business is in its infancy. It's going to be a tremendous thing and this job is going to put me into it in such a fashion that I will clean up later on. Get me the $1000 and I'll declare you in as my partner for an even split on all my future business."

"I can't do that, Bill," I said. "I'll get you the $1000 all right, for that will be easy but I can't take advantage of the fix you're in to declare myself in as your partner."

Since I would not actually have been imposing on Selig if I had joined him, I wish I had the offer to consider again. The motion picture industry grew beyond Selig's fondest expectations and he grew with it. To-day he is a multi-millionaire and, having retired, is living in ease and comfort in California while I—well, I still am hustling for a living, doing nicely but still a long way from even my first million.

* * *

GARDINER and Root fought indoors, extra light for the taking of the pictures being admitted through a huge opening cut in the roof. The Fourth of July proved to be a poor day on which to draw a crowd, practically every family man wanting to remain at home that day to make sure his children did not maim themselves or set fire to the house with fireworks. Not more than two or three thousand saw the fight and as the club had hung up a $10,000 purse, it lost money.

The fight itself was not very thrilling. In spite of the adherence of the clean break rule that was intended to handicap Gardiner, George was in front all the way and won by a knockout in the twelfth round. Craig, at my advice, bet all the money he could and my share, including a cut of the receipts, was over $10,000.

In those days, while I was not precisely unsophisticated, I was not as shrewd as I am to-day and I did not learn until after the fight that a New York gambling clique that had covered some of Craig's money had attempted to bribe the referee, "Hotspur" McBride, sporting editor of the Buffalo *Inquirer*. The night before the fight, representatives of this group had called on him at his home and offered him a substantial sum to do his best to see that Root did not lose, whereupon "Hotspur," a thoroughly honorable and fearless man, had booted them out the door.

When I learned of this, I hurried to his home, intending to reward him for his action but he would not take a cent from me.

In Chicago again, we had the picture developed and leased the Olympic Theatre, which had been closed for the summer. The picture was shown there for a month and netted a profit of $12,000 but, shown about the country later on it was—to borrow from the parlance of the theatre—a flop.

Gardiner was visiting his family in the East and I took Root with me on a tour with the film, thus inaugurating the now popular "personal appearance" feature, but even this couldn't put it over. The climax was reached at Lakeside Park, between Joplin and Webb City, Missouri, on August 14th, the day Jeffries and Corbett fought in San Francisco. I had a leased wire strung into the hall and, by means of the newspapers and handbills, advertised that we would have the returns of the fight, plus our picture, all for the absurdly small admission price of fifty cents.

We drew exactly one admission. Later, in Webb City, we saw hundreds gathered about a street corner bulletin board on which the progress of the fight was being posted. Obviously, there was no great demand on the part of the public for our picture, as we had begun to suspect on taking in only ten dollars in St. Louis a few nights before.

Sadly we wended our way back to Chicago.

My fortunes, which had been riding high, were headed for a slump.

Gardiner, now light heavyweight champion of the world, was much sought after by promoters all over the country. Even in San Francisco they were ready to forgive him for his miserable showing against Johnson. I was at the peak now. I couldn't miss. . . . But I did.

One of the offers I received was for a twenty-round fight with Bob Fitzsimmons in San Francisco on November 25th Fitz was forty-one years old, had been knocked out twice by Jeffries and was about washed up as a fighter, yet his was a great name still and, I concluded, would look pretty good in the "Won" column of Gardiner's record. I wired our agreement to fight, advised Craig to plunge on George and off we went to 'Frisco.

* * *

NOW, the fight game is a very funny one. It is full of breaks and you never can tell whether they will be for you or against you. Beating Root at Fort Erie, Gardiner had been a magnificent fighter, but when he entered San Francisco for the Fitzsimmons fight a change came over him. The great name of Fitzsimmons, on which I had banked only as an adornment for his record of victories, had a dismaying effect on him.

Courageous in every previous fight he had had, he was frightened half to death by the prospect of facing the Cornishman who had been the heavyweight champion of the world. I believed he would shake off this fear once the bell rang and he found himself marching out of his corner to meet his comparatively aged foe and so I did not advise Craig to hedge, as I would have done had I been wiser.

The afternoon of the fight when the men weighed in—for this was to be for the light heavyweight championship at 175 pounds, give or take three pounds—Fitz was in a jovial mood and clapped George heartily on the back. The blow shook George's frame. It did more. It broke his heart. He surrendered the championship to Fitz at the end of twenty rounds of spiritless fighting and not again in the five subsequent years he remained in the ring, did he defeat a really good man.

(*To be Continued in Next Issue*)

The Fight in the Bar-Room Hall

(*Continued from page 6*)

round Patsy was staggered quite frequently but he always came tearing in, regardless. Several times he complained to the referee that Griffo was butting him in the clinches, but aside from several warnings, nothing more was done.

One of the funniest incidents I ever saw at a fight, took place in the eleventh round. Both boxers were milling away at close range when suddenly each swung a left that landed at the same time and both went sprawling to the ground. Griffo's feet struck the hot stove, turned it on its side and burning coal was spread over the floor. There was a rush towards the door as several boxes caught fire but quick action on the part of the seconds who threw pails of water over the burning wood and coal, quickly extinguished the blaze.

* * *

THE sizzling steam from the burning coals and the smoke from the boxes, caused plenty of sneezing and tears but the sports were game enough to stick it out to the finish. After a five minute rest caused by the mishap, hostilities were resumed and what a bang-up affair the next few rounds resulted in. Sweeney seemed ready to collapse, but he was game and kept pounding away at Griffo's sore ribs, making the Australian wince every time the punch connected.

The fight went along this way until the fourteenth round when suddenly Griffo received a terrific wallop on the side and he went down, claiming foul. Those who were Griffo's partisans, supported his claim, but almost as many more in that stuffy room thought Sweeney had landed fairly and that he had won the fight on a knockout. The referee was appealed to and amidst the shouts of the seconds and the fans, he held off almost five minutes before he decided to render the decision in Griffo's favor. Holding Griffo's right hand up, he declared:

"I award the fight to Griffo on a foul."

Sweeney's backers fought bitterly against the verdict but the referee refused to reconsider and thus ended one of the gamest, most thrilling battles of New York's club membership days—a fight in a bar-room hall.

Mick Dooley

(*Continued from page* 17)

stuttering like a man charged with soda water and causing much amusement, his brother pulled him by the coat demanding that he sit down.

While the brothers were indulging in their wordy war, Dooley regained his feet and resumed hostilities. He dealt out punishment to his powerful opponent until the 23rd round, when Goddard's strength at last told, and Dooley had to take the full count.

They met shortly after in Melbourne, when Dooley had his burly opponent down for more than the ten seconds allowance, but Goddard being the favorite in the Southern Capital of Australia and the referee being of the tie, win, or wrangle brand of official, he managed to stay his arithmetical effort until Goddard had recovered. And it is on record that Dooley's second, Marshall, a well known trainer of the day, advised his man to leave the ring, remarking that Mick could not beat both fighter and referee.

* * *

DOOLEY had developed in every way but mentally. He was a simple soul. He could read and write, but knew as much of the old masters as a cow does of her geneological tree.

In a facetious moment, the late W. F. Corbett referred to Mick as Michael Angelo Dooley, and upon being asked why, Mick remarked: "After the famous Irish poet, of course."

Like many of the old school, the chief actor of this story was not above fighting a *schlender;* a venal sin in those days, for often almost anything offered by way of a bribe, was more than was the boxer's reward. In the four round contests Fitzsimmons and Hall figured in, their cut never exceeded $10.

When during his pugilistic rise, Mick, like almost all those who indulge to excess in the cup that cheers, lost much of his nerve, a cure was hit upon accidentally by his trainer-manager, the late Barney Reynolds, the man who accompanied Bill Squires on his wild goose chase to America in quest of the heavyweight laurels.

In discussing a future contest with a fellow named Purcell, Mick remarked:

"This fellow is a dark horse they have brought up for me. I understand Purcell looks the goods."

Reynolds, seeing his charge unnerved, decided to arouse his fighting spirit by telling him that Purcell was an Orangeman. This he did, and it had its effect, for Mickey, keyed to the edge replied:

"What, me to get licked by an Orangeman! Lor' blime me! Fancy me being baten by one of 'em. It mustn't be so."

On the night of the fight, Dooley was frightfully unnerved. In his dressing room he kept pacing up and down. Reynolds, coming into the room, spied a small medicine bottle on the shelf. He took the bottle, walked out on the lawn where there was a water tap, cleaned the bottle, filled it with water, dried it carefully and then brought it back into the dressing room where Mickey was still in a high-strung condition.

"Here, Mickey," said Reynolds, as he handed the bottle to Dooley, "Mrs. Dooley sent this to me to give to you. She says you must not disappoint her."

Mickey took one peep at the bottle, saw a paster on it marked "HOLY WATER," looked up at his trainer-manager and replied:

"Look, Barney, 'tis Holy Water my dear wife sent to me. The good Catholic woman. I shan't disappoint her, Barney. I'll knock the divvil out of 'im."

With those words, Mickey uncorked the bottle, sprinkled the contents over his head, and with fire in his eyes, he rushed over to Reynolds and shouted:

"Barney, I'll knock the bloomin' block off that Orangeman. It's this Holy Water that will stir me to lick 'im."

* * *

AND then came the battle, if such it may be called. Immediately after the hand-shake, up walked Dooley to his massive opponent with the remark:

"Come on, you Orangeman. There niver was a likes o' you who could lick me." And with that, he hauled off with a terrific right swing that came up almost from the floor. It struck Purcell square on the Adam's apple and down he went like a log and the fight was over. The blow almost killed Purcell.

Coming back into the dressing room, Mick was told of the trick played on him and he cried as he remarked:

"An me thinkin' all the time he wus an Orangeman an here he kneels at the same alter as me. Shoime on yer, Barney, shoime. I must apologize to 'im."

The Softie

(*Continued from page* 43)

Cecil flopped on the stool thrust forward to him by his second who regarded him dubiously.

"Keep away from him!" the second shrilled into his ear above the roar of the crowd. "Keep that left out and your jaw covered and don't let him get in close!"

In his ringside box old Hughie looked up at him, amazement still written boldly across his rugged features.

"The Softie!" he kept saying. "The Softie! Well, I'll be damned!"

The bell clanged and Cecil got up, still breathing heavily, to meet Umbatti's rush across the ring. He stabbed at him with his left, moved around, stabbed again. The Italian, hunching his left shoulder to protect his jaw, swayed low and in close and then, coming up suddenly, punched straight at him, first a left, then a right. Cecil managed to duck the left but the right caught him on the chin.

Down he went with a terrific crash on the broad of his back and his head struck the thinly padded floor.

"One—two—three—four——"

Somewhere a voice was droning the count. He must get up.

Slowly, painfully, he rose to his feet. The lights whirled before his eyes, there was a deafening roar in his ears. The blurred figure of the Italian loomed before him.

His head was wrenched savagely back by a blow that struck him squarely in the face and he reeled drunkenly against the ropes. His arms were leaden, his feet beyond control.

* * *

THROUGH a red haze he saw the Italian dimly, strove to strike at him. A blow that landed in the pit of his stomach swept the breath from his body and he dropped to the canvas.

"One—two—three——"

He must get up! He must! A force greater than himself—a blind instinct not to quit—dragged him to his feet and sent him swinging feebly, but swinging nevertheless, toward his tormentor. He could not tell where the next punch struck him. He was aware only of its crushing force and of falling—falling—falling——

When he regained consciousness, he was lying on the rude table where he had sat awaiting the call to the ring. He opened his eyes slowly. His head ached horribly and there was the taste of blood in his mouth and blood in his throat that sickened him. Over him bent the form of his second and alongside the table stood Lewis, shaking his head and muttering:

"I shouldn't have done it. I shouldn't have done it. But he sure is a game guy."

There was a commotion at the door and into the room burst Hughie McGuire.

Straight to the limp form came the old man, anxiety struggling with admiration in the look that spread over his face.

"Me poor boy!" he cried. "Did he hurt you much? How are you? Oh, you're the game one! I never saw anythink like it! I didn't think you had it in you!"

"I'm afraid I made a sorry showing," Cecil said, smiling wanly.

"Sorry, me eye!" roared Hughie. "Who do you think you are that you can go around b'ating up these wops—Dempsey? No, no, me boy, you're not made to do that but you proved to me to-night that you're not the softie I thought you were. You're as game a boy as I ever saw. Hurry now and get dressed so we can get home to Mary. She'll be as proud of you as I am. Oh, that Mary! She's a wonder! I always said she'd find the right man for her!"

The Fighter Who Doesn't Care

(*Continued from page 5*)

was ill and dug up an excuse to keep from filling the engagement. I knew I would get in wrong with the Pennsylvania Commission and the promoters and did my utmost to get Maxie to change his mind, but without avail.

"Suddenly an idea came to my mind. I remembered the name of his two girl friends who were then performing in vaudeville in Pittsburgh, and I called up one of the promoters and told him what had happened. I urged him to send a telegram to Maxie and to sign the name of one of the girls. This is what I had him wire:

" 'See you are to fight here to-morrow. Am playing at Keith's. Will meet you immediately after the show.'

"That worked like a charm. A few minutes after the wire was received, my phone rang. Maxie was on the other end:

" 'Say, Frank, I'm well again. Don't call the fight off. I'll be ready to leave with you on the nine-thirty train.'

"The next day, when Maxie found he had been duped, I had all I could do to keep him from running wild.

How Benny Leonard's Advice Turned the Tide

(*Continued from page 15*)

on the chin which we all fear, can be taken without ill-effects."

Benny's lecture put new life into me. I went to the gym and there I donned the mitts with a sparring partner. I determined to test my chin and see if Leonard was right. This sparring partner had been firing his right at me and missing often and then suddenly I said to myself, "It's going to be either bad news or good news, and I stuck out my chin.

"Crash! went that right and it threw me back on my heels but I didn't go down. I didn't even try to roll with the punch because I wanted to get the full effects of that wallop and I did. A few seconds later I stuck my chin out again, and bingo! there came another crack on the same spot. This punch was harder than the first but it bothered me even less.

"Then and there I learned that I could take a wallop and instead of going home and hanging up my gloves, I became assured that with my hitting powers, my cleverness and ability to take it on the chin, I need fear no man my weight. That test caused me to regain my mental equilibrium which, combined with my physical fitness and fighting heart, enabled me to climb to the topmost rung of the lightweight ladder when I knocked out Sammy Mandell in one minute and forty-six seconds of the first round.

"My heart was set on winning that title. I have always had visions of filling the shoes of my fistic hero, my idol, Benny Leonard and when I faced Mandell at the Yankee Stadium, I felt confident that nothing could stand in my way. I have reached the goal of my ambition. I have set a record, according to the scribes in winning a championship in less than three years of actual professional fighting and I feel that I owe my success to two pals—Benny Leonard, whose advice sunk deep into my brain after the Ignacio knockout and to Hymie Caplin, my faithful manager."

So Near and Yet—

(*Continued from page 27*)

defense. Lomski rushed and rushed, swinging leather for the champion's chin. Slowly the minutes wore away. With eight seconds of the round to go, his right landed. This time Loughran sagged to the floor head first.

"One—two—three—four—five—"

Instinct pulled Loughran to his feet at the count of eight, just as the bell clanged. Two seconds more and Lomski would have been light heavyweight champion of the world! With the opening of the second round Lomski rushed again but this time Loughran stopped him with a straight left that tilted his head back, threw him off balance—and changed the course of the fight. It went the limit, but in the remaining rounds Lomski, throwing his right hand against Loughran's left, was as a small boy trying to throw a rubber ball over the roof of a ten-story building.

Remember Eddie Wallace of Brooklyn? Probably not, unless you have followed the game very closely over a period of at least fifteen years—yet Wallace missed fame by two seconds. He was a nice looking little Jewish boy who started to fight when he was sixteen years old and was burned out before he was twenty, but one night in 1914 at the Irving Athletic Club in Brooklyn, he had Johnny Dundee, the "Scotch Wop," on the floor.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight —"

Dundee was up, closing in, strong again, ripping Wallace to pieces with his vicious body attack. Wallace managed to go the limit, which was ten rounds and for some years thereafter pursued a ring career that brought him neither glory nor gold save in a meagre measure, but that night in Brooklyn he had been within two seconds of the fortune that later was to be showered on Willie Jackson as a reward for having been the man to knock out the great Dundee.

No Immediate Ring Solution, Says Dempsey

(*Continued from page 4*)

New York State Athletic Commission for its stand against Carnera, for I believe the integrity and judgment of that Commission are not open to question. I simply regret the existence of a situation in which Carnera is barred from New York rings and from competition elsewhere against any fighter who wishes to remain in good standing in New York.

I regret this, I say, because it virtually bars the way to the answer to a question agitating followers of the glove game all over the country:

"Is Carnera just a freak of nature or can he really fight?"

I don't know, you don't know and nobody else seems to know. Of course, a simple procedure would be to pit him against Sharkey, which was exactly what Mike Malloy tried to do. That's out of the question, however, and the huge Italian must continue to base his claim for serious recognition on his work against admittedly inferior fighters.

Echoes of the disputed decision in the Kid Berg-Kid Chocolate fight reached us out here on the Coast and there were almost as many arguments generated by it in California as there were in New York—the fact that none of us saw the fight having not the slightest tendency toward keeping us from arguing about it.

Seriously, however, I have been convinced by recent arrivals on the Coast who did see the fight that the decision was entirely in accord with what transpired in the ring.

They tell me that while the fight undoubtedly was very close, Berg was entitled to the decision if for no other reason than that he practically made the fight by his aggressiveness.

I am surprised that Berg hasn't made more of the opportunities which presented themselves to him with the award in his favor in the Chocolate fight. As I see it, that put him first in line for a match with Al Singer, yet he stepped aside to allow first Jimmy McLarnin and then Tony Canzoneri to have their bids for matches with Singer accepted.

I do not know what his plans are and maybe I'm all wrong, but I think he erred in not grabbing the chance to fight Singer. He is a growing boy and, with the coming of another summer, may be too big to fight for the lightweight title.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO important changes in the rating of the boxers for the month of August are noted in this issue as compared to the last. Although only a handful of important bouts were staged during the month, they were sufficient to bring forth two new fistic luminaries in Max Baer, the Coast heavyweight, and Justo Suarez, the Argentinian lightweight sensation, who established himself by his knockout of Bruce Flowers. In the month's biggest encounter, the handicap match between Kid Berg and Kid Chocolate, neither lost nor gained prestige with the great victory of the Britisher over his Cuban wonder.

The most important of all divisions, the heavyweight, finds Stribling still on top as the leading contender, with Jack Sharkey, who fights Victorio Campolo, occupying second place. Christner, who held down tenth berth last month, gives way to Baer. The month's leading fights follow:

Primo Carnera, who ranks third among the contenders in the heavyweight class, added another kayo to his list when he put George Cook away in two rounds. George Godfrey picked up some lost ground when he kayoed Arthur De Kuh in four rounds and Elizah Lee in two sessions. De Kuh stopped Bud Gorman in four rounds. Tuffy Griffiths disposed of Tom Heeney in the final round of their ten-round go.

Max Baer, Pacific Coast product, came along with a bound through his knockout victories over K. O. Christner in two rounds and Frankie Campbell in five. Christner was also beaten by Dick Daniels. Babe Hunt came through with a win over Jimmy Braddock. Al Morro stepped ahead with a victory over Armand Emanuel. Charley Retzlaff whipped Leon Chevalier.

Another giant, Jose Santa, of Portugal, who is an inch taller than Carnera, equalling Carnera in stature, is making a name for himself. He kayoed Al Shering in three rounds, Bill Tottinger in two and Andre Castano in the third. Al Friedman bested Chief Redman. Harold Mays disposed of Armande De Carlos in six rounds and Primo Ubaldo in eight rounds. Frankie Simms stopped Gene Stanton in six rounds.

Frank Cawley, a fine youngster, came through with victories over Pete Latzo and Jack Gagnon. Marty Gallagher whipped Henry Lamar. Joe Barlow kayoed Jack Middleton and Tiger Armen in three rounds each.

Maxey Rosenbloom, the top-notch light-heavyweight, stepped out of his class to defeat Willard Dix and draw with Leo Lomski on the Coast. Jimmy Slattery stopped Pedro Lopez in three rounds. Lew Scozza defeated Charley Long and Long kayoed Lee Meredith in two rounds. George Courtney kayoed Joe Packo in two rounds and won on a foul from Young Firpo in five.

Al Gainor kayoed Buddy Howard in eight rounds and defeated Joe Mack. Tiger Jack Payne bested Charley Arthurs. Tait Littman kayoed Dan Gasparo in seven rounds. Roy Wallace won from Pietro Corri and King Levinsky trimmed Bud Doran. K. O. Phil Kaplan and Harry Martone went ten rounds which was declared "no contest" in the last period. Harry Allen kayoed Babe McGorgary in five rounds. Matt Adgie whipped Jim Herman and Rosy Rosales defeated Pedlar Palmer.

Mickey Walker, who has yet to defend his middelweight crown, stepped out during the month to flatten Willie Oster in four rounds and trounce Vincent Forgione. Forgione also drew with Joe Anderson. Anderson was beaten by Dave Shade. Harry Smith knocked out Joe Tinsley in seven rounds. Harry Ebbets kayoed Walter Sells in four rounds and Nick Palmer in five.

Gorilla Jones drew with Manuel Quintero. Roy Williams whipped Charley Arthurs. Jack McVey whipped Young Terry, was beaten by Herman Retzlaff and went ten rounds with Ace Hudkins before the referee declared the bout "no contest." Haakon Hansen knocked out Henry Firpo in six rounds. Joe Dundee drew with Buck McTiernan.

Nick Testo kayoed Steve Gotch in eight rounds. Gary Leach bested K. O. White. Johnny Sullivan kayoed Eddie Parent in two rounds.

Among the welterweights Tommy Freeman outpointed Canada Lee. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Ralph Landis in one round and whipped Eddie Murdock. Bucky Lawless scored over Babe Anderson. Ruby Goldstein, returning as a welterweight, kayoed Joe Trabon in three rounds. Sammy Baker stopped Jack Fiala in one round. Harry Wallach and Tommy Kid Murphy fought a draw. Jimmy Goodrich bested Pete Suskey. Billy Angelo whipped Young Ketchell and Ketchell kayoed Spike Kenny in two rounds.

Manuel Quintero, fighting in the 140 pound ranks, defeated Louis O'Neill, Billy Townsend scored victories over Joe Glick and Harry Kid Brown. Billy Petrolle kayoed Frankie La Fay in three and Paddy Walthier in four rounds. Armando Aguilar stopped Johnny Ciccarelli in two rounds and defeated Joe Trabon.

Johnny O'Keefe trimmed Tony Lambert, Tommy Cello whipped Benny Duke. Duke bested Johnny De Marco. Joey Goodman kayoed Ray Mitchell in four rounds and whipped Midget Fox. Ralph Lenny kayoed Jack Reno in two rounds. Young Giraldo in one and drew with Howard Mitchell.

In the handicap match that attracted considerable attention about the country, Jack Kid Berg triumphed over Kid Chocolate. Berg still ranks in the lightweight class as Chocolate does among the featherweights. Tony Canzoneri scored over Goldie Hess. Justo Suarez, dangerous Argentinian, stopped Bruce Flowers in six rounds and won the verdict over Herman Perlick. Flowers kayoed Tommy Grogan in one round previous to the Suarez match.

Louis Kid Kaplan stopped Irish Jimmy O'Brien in nine rounds. Billy Wallace whipped Joey Hatfield and drew with Pat Igo. Joey Kaufman was beaten by Igo and Maxie Strub. Sammy Dorfman fought a draw with Eddie Mack. Tony Herrera scored over Jackie Pilkington. Andy Callahan licked Johnny Farr but was beaten by Sammy Fuller, now a lightweight.

Eddie Anderson stopped Urban Liberty in five rounds and defeated Danny Delmont. Mickey Cohen, of Denver, kayoed Phil McGraw in the first round. Wesley Ramey scored over Harry Dublinsky. Joey Costa whipped Buck Oliva. Ray Kiser kayoed Carlos Garcia. Lew Paluso won over Eddie Elkins.

Mel Aragon kayoed Harry Ferry in two rounds. Nat Arno whipped Nick Abate. Marty Goldman kayoed Cannonball Eddie Martin in nine rounds.

Among the junior-lightweights, Cecil Payne outpointed Jackie Dugan. Roger Bernard whipped Tony Lupica and Eddie Lord. Al Foreman received the verdict over Maurice Holtzer. Johnny Farr whipped Eddie Kid Wolfe and Johnny Cook. Harry Blitman drew with Harry Carlton. Carlton defeated Babe Herman and Herman kayoed Westy Dawson in three rounds.

Freddy Miller outpointed Joe Marciente and Henry Falegano. Tod Morgan bested Wildcat Carter. Chico Cisneros won over Artie McCann.

Among the bantams, Pete Sanstol defeated Joe Scalfaro who in turn scored over Johnny Erickson. Archie Bell defeated Charley Raymond and Charley licked Steve Vasquez. Emil Paluso whipped Blas Rodriquez and drew with Bobby Leitham. Willie Pelligrini was beaten by Ernie Peters and George Nate.

Willie Gannon drew with Carl Cavelli. Petey Hayes defeated Danny London and kayoed Ray Ortega in four rounds. Paris Apice kayoed Dick McCormack in two rounds but was beaten by Petey Burns. Mickey Cohen drew with Pete Jackson. Fred Monte whipped Joey Ross and Lew Pacion scored over Al Peters.

Midget Wolgast stopped Speedy Dado in five rounds, whipped Canto Robleto but was beaten by Newsboy Brown on the Coast. Frankie Genaro scored over Davey Adelman and Willie La Morte. Willie Davies defeated Frankie Kid Anslem who in turn scored over Phil Tobias and Carl Cavelli. Jackie Harmon kayoed Al Regona in the sixth round. Art Giroux bested Victor Ferrand and Antol Kocsin whipped Blas Rodriquez.

Battling Battalino, featherweight king, turned the tables on Bud Taylor, but they fought over the class limit. Taylor whipped Mickey Genaro. Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba fought a draw. Eddie Shea kayoed Mickey Genaro in two rounds and drew with Lew Massey. Bushy Graham scored over Johnny Vacca. Koli Kolo, Porto Rican star, kayoed Phil Verde in one round and Joe Curry in two.

Jimmy Slavin defeated Lew Feldman and stopped Dick Cruze in three rounds. Vernon Jackson whipped Young Nationalista and Jackie Rodgers drew with Mike Dundee.

Dom Volante defeated Di Cea in England. Bobby Brady bested Young Zazzerino.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

The following are my ratings for the month ending August 27:

Heavyweights	Light Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Young Stribling	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Young Corbett	King Tut
2—Jack Sharkey	Larry Johnson	Rene De Vos	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
3—Primo Carnera	Lew Scozza	Harry Smith	Jackie Fields	Billy Townsend
4—George Godfrey	Leo Lomski	Len Harvey	Johnny Indrisano	Billy Petrolle
5—Tuffy Griffiths	Pete Latzo	Harry Ebbets	Baby Joe Gans	Bruce Flowers
6—Johnny Risko	Tait Littman	Gorilla Jones	Tommy Freeman	Armando Aguilar
7—Victorio Campolo	George Courtney	Abie Bain	Bucky Lawless	Johnny O'Keefe
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Joe Banovic	Roy Williams	Paul Pirrone	Joe Medill
9—Ernie Schaaf	Fred Lenhart	Herman Retzlaff	Andy Di Vodi	Joe Glick
10—Max Baer	Billy Jones	Joe Zelinsky	Ruby Goldstein	Pat Igo

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Al Singer	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Pete Nebo	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Al Foreman	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Fidel La Barba	Pete Sanstol	Willie Davies
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Cecil Payne	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregario	Black Bill
5—Billy Wallace	Johnny Farr	Lew Massey	Archie Bell	Kid Anslem
6—Sammy Dorfman	Freddy Miller	Bud Taylor	Joe Scalfaro	Phil Tobias
7—Tony Herrera	Harry Blitman	Tommy Paul	D. Bernasconi	Art Giroux
8—Eddie Mack	Maurice Holtzer	Johnny Datto	Newsboy Brown	Steve Rocco
9—Sammy Fuller	Davey Abad	Bushy Graham	Harry Fierro	Frenchy Bellanger
10—Andy Callahan	Bobby Brady	Koli Kolo	Dick Corbett	Jackie Harmon

---

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Antol Kocsin, Hungary.
Bantamweight—Joey O'Connell, Fall River, Mass.
Featherweight—Benny Goldstein, Baltimore, Md.
Junior-lightweight—Frankie Lazzeri, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Mickey Cohen, Denver, Colo.
Junior-welterweight—Tommy Syracuse, New York City.
Welterweight—Andy Hudson, New York City.
Middleweight—Paul Rojas, Havana, Cuba.
Light-heavyweight—Frank Morris, New York City.
Heavyweight—Frank Cawley, Pittston, Pa.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE fight game is coming back in Western New York after a poor summer. Never a good outdoor boxing town, Buffalo has been worse this year than ever, dispite the fact that Jimmie Slattery boxed Maxie Rosenbloom in an open air bout.

Steve Smith, slugging veteran featherweight from Bridgeport, Conn., gave Tommy Paul a surprise party by fighting Tommy a corking ten-round battle with the judges disagreeing. One official gave the match to Smith; another to Paul. The latter got the referee's vote and the decision.

Smith made a hit here. The fans are now speculating as to what kind of a match Jimmy (Yamie) Katz would give Smith. Katz, a promising Jewish boy, looks like the best fistic prospect around here. He weighs about 130.

Lou Scozza continues to win. He trimmed Charlie Long at Flint, Mich., and Tiger Thomas at Wilkes-Barre and has lost but one decision in almost two years. And that decision was a bout he really did not lose to Jimmy Slattery. He had Jimmy down for a couple of counts, almost out and glassy-eyed at the finish of their gruelling 15-round bout, which decision Slattery received but did not earn.

George Parker, welterweight, former champion of the New York state amateur lightweights and runner up at the Boston National tournament, gives much fistic promise. He can box and hit and is expected to come through this Winter a real star. He has fought four professional bouts and won them all.

The International Boxing Promoters Union will be formed here at a meeting scheduled for late September. The new association is being organized by Hugh Shannon and Grant Quale, owners of the Crescent S. C., Buffalo; the Rochester S. C., Rochester and the Coliseum A. C., Syracuse. With Playfair Brown, Toronto promoter, they plan an organization that will do away with guarantees to fighters. The guarantee evil is a cancer in the side of the boxing game. No fighter is worth more than a reasonable percentage of the gate.

Jack Singer, portly manager of Tommy Paul, will shoot his fighter at the featherweights this season. Tommy cannot make 118 pounds any longer and is young and growing. He will probably weigh 126 by Spring.

Vince Plunkett's young speed merchant, Steve Halaiko, is getting stronger and will be ready for all comers at 135 to 138 pounds this season. Last year, his first as a professional, Steve won fifteen out of sixteen matches. A match between Sammy Mandell, former world's lightweight champion, and Halaiko, at Rochester, would be a sellout.

Joe Doctor, long and lean young light-heavyweight, gives promise of developing into a real fighter this season. He is working daily at the Crescent gym.

"Burgomeister" Hank Schultz has uncovered another star in Matty Michels, young welter. The Burgomeister has parted company with Frankie Linhardt.

Tommy Ryan, the grim and determined pilot of Baby-Face Matty Matheson, expects his charge to come to the front this season. Matty recently beat Tommy McBeigh at Belleville, Ont., but lost to Johnny Goodrich at Toronto.

With the approach of cooler weather Buffalo clubs will soon begin operating at the Broadway auditorium, the mammoth amphitheatre which seats 12,000.

The Crescent Club will continue to run every Friday night while the Queensbury Club will run on Mondays.

Hugh Shannon, matchmaker for the Crescent Club would like to hear from good boxers who would like to locate in Buffalo. Boxers who are not tied up with managers would do well to write Shannon at 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

AFTER scoring knockdowns in the first and third rounds, Young Terry, Trenton welterweight, unintentionally fouled Kid Dixie, Newark boxer, in the fourth round at the Ocean View A. A. at Long Branch.

After winning the first three rounds Frankie Cabana of Trenton came out for the fourth round, in is bout with Andy Cirello of Newark, and ran smack into a right hander which floored him for the full count.

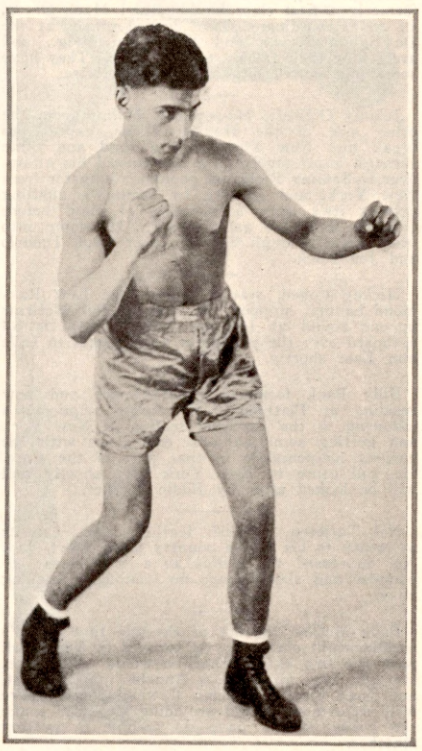
Jimmy Rivers of Trenton won a six-round decision over Frankie Corsi of Belleville. Rivers put up a great fight, and won him the approval of the Ocean View Club's gallery.

It is reported that Cliff Smith, genial promoter of the Arena in Trenton for the past few years, is ready to toss in the sponge. There are rumors that Newark promoters will locate here. This writer believes the best bet is the Bert Sykes and George Lavinson combination. These two boys are well known and popular sportsmen of Trenton, and I sincerely believe if they take over the Arena, they will promote the best bouts obtainable.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton welter, and Harry Wallach of Brooklyn boxed a ten-round draw at the Ocean View A. A. at Long Branch.

Paulie Walker and Mooch Murphy suffered the first knockouts of their career in the past month, but not in the square circle. Yes, little Dan Cupid with his bow and arrow was the victor over the pair.

This writer made a roundup of the gyms in town and found them quite busy. The boxers are all getting ready for the indoor season. Just a few that I saw were Joe Reno, Young Terry, Paulie Walker, Tommy Murphy, Johnny Brennan, Johnny Oakey, Danny Cooney, Willie Wiggins, Geo. Sacco, Jesse Goss, Lew Miller, Manus Hartman, Dick Bishop, Jackie Reilly, Frankie Cabana, Jimmy Rivers, Mooch Murphy and Ralph Fulton. The last four named should make the windup class this coming season.



Tommy Syracuse, classy looking New York lightweight prospect

HUDSON COUNTY AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

RUSHING from his corner as the bell rang, Bennie Levine, of Newark, ran across the ring and planted a well timed right to the jaw of Tony Lambert, and stretched him out for the full count after fifteen seconds, of the first round at Newark Velodrome.

Nat Arno, of Newark, scored over Nick Abate, also of Newark, in eight bristling rounds.

Mickey Walker, middleweight champion of the world, knocked out Willie Oster, of Boston, in the third round of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Dreamland Park Stadium in Newark before a record crowd.

Bobby Brady, of Jersey City, won the decision over Young Zazzarino in the main event at the Bayonne Stadium.

Nick Williams, of Jersey City, had the edge over Eddie Herbst, of New York, in eight bruising rounds.

Al Santora, former Golden Glove and National champion, pounded out a ten-round decision over Benny Brestoff, of New York, at the Bayonne Stadium. Benny could not overcome Santora's piston like jabs and hard rights.

Danny Levine, of Jersey City, was given a draw in his eight-round tilt with Al Bryant, of Newark, at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

Frankie Carlton, of Jersey City, showed a lot of promise in his eight-round contest with Joe Belair, of New York. while Young Pancho, of Jersey City, got the nod over Chico Gonzales, of New York, in another eight.

Jose Santa, mammoth Portuguese heavyweight sensation, scored his third straight victory in Hudson County in knocking out Bill Tottinger, of New York, in the second round at the Bayonne Stadium.

Gaby Bagdad was awarded the decision over Billy Tosk, of New York, in the eight-round semi-final, while Al Tedesco, of Jersey City, scored a knockout over Joe Greb in the fourth round of a scheduled "six".

Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion, hammered out a one-sided victory over Vincent Forgione, of Philadelphia, in a ten-round bout at Dreamland Park in Newark before 16,000 fans. Forgione was dropped twice for counts once in the second round for a nine count, and for a two count in the eighth.

Joey Costa, of Jersey City, was declared the winner over Buck Oliva, of New York, in ten furious rounds at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Joey was dropped in the first round for a nine count.

Arthur DeKuh, Italian giant of New York, scored a technical knockout over Bud Gorman, of Newark, in the fourth round, at the Newark Velodrome.

Roscoe Manning, of Newark, fought a slashing eight-round draw with Johnnie Zawackie, of Paterson, while Frank Willis, of Newark, outpointed Porack Zerolinck, in eight rounds, and Don Petrin, of Arlington, registered a technical knockout over Vince Babin, in the fourth round.

Ralph Lenny. of Union City, scored a knockout over Jackie Reno, of Philadelphia, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

In the ten-round semi-final, Johnny Gaito, of New York, shaded Andy Savioli, of Brooklyn. The decision in favor of Gaito was jeered.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

FRANKIE CAWLEY, Pittston light heavyweight, stepped one notch nearer the coveted crown by decisively outpointing Pete Latzo, former welter king now fighting as a light heavyweight. Cawley gave the ex-welter champ a neat pasting by the Armory A. C.

Tiger Thomas, Williamsport middleweight, outslugged Babe Marshall, Newark, in six fast rounds. Joe Downey, Oswego, N. Y., middleweight, lost a slugfest to Weiner Wilch, Germany, six rounds. Ray Parker won over Rocky Lou in four; Tommy Britton lost to Harry Liebenson in four and Billy Sprow drew with Cal Stevens, four rounds.

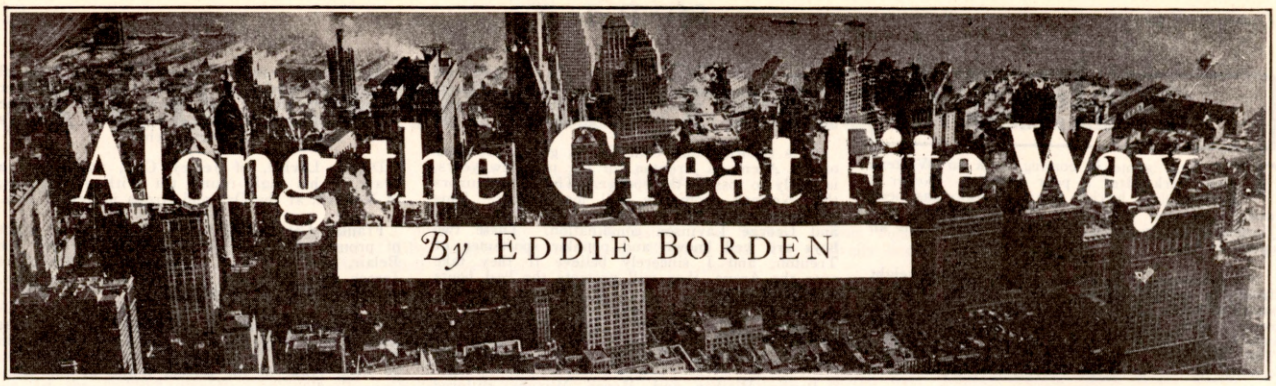
Efforts are now being made to match Frankie Cawley with Tuffy Griffiths by the Armory A. C. promoters.

Johnny Dunn, former local featherweight, who is now making his home in New Kensington, Pa., recently lost a hard fought ten round wind-up to Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh Negro. On the same card, Bud Cicerone, another former local welter, kayoed Tommy Ward, Braddock, six rounds.

Johnny Kelly, local welterweight star, scored another impressive victory when he handed Danny Cooney of Trenton, a shellacking at Mahanoy City.

Mickey Doyle, hard socking Pittston southpaw, suffered a set back when he lost to Al Jackson at Scranton recently.

Jimmy Herman, Hazelton lightheavy, scored a kayo over Sailor Mattey of Shenandoah in 3 rounds. Herman, who is under the management of Al Janetti, is coming along fast. He is one of the most promising youngsters in the coal regions.



Along the Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE Jackie Berg-Kid Chocolate fracas featured last month's fights in this country. The bout drew 36,229 paid admissions and gross receipts that amounted to $181,178. The fight was everything that the fans had expected and this was one bout that lacked fromageous rumors or unpleasant gossip tended to make things unpleasant for the boxing game.

It was a cyclonic affair with the superior weight and strength of Berg bringing him victory. Berg was like a tiger unleased. He battered away unceasingly from one round to another, fighting every second of the route. He made his added weight and strength count at all times. Chocolate gave a great display of boxing skill and would have whipped any other man that night but in Berg he was simply outmatched. The extra weight handicap proved too much for the Cuban marvel.

The one disappointing factor was the squawk registered by Chocolate's manager, Luis Gutierrez, after the fight. As an excuse, he declared that the scales were tampered with. Commissioner William Muldoon weighed the parties in and the scales were properly tested. The peculiar part of it was that Gutierrez waited until the conclusion of the bout to vent his displeasure. He should have complained at the weighing in time where remedy could have been administered if anything were wrong.

It was a deplorable feature of the fray but Gutierrez was given a severe lecture by the Commission and strange to say he was very silent and did not declare himself as he did to the newspaper men. Of course there is a time and place for everything but it looks like Luis overstepped himself and was peeved at the first defeat suffered by Chocolate.

Chocolate left immediately after the battle for Cuba to have his tonsils removed. He will be back in New York to engage Fidel La Barba in a bout at Madison Square Garden on October 3. That retirement stunt was another impulsive gesture.

Cannonball Eddie Martin was stopped in nine rounds by Marty Goldman. Martin has made several attempts to come back but always his ambitions have been curbed. His latest attempt was as a lightweight and Martin had nothing left but his stout-hearted courage.

Johnny Farr is a good enigma of the prize ring. In every spot that means anything he has never been able to show anything impressively but far from home he comes through great. His latest victories were scored at New Orleans over Eddie Kid Wolfe, rated the best of the Southern lightweights, and Johnny Cook, a good 130-pounder.

Tait Littman from Milwaukee must be a whale of a scrapper. He came into prominence when he whipped George Courtney and his latest kayo over Dan Gasparo marks his OK. Littman is being handled by Ritchie Mitchell, old time lightweight star.

They certainly gave Mique Malloy and Primo Carnera a grand run-around with that proposed Sharkey match. Which goes to prove that you cannot take anything for granted in this game. The only thing Malloy got was a bill for long distance telephone calls and some publicity with which it will be pretty hard for Malloy to pay his next month's rent.

The Garden finished up by giving Sharkey a flat guarantee of $100,000 with a percentage privilege rumored to be 45% for a match with Vittorio Campolo to keep Sharkey in New York. If Campolo can whip Sharkey it will be well worth the gamble to the Garden.

A new promoter has entered the promotional field in Erie, Pa., and judging by the manner in which he delivered the goods in his first three shows, it makes it almost certain that he will definitely remain in the field. His name is Lew Krohn located at 907 Chestnut St. and his approachable manner makes it easy for the managers to do business.

Gus Wilson sends word along that Pierre Charles, his Belgian heavyweight, registered a two-round knockout over Van Der Ver in foreign circles and his prize pet, John Patrick Sullivan, kayoed Eddie Parent in the same distance at Boston. Gus has been striving for a good while to develop a worthwhile prospect and the chances are strong that he will yet attain his objective.

Cartooning combined with pugilism and an additional ingredient called press agent have assembled their talents and putting them all together they spell song writers. Will Gould, crackerjack syndicate cartoonist, Johnny Green, formerly a first class bantam, and Mack Green, P. A. extraordinary, have opened offices at the De Sylva, Brown and Henderson Bldg., and are selling their talents to the public. They have some prospective hits in their repertoire.

Johnny O'Keefe, 140-pounder, hailing from the other side of the Hudson River, expects to break into New York with a thud and come through impressively. He has turned his affairs over to Sammy Richman, popular youngster from New York, and judging by Sammy's hustling actions its's only a question of time before O'Keefe is hailed as a comer. He came into prominence through victories over Lope Tenorio and Joe Glick.

Mickey Cohen, starting under the Lew Raymond banner, stopped the veteran Phil McGraw in one round at Denver recently. Lew is all enthused over the youngster and expects to have him East shortly.

Billy Paul, formerly of Baltimore and now residing at Plattsburg, is rapidly acquiring a following in the northern section of New York and getting some valuable experience with the various 160-pounders in that part of the state. He will come to New York City shortly and will be looked after by Eddie Walker.

Nel Tarleton, English featherweight, expects to return to his native country for a short stay. Nel impressed the critics as a first class 126-pounder and should have no trouble in keeping busy.

Babe McCoy, brother of the one time world's middleweight champion, Al, arrived in New York with the two entries that he would like to get started. Roy Moore, Los Angeles middleweight, and Juan Cruze, Mexican flyweight, come here well recommended and providing they can make the grade, should have no trouble in getting matches.

It was only a question of time before the Tom Thumb golf course struck the inhabitants of the boxing game and that's all the boys are doing in their spare time. Joe Johnson, veteran of ten years in the prize ring, who fought Young Stribling, the late Harry Gerb, and others of that calibre, is managing the Roxy's miniature golf course, and is well liked for his courteous treatment of the boys.

Davey Abad finally got started in this vicinity and banged out a victory over Oscar Bernard at Freeport. The last time Abad fought here was the feature event at Madison Square Garden opposed to Al Singer and those who saw the scrap will attest to Davey's ability.

Sammy Mandell has deserted the fold of Eddie Kane after a long companionship and in the future will handle his own affairs and will have Tom Bodkin, who started him, as his chief assistant.

Out of the middle west comes another blast from Mike McNulty who is handling Roger Bernard. Flint's smashing 130-pounder. Mike is aiming at Madison Square Garden and the triumphant manner in which Bernard is striding makes it much easier for Mike to get to his goal. There are plenty of good boys in the North, East, South and West of United States who can make good once they are given the chance.

New York City was honored by a congregation of promoters and matchmakers assembled from all parts of the globe during the month of the Chocolate-Berg battle. Jeff Dickson arrived from Paris too late to see the fight but was fortunate enough to wager $2,000 on the ship on Berg's chances. Sammy Wolff, Nate Lewis and Mique Malloy from Chicago, Luis Pargo from Cuba, Alex Moore from Montreal, Tom Gallery from Hollywood, were among those present.

Sammy Dorfman defeated Eddie Mack but did not get the decision on the Berg-Chocolate program. Dorfman won eight rounds of the ten in the eyes of the fans but that meant nothing to the officials who declared it a draw. Baby Joe Gans whipped Eddie Murdock; Eddie Cerda won from Eddie Reilly; Petey Hayes stopped Ray Ortega in the fourth round in the balance of the show.

Justo Suarez, South American lightweight, scored over Herman Perlick in his second victory while in this country. Suarez weighed 138½. He looks too big for a lightweight and will have trouble in making 135 pounds if he attempts it. Perlick gave him a whale of a battle and if he hadn't tired at the middle mark, stood a good chance of winning. Suarez is a strong, two handed puncher, with plenty of endurance and has an unorthodox style that will give plenty of people trouble.

Gus Martell, who will be remembered by the old timers as being the undefeated amateur lightweight champion of the United States many years ago, is rated as one of America's foremost instructors in the scientific art of self defense and boasts of many pupils who have made good in the professional ranks. Gus caters to the boys who are competing in the amateurs and contemplating a professional career.

Back in Chicago in 1905, Martell achieved a feat that is still something to shoot at. He scored four knockouts in one night.

Julio Montes, who promoted boxing shows in Texas when that art was legalized in the state. has moved his activities to Laredo, Mexico, across the old Rio Grande and is anxious to hear from managers whose boys he can use.

Julio can be reached at 808 Grant St., Lerado, Texas, P. O. box 935. He will stage the shows at the Riverside Square Arena, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Jimmy Betts of Albany sends word along that everything of first class order does not exist in the big city. "I am managing a few fairly good boys and they are kept pretty busy outside of New York. Phil Verde, who whipped Andy Martin a short time ago, is fighting in good form; Pete Petrolle, brother of Billy, is a good, tough trial horse for the lightweights, and Guido Conte, formerly of Sharon, Pa., is a prospect of unusual proportions. By this time next year you will hear plenty of Conte." Saying that, Jimmy signed off with great gusto and went about his other business.

Lew Brown of New Haven has been appointed to make the matches for the New Haven Arena, supplanting Al Weill as the matchmaker. Weill was a good man and Lew will have to go some to eclipse him.

Ray Alvis is sending vociferous challenges through the mail. He wants to know why the eastern promoters are not clashing with one another to seek the services of Tony Hererra, his Mexican lightweight. Herrera is a great little scrapper and his record entitles him to some consideration in the East. Ray and Jack Hurley have severed their partnership and Alvis can be reached at the Burnham Bldg., Chicago, while Hurley has moved to Duluth, Minn.

Billy Ames sends word along that Joe Zelinsky's right hand has fully recovered and he is ready to resume where he left off. In his last start against Abie Bain, Zelinsky was handicapped by not being able to use his healthy right and would like to get another crack at him.

Tommy Timlin of Buffalo, managing the affairs of Billy Kowalik, upstate feather, is handling two prospects that he considers the real goods. Tony Sciolino, Buffalo feather, and Pete Suskey, Scranton welterweight, are coming along at a terrific pace and are certain to be hailed as stars very shortly.

Mickey O'Neill, lanky Milwaukee 140-pounder, has been coming along consistently during the past few months and many good critics have placed the stamp of approval on him.

Tuffy Griffiths re-established himself in New York when he stopped Tom Heeney in the final round of their ten-round go at the Queensboro Stadium. Tuffy expects to be rewarded with a match against Young Stribling in Chicago. if you could consider that a token of reward.

Two of the busiest boys in the country today are Steve Smith, of Bridgeport, and Al Friedman, of Boston Both are managed by the indefatigable Al Lippe and he is doing wonders with them.

The lure of boxing was too great for Jerry Sachs of Cleveland to resist and he is now devoting his time to the development of new talent. Jerry's last star of any account was Al Corbett.

Jack Barry expects to get started at the Public Auditorium of Erie in the first week of September. Barry was a first class boxer several years ago but is now general manager and matchmaker of the Auditorium. Barry, Lew Krohn and Jim Carney comprise the fistic promoters of that city.

Tab among real comers the name of Al Gainer, colored light-heavyweight from New Haven. He scored loads of knockouts over mediocre opposition until he was beaten by Chuck Burns. He subsequently whipped Burns and turned in his best victory when he kayoed Buddy Howard in eight rounds.

The malicious scandal-mongers are spreading the report that Jackie Kid Berg is dissatisfied at the manner in which his managers handled the Singer affair in turning the match down. This is farthest from the truth and the originator of this fable is evidently trying to create dissension in the ranks. Berg, himself, is not too keen on winning the lightweight crown, preferring to fight when and whom he pleases without being subjected to the whims of various commissions. He is wholly in accord with the policies of his mentors and is anything but discontented.

Al Mello, who still holds the welter and middle championship of New England, expects to get ready for a new campaign this fall. Mello has remained on the sidelines for over eighteen months but that doesn't dampen the ardor of Manager Bobby Goldman who expects him to retain the crown of "best drawing card in the New England States."

Harry Blitman and Harry Carlton engaged in one of those rare swatfests at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City, and at the finish of ten gruelling rounds, Referee Danny Sullivan called it a draw. Danny was frank enough to declare that Blitman was entitled to the edge but he did not want to spoil the finish with a decision either way and the verdict was a most popular one, even though the majority favored Blitman at the end.

Boxing received quite a shock on the Coast when Frankie Campbell failed to recover from injuries at the hands of Max Baer in which Campbell was stopped in the fifth round. Campbell suffered a general cerebral hemorrhage and two operations were performed immediately afterwards but he failed to come succesfully.

Ruby Goldstein began another of his perennial comebacks and stopped Joe Trabon in three rounds. There is a fascinating lure about this Goldstein that one cannot very well define. He has failed to stand up under several crucial tests but that does not deter him from attracting hordes from the East Side, who ordinarily never see a boxing contest. Goldstein is the real "It" of the boxing game.

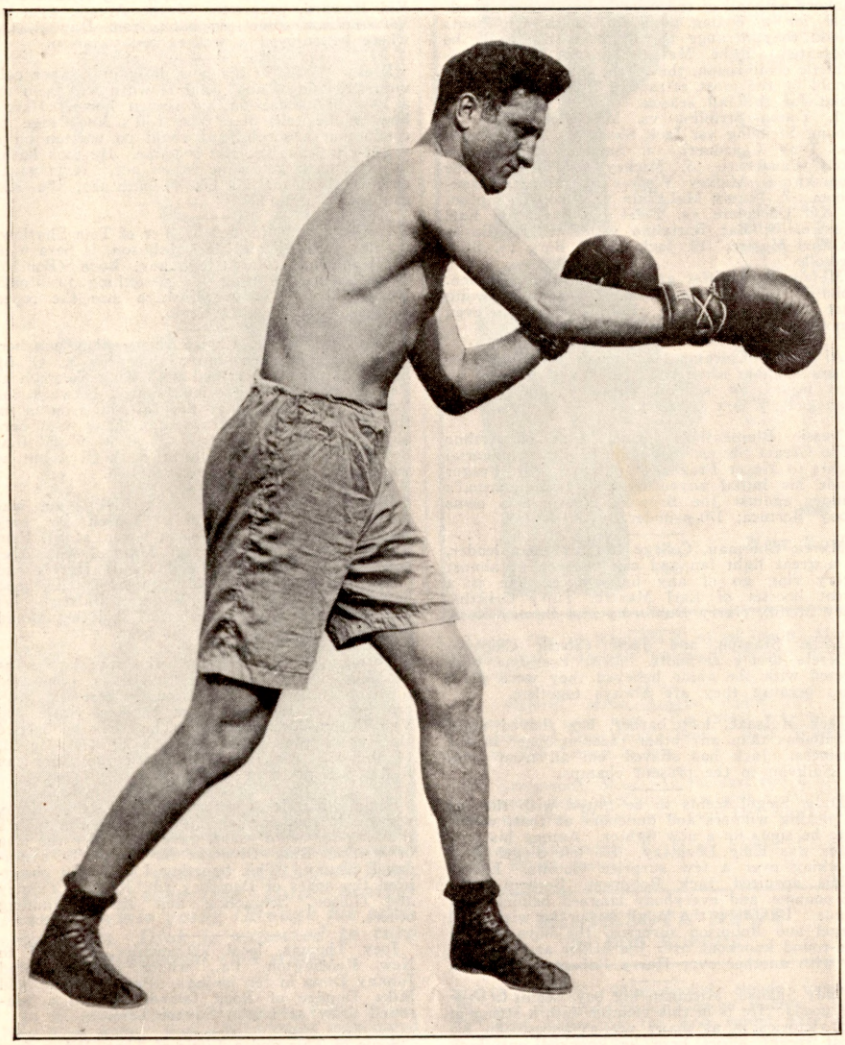
Tony Canzoneri romped home to an easy victory over Goldie Hess at the Queensboro Stadium. Hess proved a strong, game, willing worker but could not cope with Tony in skill or punching power, but nevertheless gave a good account of himself.

Terry Roth and Pete De Grasse ruined the show for the balance of the principals when they went through eight riotous rounds that ended in a draw. There is such a thing as too much heart in boxing and Roth is over-endowed with it.

Snap shots gathered at random—Battling Levinsky and Alex Hart, two venerable veterans, feel the comeback urge—Jim Jeffries must have a prize on his hands in the person of Al Morro—Unless all the critics are over-enthused—Tom McArdle is trying to rematch Eddie Walker and Phil Rosen for one of his Garden cards—Al Weill and George Smith also to be paired—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's Broadway Gymnasium caters to the theatrical trade.

Al Singer went back to Delaware Water Gap for his training activities for the Jimmy McLarnin fray—It's considered a lucky spot since Al won the title training there and Berg followed up with that victory over Kid Chocolate—Campolo is expected there for his Sharkey bout and there's a hint if you are superstitious—The Tom Thumb course at Roxy's is the hangout for managers and matchmakers and many matches have been closed there—If Chocolate doesn't accept that October third date in the Garden with Fidel La Barba, then the fans will witness two of the cleanest, handsomest and distinctive types that the boxing game offers—La Barba and Earl Mastro.

Max Waxman is drawing tremendous crowds to his boxing shows at the Dreamland Park, Newark, Club. . . . One of the secrets of his success is that his word can be relied upon. . . . John Jennings drew the biggest crowd of the season at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City when Harry Blitman and Harry Carlton drew before $5,000 worth of customers. . . . Al Weill is doing remarkable business at the Queensboro and is giving the fans some corking scraps. . . . The Perlick Twins are ready to resume warfare. . . . Herman was troubled with a bad jaw and Henry is just recovering from an injured ear. . . . It seems there is some co-operative system between them that both of them must ail at the same time. . . . Maurice Cain has settled on the Coast and is interested in a Saturday night boxing club in L. A. The summer boxing season is almost over. . . . No more headaches for another year



Victorio Campolo, South America's hope in the heavyweight ranks

Jackie Berg stepped out of a match with Al Singer and paved the way for Singer and Jimmy McLarnin at 142 pounds. This match will prove nothing in particular and will be a severe test for Singer. Pitted against the most dangerous puncher in the welterweight ranks and conceding seven pounds of precious weight to him, it will prove just as much of a handicap as Chocolate tried to hurdle against Berg and failed in the attempt. It has often been proven that a good little man can never, never whip a good big man and time alone will bear out the logic of that well known adage.

Berg and Singer would have drawn a remarkable gate for lightweights in these hard times and it would have resulted in a great scrap. A sharp, dynamic two-fisted puncher against an overwhelmingly aggressive fighter who believes in fighting all the time.

The excuse offered by Berg's managers, Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs, in their refusal of the match was that Berg was entitled to the Mandell match before Singer and they decline to step into the ring for the challengers percentage of 12½%.

Another lightweight menace sprang into prominence when Justo Suarez, scrappy South American, firmly established himself through a six-round knockout over Bruce Flowers. This was the first time that Bruce was ever stopped and the feat is considered more remarkable by the fact that Flowers had stopped Tommy Grogan two weeks before at the same place, the Queensboro Stadium.

Justo looked 1000% better than he did the week previous against Herman Perlick. He was punching viciously and unceasingly with both hands. Either Flowers was finished going into the ring or Herman Perlick is a much better fighter than credit is given him.

The field simmers down to Berg, Suarez and Tony Canzoneri. Berg has already whipped Tony and a match between Berg and Suarez would develop into a gruelling, awe-inspiring affair with two exponents of the slam-slam and keep slamming brigade and two types that would furnish nothing but fight. It's too bad that the summer season has approached its end otherwise there would have been another $200,000 match to be staged by the Garden.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

GEORGE F. GETZ, millionaire sportsman and boxing commissioner, urges a sportsmen's club to boost events in Chicago. He does not like to see this city a small-timer in regard to big time sport but, would like to see his Chicago leading in world sport, in short the center of things. At a meeting of the committee sponsoring the British empire-United States track meet at Soldier field, Mr. Getz revealed his plan. The solution, he said, rests in formation of a sportsmen's club, including in its membership foremost business men of the city who would sponsor and, when necessary, financially support promotion of worth-while events. "Chicago has everything needed to make it the world's sports center except the essential co-operative spirit," Mr. Getz said, and pointed out as an illustration the failure of Mique Malloy to complete negotiations for a Primo Carnera-Jack Sharkey heavyweight bout.

"I am sure that if Malloy had gone to New York with a letter of credit from a group of sportsmen such as the '600 millionaires' of Madison Square Garden, or the National Sportsmen's club of London, he would have obtained the match.

"As it was, when he returned to Chicago to get the money, Madison Square Garden stepped up with the cash and signed Sharkey."

Subsequent to the testimonial fistic production planned for the late Paddy Harmon, the Chicago stadium will be the scene of semi-monthly boxing shows. Sid Strotz, president of the Stadium Corp., announced he will ask the athletic commission for two dates a month. The entire profits of the Harmon testimonial will go to the late impresario's widow and 4-year-old daughter.

George Cone announces the signing of Tom Jones, Negro light heavyweight. He is out with a defi to the topnotchers for his fighter.

Art Winch and Sam Pian, co-pilots of probably the best stable in the middle west, have had printed, perhaps the most expensive soft sheets, advertising their ringsters. The pair of successful managers had the cut made in Milwaukee and it is said cost almost $200. The star of the outfit, Earl Mastro, shows his full ring stance first. The likeness of Joey Midell is next seen from the hips up. Then come head pictures of the six other Winch-Pian performers, Danny Gasparo, middleweight; Solly Schuman, featherweight; Pep Justo, welterweight; Barney Ross, lightweight; Al Greenfield, junior lightweight and Charley Cerminari, feather.

Joey Freeman, south side lighweight puncher who received a rigid test from Eddie Speaks, Louisville boxer, came through O. K. He held the more experienced Speaks to a six-round draw at a local arena. Other results in this show were Benny Soldblatt defeated Charley Genaro (6); Herb Peterson and Dick Earl boxed draw (4); Phil Ross defeated Hamburg Wiskany (4).

Duke Barry and Don Curley, newly formed partners in the management of pugilists, have signed to contract several good ringsters. They are Jake Warren, colored New York heavyweight; Teddy Maranda, Grand Rapids, Mich., lightweight; Johnny Wagner, southern middleweight; Jimmy Deering, Sedalia, Mo., welterweight; Marcel Castinia, Chicago Filipino and Joe Lucas, Detroit-Birmingham featherweight. The latest acquisition to the Barry-Curley stable is Bobby O'Donnell, Birmingham welter who boasts a draw with Manuel Quintero, among other good things.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo (N. D.) lightweight here under the guidance of Jack Hurley made his first big league start in some months when he met Tony Canzoneri at the Chicago Stadium. Previously Billy had knocked out Paddy Walthier at the Congress-Arcade Arena on the north side.

King Levinsky, Miller's fast-growing heavyweight youngster made his eighteenth start under Al's banner when he answered the gong opposite Tiger Jack Payne, New York-Omaha Negro at Jones & Baumrucker stadium on the southwest side. Before meeting Payne, Levinsky journeyed to South Haven, Mich, where he licked Len Darcy, Michigan boss.

Tommy Rios won over Rosy Baker in the ten-round windup of a weekly boxing show in this locality. Other bouts resulted as follows: Dick Sisk stopped Joey Brook (5); Mickey Joy outpointed Dell Bedard (4); Frankie Boyle and Jackie Thomas drew (4); Joe Rehling defeated Jimmy Ryan (4); Kelly Kulak and Freddy Miller drew (4).

Freddy Tompkins, Milwaukee junior lightweight, is out with a challenge to Harry Dublinsky, Chicago boxer, subsequent to his knockout of Louie New. Manager Lew Sangor bulletins Tompkins is a youngster who bears watching. Joey Sangor's elder brother also pilots Gus DeSalvo, Joey Sutter and Julius Cohn.

The Chicago Tribune conducted an interesting item, through its sports editor, Archie Ward. The latter asked fight fans if they were matchmakers with all of the world's best boxers available for a boxing program, what ten bouts would they arrange as the best that could be presented. Rube Metz, judge of the Illinois athletic commission, thinks the following matches would be the most attractive from every standpoint for the fall season:

1. Young Stribling vs. Max Schmeling. 2. Young Stribling vs. Jack Sharkey. 3. Al Singer vs. Tony Canzoneri. 4. Sammy Mandell vs. Tony Canzoneri. 5. Mickey Walker vs. Leo Lomski. 6. Mickey Walker vs. Maxie Rosenbloom. 7. Jimmy McLarnin vs. Jack Thompson. 8. Kid Chocolate vs. Fidel La Barba or Earl Mastro. 9. Bat Battalino vs. Fidel La Barba or Earl Mastro. 10. Jack "Kid" Berg vs. Billy Petrolle.

Metz's picks differ greatly from those of Gen. John V. Clinnin, commission chairman, showing that there is a wide range of opinion even among men close to the ring sport.

Al Kline, Chicago 145-pounder, is ready for business again after being on the shelf with an arm injury for several weeks. Kline is now managed by Art Crazton.

Nessie Blumenthal, former pilot of Arthur (The Great) Shires, has acquired the managerial rights to Meyer Frager, ex-amateur star. Frager made his initial adventure under Blumenthal's banner against Joe Brown. Nessie also owns Tony Bertuca, 170-pounder.

Morrie Sherman, College Inn orchestra leader, is a great fight fan and can be seen at almost every ring go of any importance. He is a great booster of Earl Mastro, Tuffy Griffths, Joey Medill, Harry Dublinsky and Barney Ross.

Eddie Stanton and Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe aren't co-pilots. Most everyone connected with the game believed they were partners because they are always together.

Jack McIsaac, loop barber, has shaved more champions than any other razor-stropper in the business. Jack has shaved 'em all from John L. Sullivan to the present champs.

Eddie Siegel seems to be gifted with the art of picking winners and punchers at that, whenever he signs up a new fighter. Among his proteges was King Levinsky. He left Siegel after knocking over a few surprise victims. Lately Eddie acquired Jack Robinson, Berwyn (Ill.) 175-pounder and everybody laughed behind their hands. But, now the laugh is on the wiseacres. Siegel and Robinson surprised the boys with a one-round knockout over Joe Miller and followed up with another over Harry Robarts.

Andy Shanks, Michigan big boy, seems to have the goods. He is in this vicinity with a string of ten victories in as many performances. In his most recent effort here he knocked out Jack McAuliffe II, of Detroit.

Marty Fields, Roosevelt road 130-pounder, is going great guns in his division. In one of his local appearances, Fields held Henry Lenard to a draw at the Chicago Stadium.

Mickey Patrick, Tom Ford's middleweight from East Chicago, defeated Matty Matthews in a ten-round test at Gary, Ind. Following this victory, Ford is pointing Patrick toward meetings with the better 160-pounders and is out with a challange to Ray Tramblie, Ed Willard's protege. Other ringmen piloted by Tom are Hershie Wilson and Walter Madey.

Jack Barry, Gus Rock, Felix Kolp and Bat Williams are some up and coming ring managers at Barry's Randolph street gymnasium. The former has a good heavyweight prospect in Marion Matuzak. Rock has three corking youngsters in Stanley Neal, Larry Strong and Joey Kleko. Besides being boxing instructor at Barry's, Kolp handles Walter Sabath and a host of others. Williams is a pilot the fight game cannot get along without.

Jerry Hefferman, Texas More's guide, will seek a rematch following his light heavyweight's whipping by Joe Miller at Shewbridge stadium, here. Promoter Art Harrison also had Bud Soltis beat Dean Spencer in a six-rounder in this show.

Tommy Cello, California lightweight, is still here waiting for a chance to return home and get his first look at his four-month-old baby. Tommy's wife gave birth to the infant while he was in this city. After beating Spug Myers at Indianapolis, Cello returned to the Indiana city and defeated Benny Duke of Grand Rapids. In another tilt on the card, Hershie Wilson, local junior welter, outpointed "Red" Holloway.

Howard Carr, known among ring followers as Kid Howard, proprietor of the Arcade gym on W. Madison street, is back from Dayton, O., where he enjoyed a well-earned vacation.

Rocky Wolfe, in his new daily newspaper column "Keeping Tabs" said Howard will open up a new bathhouse on his return home. Here's how Wolfe tells it: "The Kid's knowledge of conducting a scrub joint could be written on a water plug, but the Kid is game. He took baths in Dayton to get some experience. It is paradoxical that, for all his 40 bathtubs, the Kid can't sing a note."

Tim McGrath, former handler of Tom Sharkey, Stanley Ketchell and Jack Johnson, is here with his California colored big boy, Leon (Bombo) Chevalier and waiting for something to break. He would like to get Carnera into the roped square with Chevalier again.

Otto Von Porat, Chicago-Norwegian puncher, made his initial encounter since his K. O. by Stribling when he clashed with King Solomon at Peoria, Ill. In a previous match between the former and Solomon at the Jai-Alai fronton on the north side two years ago, King was heralded as a set-up of the rankest kind and that he would not last two stanzas with Otto, but he was still fighting at the tenth bell.

Barney Abel, old-time fisticuffing man, was thinking of a My Sullivan match for Jock Malone, veteran middleweight boxer, at St. Paul for Promoter, Jerk Doran. Malone, who Abel now manages, besides Cecil (Seal) Harris and "K. O." White, was highly praised for his good defensive work against Frankie Battaglia at Toronto and many of the critics said they would have liked to see Jock at his best.

Herman (Shorty) Aaron, who was known as the Alaska Kid in his fighting days, is around town boasting of when he fought Terry McGovern here at the Trocedora theater, State and Van Buren, Dec. 15, 1899. The week he battled McGovern, the Kid had three fights, Dec 11, 14 and 15. Alaska is now with the American Railway Express in Chicago.

Sammy Mandell's separation from Eddie Kane, who did the former lightweight champion's thinking for some years, gave Joe Foley the idea of writing Ring Divorces for his daily syndicated column, "This Sporting Life." He chronicled the splits of Dempsey and Kearns, Tunney and Gibson, Schmeling and Buelow, among others.

Joey Thomas, local 130-pounder, traveled to New Kensington, Pa., where he outpointed Johnny Dunn in ten innings. Previously he held Mike Dundee of Rock Island, Ill., to a ten-round draw at Logan Square here.

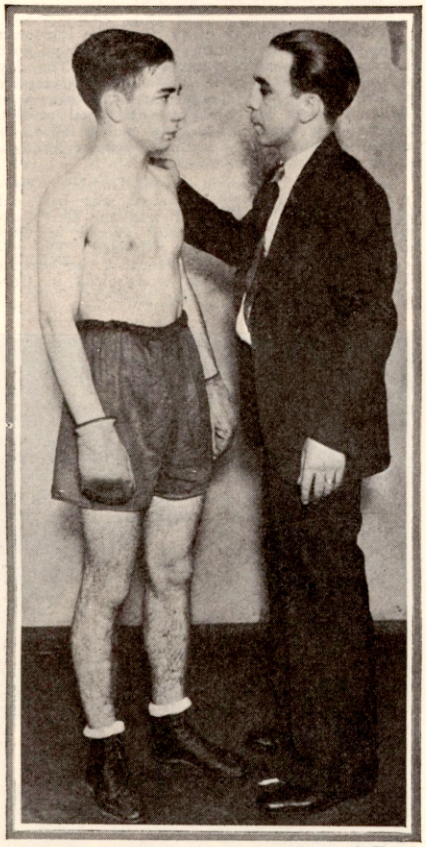
Some of This and a Little of That—When Jess Willard was heavyweight champ he wanted Manager Tom Jones to sue the Willard battery company, a concern of years standing, for using his name. . . . Sid Strotz, president, Chicago Stadium, probably thought, "All is Quiet on the Western Front" during the slow summer months along the local fistic rialto. . . . Marvin McCarthy, this town's youngest sporting ed has added a column, "You Tell 'Em!"—Letters to the Sports Editor, to the Daily Times. The first day of this feature, "Mac" published a letter praising Commissioner Getz's sportsmen's club idea. . . . Doc Jones, Illinois athletic commission physician, owns the Chicago Cardinals, footballers. . . . Jack Dempsey still can't answer whether he plans a comeback or not, but Ed Smith's final article in the series entitled "Punching the Clock With Dempsey" tells why the ex-heavyweight title-holder dodges his return ring bow. . . . Young Stribling arrived in the loop as Lieut. Stribling of the United States air corps to attend the national air races and was not interested in fistic matters for the time he was here as his bruised left hand still troubled him. . . . Harry Neily says "It's Vindication Carnera Seeks," not to mention a few miscellaneous dollars. . . . John L. Sullivan's nephew, Texas More, lost a ten-round decision to Joe Miller here. . . . Earl Mastro and his family play on the El Roos miniature golf course at Roosevelt road and Elgin av., Forest Park. . . . Pete Nobbe, trainer, has acquired a fight manager's license.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

EDDIE KID WOLFE has suffered defeats in his last two starts, losing to Joe "Kid" Peck at Little Rock, and Johnnie Farr at New Orleans.

Jimmy Griffin won over Johnny Mays at Paris, Tenn., then traveled to Chatanooga the following night to defeat Johnny Flynn in 15 rounds.

The last two shows of the Southern A. C. have been bang-up affairs. Billy Maclin beat Jimmy Cummins in a fast go; Eddie Stewart drew with Red Beck; Billy Williams defeated Ted Lewis and Jimmy Kimms defeated Willie Jackson.



Dick Mastro, younger brother of Earl, taking his schooling from brother Frankie, while going through his amateur bouts. Dick is expected to turn professional this winter

In the second fight of the month, Eddie Frisco, New York welter, won a hard-fought eight-round fight from Bobby Green of Nashville. Billy Maclin K. O.'ed Fritz Drager in two rounds and Eddie Stewart won over Monk Fowler in six.

With such fights as these Memphis will be among the leading fight cities of the south in a short while.

The Memphis Stadium Corporation opened its winter season. Coyle Shea, matchmaker, is busy lining up some real top notch fighters.

At Jackson, Tenn.—Jackson, Tenn., continues to draw. Chester "Kid" Covington packs them in. In his last start he beat Pat Mallory of Atlanta, Ga. in eight rounds. Billy Maclin defeated Benny Sanderson in six.

Tarzen Leggett fought a fast eight-round draw with Bobby Green; Eddie Stewart drew with Soldier Byrne in six, and Herman Wolf drew with Piggie Williams in six.

Johnny Franks of Mark Tree, Ark., beat Artie McCann, of Florida in eight; Del Hawkins got the nod over Piggie Williams in six, and Ray Manley won over Joe Sharrod in six.

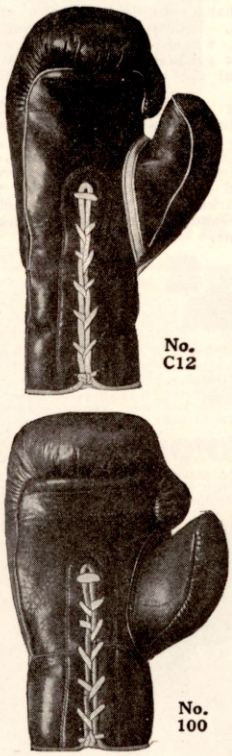
At Paris, Tenn.—Jimmy Griffin won over Johnny Mays in eight rounds of fast fighting.

Scare Face Watking of Jackson drew with Joe Saia of Memphis in eight rounds of fast and furious fighting.

TRAIN *with* . . . .

SPALDING

Boxing Gloves



No. C12

No. 100

No. 110. Best grade wine glove leather with finger tip grip (patented); leather welted seams; reinforced thumb. Double cuff model, heavily padded, assuring perfect protection for training and instruction. Weight, 16 ounces.....Set of four, $20.00

No. C12. Same as No 110, but 12 ounces, medium size .....Set of four, $15.00

No. 100. Best grade light brown leather; 14 ounces; extra heavy padding over knuckles. Special large padded thumb, double stitched, with thumb pocket to prevent injury to instructor or pupil. Palm lacing; leather binding with finger tip grip (patented); padded wrist. Special model, wide cuff.....Set of four, $15.00

No. 90. Brown chrome tan glove leather, Instructors' style; Corbett pattern; double wrist affording protection to the wrist and lower arm with finger tip grip (patented); reinforced palm well stuffed with good quality hair.....Set of four, $12.00

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

New York Stores: 105 Nassau St.—518 Fifth Ave.
In Newark, 589 Broad Street

Luther Orr, of Memphis K. O.'ed Johnny Mays, in the last round of an eight-rounder in the same city.

At Oxford, Miss.—Austin Applewhite still bowles them over here. His latest victim, Bob Chambers of Dyersburg, Tenn. Billy Williams lost to Ted Lewis in six.

At Greenwood, Miss.—In the last two fights at Greenwood Artie McCann drew with Cecil "Kid" Como and Pat Elmore won over Del Hawkins.

Austin Applewhite K. O.'ed Soldier Coleman in the fourth round.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

KING TUT, Minneapolis' blonde tornado, put the skids under George Balduc, Canadian welter, in the first round here last month. Tut floored the French-Canadian four times.

My Sullivan, Minnesota's 160-pound champ, came through with a surprising win over Vince Dundee, of Baltimore, in the second half of a double windup. The Baltimore Italian had previously been returned winner over Sullivan in Chicago.

Spud Murphy, Moorhead lightweight, edged out a six-round victory over Wayne Short, of St. Paul.

Boomer Brooker, the Mandan mauler, scored a six-round win over Billy McCabe, St. Paul.

Sammy Levine outpointed Tony Carnera, St. Paul, in four rounds.

The scribe has received several queries concerning Billy Petrolle's fight with Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, a few years ago, in Minneapolis. The fight, a ten-round, no-decision affair, was awarded to Mandell by the local papers.

Reports come from Des Moines that Urban Liberty, Minneapolis lightweight, was stopped in five rounds by Eddie Anderson of Chicago.

Dick Daniels came through with a fine victory over K. O. Christner and boosted his standing considerably.

Jack Hurley, prominent Duluth fight manager, and Phil Terk, Duluth promoter, have opened a cigar store in their city called the "Ringside Cigar Store". Here's luck to them. You can buy copies of THE RING at their store.

Jock Molone was recently trounced by Frankie Battaglia in Winnipeg. Molone should hang up the gloves and call it "quits".

With the winter months close on hand, the fight game in Minnesota will begin to pick up. Mike Collins, Doran, of St. Paul, and others are arranging indoor cards.

A promising youngster is Boomer Brooker, who hails from Mandan, North Dakota. Brooker's Twin City invasion was against the clever Wayne Short, of St. Paul, whom he held to a draw. He has been cleaning up the featherweights around Duluth. Keep your eyes on this boy. He's going to go places and do things.

ARKANSAS NOTES
By YOUNG (GEORGIE) CORBITT

THE best prospect in this part of the country is Little Tuck, weight 124 pounds. He surprised every fight fan in Little Rock in his fight with Kid Adams. Little Tuck was way out in front when they stopped the fight in the eighth round on account of rain.

Tuck has beaten Adams Walloch, Dick Griffen, Buddy Baker, Bennie Brummit and Charlie Rhodes.

Tommy Davenport, Arkansas heavyweight sensation, lost a close decision to Jeff Carroll in Greenville, Miss.

Jack McCarthy made a big hit when he outclassed Jack Dillon.

Chico Cisneros is out of the hospital. He has fully recovered from his operation.

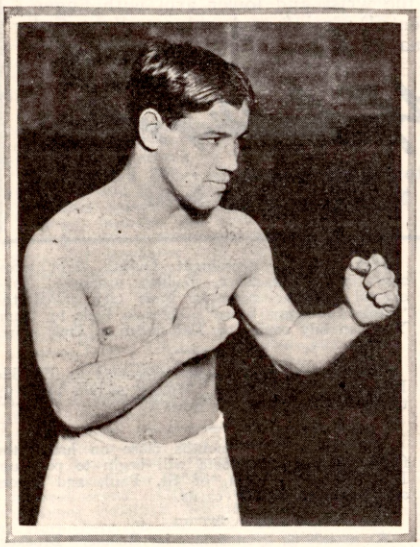
C. Youngblood's heavyweight, Tommy Davenport, has beaten every heavy around this part of the country.

Joe Kid Peck beat Eddie Kid Wolfe in Little Rock recently.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE biggest European fistic event of the year, the Young Stribling-Phil Scott fight, which resulted in a quick victory for the American, was attended by visitors from all parts of Europe. Although it was a short battle, it was an interesting affair. The fight proved two things, that Phil Scott was never made to be a fighter and that Young Stribling is a much better fighter than he has been given credit of being in his own country. We saw Stribling twice against Carnera, and on both occasions he made the Italian giant appear foolish. He lost to Carnera on an accidental foul when he had the giant beat to a frazzle and in the return match, which took place a few weeks later in Paris, Stribling was giving Carnera a hard drubbing, when after the bell clanged for the finish of the seventh round, as Stribling was walking to his corner hands down, Carnera rushed after him and landed two vicious blows to his head which floored the American. In both the fights against Carnera, Stribling lifted the huge Italian clear off the floor when sending him down for counts. The ring work of the Georgia Peach in Europe has certainly been high class, and that champion Schmeling, should be as easy for him to defeat as Phil Scott or von Porat were, appears to be the general opinion among most European boxing fans to whom I have spoken. Promotor Jeff Dickson expects to line up Schmeling for three European fights and may also get Stribling to fight twice for him.



Young Siki, Liverpool flyweight, a slashing, two-fisted fighter

There is a big heavyweight in Paris at present who is attracting considerable attention. He is an Egyptian prince named Salck Sedky, known in the ring as Salah El Dine. He has had several bouts in Paris, and has made good. Charlie Friedman has been trying to hook him up, but manager Lois Lerda, wants to see the color of some advance money before he will permit his prince to leave for America. He certainly looks good and in addition he loves to scrap.

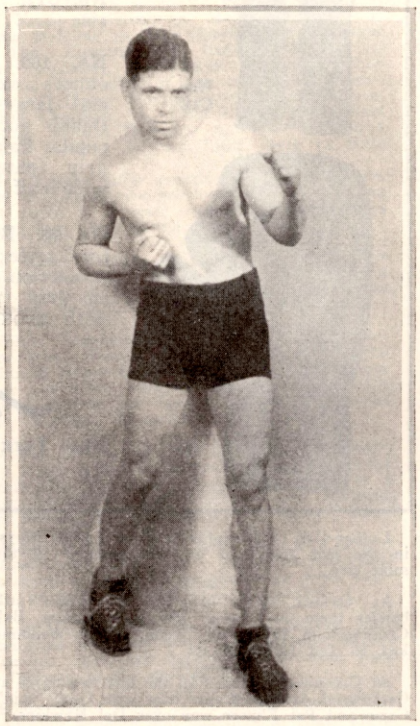
The prince stands about 6 feet 4 inches and weighs in condition around 240 pounds. According to the French Federation records, Lerda is his sole owner, and his contract holds good until November 1, 1932.

The manager of Teddy Baldock has requested the British Boxing Board of Control not to recognize the coming fight between Al Brown and Eugene Huat as being for the world's bantam title. The manager claims that Baldock is entitled to the first crack against Brown. As the British Boxing Board of Control keeps plodding along all alone, no one outside of Great Britain will care whether the British Board upholds the request or not.

The Brown-Huat fight will be held in Paris at the Velodrome d'Hiver, under the auspices of Jeff Dickson. The young American promoter has guaranteed to pay Brown more money probably than he has ever received in the United States for a fight.

Huat is a much better fighter at the bantamweight poundage than he was in the flyweight class, and his chances to defeat Brown appear to be very good. Brown probably is not getting any better, where Huat, who is several years younger, is gradually improving, and will be very strong at the bantamweight poundage.

Max Schmeling has been attracting lots of attention since he arrived back to Fatherland with the world's title. They are having Max Schmeling days in all parts of Germany. At the Hamburg motor dirt track, a tremendous attendance turned out to greet him. Box seats sold for three marks and the admission included all the hot dogs and free beer and sauerkraut one could consume.



Primo Ubaldo, Italian light heavyweight champion who is now in U. S. seeking bouts

Since the news of Primo Carnera's successful tour in the United States big fellows are springing up like mushrooms. There is a Spaniard, who is being groomed for action next fall or winter, who I am told is showing fine form. He is under contract to a well known French boxing writer.

Our old friend George McDonald, wrote me regarding his heavyweight find in England, John Pettifer, whom he has dubbed the "English Carnera." His physical measurements are very close to those of the real Carnera, but there is just about 18 pounds difference in weight, favorable to Primo.

Al Francis had his brother Kid Francis on the Stribling-Scott supporting bout. The Welsh champion was his opponent.

When poor Phil Scott was walking to his dressing room after the knockout by Young Stribling, many of his own countrymen booed him and one took a kick at his shins. About the only friend Phil had after the fight was a dog, who was alongside of him as he wept in the dressing shack, which all goes to show that the humans of this world have no use for losers.

Louis Kessler, the leading welterweight of France, was defeated by the Italian, V. Vittorio, in a twelve-round bout at Rome. It was a fine fight, and the decision was a close one.

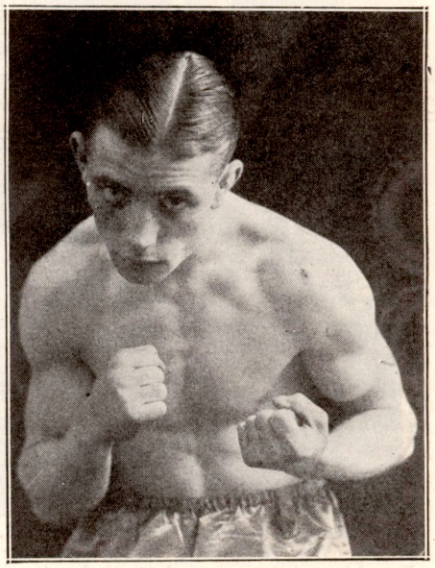
At Barcelona, at the Aux Arenes, the champion of Spain defeated on points Poutrain of France, and Carlos Flix, champion bantam of Spain and Europe, defeated Kid Jones, at same entertainment.

Andre Regis, the French champion bantamweight received a decision over Mural on a foul in the second round at Alger. At the same entertainment Bob Youssef defeated Santos in six rounds.

Pierre Charles, who holds the European heavyweight championship, is under the impression that he is as good as any other heavyweight in the world. The Belgium is not a bad fighter, but he has another guess as being as good as two or three others we can mention.

For the first time in many years the European fight fans should witness some fairly good heavyweight contests next winter. The big fellows are coming to the surface in considerable numbers these days. The financial success of Primo Carnera has brought forth good results, as far as getting a fine crop of big fellows is concerned who are out trying to become fighters.

At the Max Schmeling day at Hamburg, Germany, the boxing entertainment was held out doors, which I understand was the first outdoor boxing tournament ever staged in Germany. Over 40,000 persons attended. The talent however was poor and several of the journals had it that Jeff Dickson is required in Germany to handle the boxing game.



Karl Schulze

Dr. Ludwig Haymann, the German heavyweight, was knocked out in two rounds by M. Schoenrath, at Hamburg. Schoenrath, through his victory, becomes the heavyweight champion of Germany.

The bout was held on the Max Schmeling day. Haymann received a left hook to the jaw, after having received a few straight jolts to the face, and a hard left to the body. When he was counted out he appeared surprised. There were shouts of "kick him out." The place was in an uproar until Schmeling mounted the stage and with a few words the world's champion calmed the crowd.

Dom Volante of Liverpool defeated Di Cea of France here in a fifteen-round bout.

At Marseilles, Carlos Flix, the Spanish and European bantam champion, defeated the French Marseilles bantamweight, Young Denain, in twelve rounds. At the same entertainment in a ten-round bout Kid Negrel received a decision over the Belgian, Destommeler, on points, and Young Borel and Pagano went ten rounds to a draw.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris has opened up for the season, staging bouts twice each week. The club which is known as the nursery, develops many fine boxers. The battlers do not get paid much money there, but what they lack in a financial way, is made up by the experience obtained.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

AS the fall boxing season draws on, many names are mentioned in connection with fight promtion here this winter. Humbert Fugazy, Jess McMahon, Lew Raymond, Tom Packs, Benny McGovern, Mique Malloy, Jimmy Bronson and Jack Tippett, all are said to be in line for the promotorial reign. One thing is certain, whichever man or group of men does operate here, success from the financial viewpoint will be conditioned by the class of the attractions offered.

Judge Seneca Taylor, czar of St. Louis boxing, ably assisted by Newell Ferry and George Butler, will see that the Mound City fans get their moneys worth of fighting and that the promoters are aided to make their ventures profitable.

Lou Terry, Missouri lightweight champion, commenced his fall campaign by stopping Roy Mitchell, a good little battler, in 3 rounds. On the same bill, Joe Lohman, Toledo heavyweight, kayoed Lorenzo Angelo in the first round and Stanley McRae knocked out Bert Quinn, Honolulu light heavyweight in one round. Whitey Melinor, Miami middelweight, shaded Joey Rhinehardt in ten rounds.

Johnny Clatto, north side heavyweight, made his professional debut by kayoing Frank McTake in three heats and repeated on the next bill by stopping Wildcat Williams in one stanza.

Dave Knost, 200 pound local heavyweight won in ten rounds from Joe Lohman, of Toledo, in an interesting setto.

Lou Terry took on Johnny Franks, Marked Tree, Ark., buzzsaw at the Battery Arena, and gave that game warrior a fearful lacing. Terry won eight rounds with two even.

John Schwake, Webster Groves heavyweight, has been idle with a bad hand. Schwake will box Johnny Russell at Memphis, Tenn., early in September.

Al Stillman, hard punching local middleweight, stopped Whitey Melinor in the fifth round.

George Daw, former Western A. A. U. welterweight champion, won a hard fought five-rounder from Del Hawkins, of Marked Tree, Ark.

Johnny Tammazi, local 118 pounder, copped a five-round verdict from Paul Lang, St. Louis featherweight.

Joe Lohman knocked out Bert Quinn in seven rounds here. Lohman is one of the most popular out of town fighters to ever show here.

Tom Pivac, St. Louis 180 pounder, stopped Eddie O'Day, of Philadelphia in the third round of a ten-rounder. Pivac is one game aggressive fighter who is never licked until the last bell sounds.

Frank Powers, local light-heavyweight, won on a technical kayo from Stanley McRae in the fifth round when the referee stopped the fight to save McRae's eyesight.

Some matches that the St. Louis public is ready to pay to see are—Lou Terry vs. Joey Rivers, Dave Knost vs. John Schwake, Joe Lohman vs. John Schwake, Lou Terry vs. Ray Alfano, Tom Pivac vs. Frank Power, Ray Alfano vs. Buddy Schlereth, Eddie Goldberg vs. Joey Rhinehardt, Al Stillman vs. Dan Gasfaro.

Fighters wanting booking in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

IN MISSISSIPPI
By BOB WALCOTT

RAIN almost ruined the recent show of the local Herbert J. Remonde Post of the American Legion when Dude Mullens, the Alexandria, Louisiana fireman, a clever, hard punching youngster dusted off another tough hombre, one Sailor Johnny Blalack, of Mobile, Alabama, the gob going down and out in the first round. On the same card Kid Harry Manteria, the state feather champ, slashed his way to a well-earned decision over Chic McMinn of Dallas, Tex.

Honor Powell, one of Red Dorsey's champions, had an off-night and was the victim of young Vernon Wingrette, the Monroe, Louisiana boy wonder, who stopped Powell in the third round. Rough Atkins, Jonesville, and Arnie Hall, Natchez youth, went four to a draw.

Jack Humberto, state heavyweight champion of Natchez, is back from a successful wrestling tour of Texas, where he won over Areste Valdalfie, 210-pounder of St. Louis, Joe Vargo, 220, of Chicago, and several others, winning six out of seven bouts.

Another ex-football hero is attracting attention in state rings in the person of Austin Applewhite, the former University of Mississippi athlete, now fighting as a heavyweight and winning all of his scraps thus far.

Applewhite, who was with the independent footfall eleven in Memphis last year, has scored eight K. O's. in a row. All of his fighting has been done at Oxford, except one bout at Memphis and another at Greenwood. He is a pupil of R. L. Sullivan, former athletic director of the University, who is noted for his ability to develop athletes. "Sully' has carefully trained the 180-pound youth and sees great possibilities in the ring for him. "Apple" has finished the first two years of his medical course and took up boxing for the sheer love of the sport.

Sam Kyzar, a Columbia boy, like Applewhite helps the big gridder with his sparrings. He, too, was a college eleven hero and is no mean battler. However, with another year at school, he has not entered the game in earnest.

Kid Harry Manteris, the game little featherweight champion, under the wing of E. E. "Red" Dorsey, after winning all of his latest starts, is taking a rest over in Monroe prior to meeting Kid Vargadino in Oak Dale, La., this month.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

BOXING in the vicinity of Washington was resumed during the month with the opening of a club at Fort Washington, Md., under the direction of the Front Line Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars with Goldie Ahern, former boxer, acting as matchmaker. In the initial show, Joe Smallwood dropped a decision to Joe Finazzo of Baltimore, while Frankie DeAngelo and Jimmy Trambera boxed a draw in the feature eight-rounder. Loud Gugglimini beat Sammy Hogan in a special six and three other four-rounders completed the card. The card on a whole was a very good one with the DeAngelo-Trambera bout being a whang. More than 2,200 fans attended the show.

"Baker Boy" Billy Schwartz, a protege of Frankie Mann, ex-boxer, and "Reds" Barry of Southeast Washington, is a natural match for the new Fort Washington Post. Both boys are in the light-heavy class and have outstanding records.

Sailor McKenna, Washington lightweight, scored two victories during the month, winning over Rocky Rayo at Ocean City, Md., and over Rufus Miles at Roanoke, Va.

Joe Belmont, Baltimore feather, scored a K. O. over Bucky Carlos at Ocean City, Md.

Joey Goodman, Richmond, Va., lightweight, returned to these parts and scored a knockout over Ray Mitchell in five rounds at Norfolk, Va. Goodman is the best boy to come out of Virginia since the days of Bob Roper.

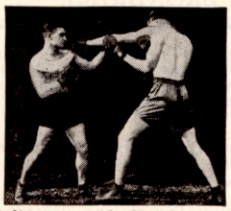
Harry Kid Graoves, Washington welter, returned to the ring after a layoff of six months due to illness and boxed a draw with Cy Cruse at Roanoke, Va.

Sailor McKenna, Washington lightweight, continued his winning ways, scoring over Rocky Rayo at Ocean City, Md., and over Rufus Miles at Roanoke, Va.

Buster Newberry, North Carolina middleweight champion, and Reds Barry of Washington, fought ten hard rounds to a draw at Roanoke, Va. Later in the month Barry won an eight-round decision over Billy Strickler at Hagerstown, Md.

Vic Ricker, Cumberland promoter, will resume boxing shows this month. Vic, who promotes in the Armory there, has been closed during the summer months. Cumberland is one of the best boxing towns in Maryland.

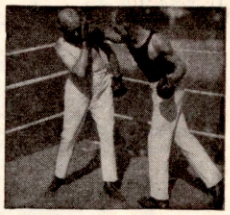
Try These Punches



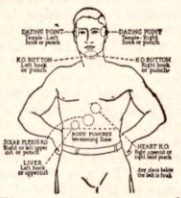
Delivery and block of left jab. Composite photos like this illustrate every punch and defense.

See how EASY it is to knock 'em cold When You Know SCIENTIFIC BOXING

SOCK! It's a KNOCKOUT! Never mind how big they come. Brute strength hasn't a chance against *science*. Let Jimmy De Forest, world's greatest trainer of fighters, show you HOW TO HIT. The left jab, righthook, uppercuts, solar plexus blow—you learn how to land them ALL.



How to deliver the right hook to jaw and how to defend yourself against it.



The knockout spots and vulnerable points, one of the many charts.

Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course

Here's your chance to get the famous Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course complete for only $3.98—a mere fraction of its former price. Teaches you boxing from A to Z—every attack, every blow, every defense, every bit of ring strategy and generalship. All the secrets of champions explained and illustrated by the great master who trained Dempsey, Dixon, Kid McCoy, Joe Gans and other world champions.

NOW ONLY $3.98

The corkscrew punch which Jimmy De Forest taught Kid McCoy.

SEND NO MONEY

Rush coupon for this amazing bargain. This wonderful Boxing Course will teach you how to use your fists in a few days—or it will prepare you for the professional ring as it has Johnny Nemis, Arthur de Champlain, George Tasker and other champions and contenders. Mail coupon TODAY and get your Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course for only $3.98. **Or if you want more information send 10c for famous book, "The Golden Age of Boxing."**

Catalog of Sporting Goods and Boxing Equipment FREE on request.

Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course
Dept. 1010
347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course,
Dept. 1010,
347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the COMPLETE JIMMY DE FOREST BOXING COURSE—text, diagrams, photos.

☐ I enclose $3.98 in full payment—or
☐ I will pay on delivery, $3.98 plus postage—or
☐ I enclose 10c. Send "Golden Age of Boxing."

Name_____
Address_____
Town_____ State_____
(Outside U. S. A. Cash with Order)

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

MEN—BOYS 18 to 45—NO LAYOFFS—PAID VACATIONS
RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS—MAIL CARRIERS—CLERKS
Common Education Sufficient

WANT A STEADY JOB?
$1900 Year to Commence
Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P 218, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get Steady U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions now open and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name.....
Address.....

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

PHIL SCOTT made such an inglorious showing against Young Stribling that the latter, in some quarters here has not been credited with all the merit his clear-cut victory deserved. Scott's feeble resistance was pitiful. He surely disgusted the many thousands of spectators who had come to see their "champion" in opposition with a real performer, and one whom the British public now believe is destined to wear the world's heavyweight crown.

All the boxers who appeared in the minor bouts on the Scott-Stribling card, seemed that they were under an obligation to both the promoter and the public to pull out something extra owing to the big item "flopping" so badly, and right well did the lesser lights perform.

Special mention must made of that rapidly climbing young heavyweight, Reggie Meen who K.Od Dick Power in 2 rounds, and Kid Francis showed that his claim to a crack at the world's bantam title is more genuine than that of any other bantam in the business.

Jack Fifeford, the 17-year-old Portsmouth boy, made a sensational showing when he defeated the well-tried, crafty Mick Hill. Bob Carvill, Eddie Steel, Gunner Bennett, Jerry Daly and Seman Atkey all showed bull-dog grit in some hectic contests.

Len Harvey is matched with Dave Shade for the opening show at the Royal Albert Hall. Should Harvey register a win over Shade, he will be fancied by many to beat Mickey Walker. Jeff Dickson will, I am sure, do all in his power to enable Harvey to get the chance to fight for a world's title.

It is beyond doubt now that Stribling is the biggest boxing draw on the firmament here. He has made thousands of friends and admirers in Great Britain, and we Britishers, particularly where sport is concerned, can always forget creed and breed when a good game and honest man "bobs" up.

Charlie Smith, who benefited a great deal from his American trip is steadily improving. He will meet Reggie Meen, who is still employed in the boot and shoe industry in his native Northamptonshire, in the near future.

Don Shortland, considered by many to be the best young heavyweight in Europe, ran out of his contest with Reggie Meen recently with the excuse that he could not get fit in time. Shortland is only a boy but he must learn at once that it is essential for him to keep in condition if he wishes to compete for some of the huge "plums" that appear to come only to successful heavyweights.

The new "Ring" syndicate has ideas of its own, and the newly acquired methods of transacting business with boxer's managers will not add lustre to the historical old building at Blackfriars. A promising young boxer, Johnny Quill had captured the imagination of the "Ring" patrons and the mangement offered me terms for his re-appearance there but in the interests of my protege I considered these terms insufficient, and as I was perfectly entitled so to do, I refused the offer and as a consequence I have been "barred" admittance to an establishment where I have regularly done business for over 20 years. My contention is and always has been, that when a boy proves his worth to a promoter, then the promoter must pay full value but in the case of an untried boy, the promoter has the right to fix the remuneration.

"Tex Rickard" Dickson has surmounted every obstacle in the promoter's race for recognition and now reigns supreme in European boxing circles. In the forthcoming season, however, he will have a worthy opponent in Mr. Lionel Bettinson, of the N. S. C., and patrons of the noble-art can look forward to very many "tasty dishes" being provided by these two very able "chefs."

Open-air boxing promotions in this country have hitherto met with only very indifferent success, but Jeff Dickson's initial attempt at Wimbledon Stadium proved beyond doubt that there is a public here for that type of entertainment, always provided that the goods have an attractive appearance. Approximately 45,000 people put in an appearance to see Scott and Stribling do their "stuff." but unfortunately for the spectators' sakes, Strib was the only one who did it. Scott may at one time, have been a fire-fighter, but as a "box-fighter" he is not on the map, not even in Norway.

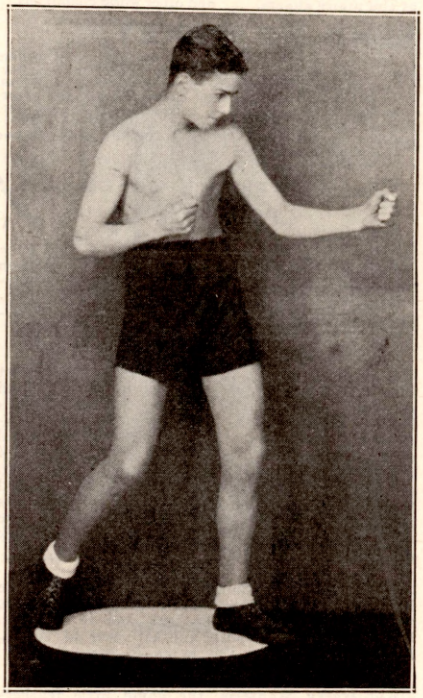
Quite a plethora of open-air promotions followed in the wake of the Jeff Dickson's gigantic success at Wimbledon. the most prominent were those at Cardiff, Blackpool and Wrexham.

Johnny Peters, the new bantam star, has just arrived home from Australia and it is probable that he may return there on the next boat if I do not make up my mind to ship him to America.

Jack Hood and Joe Dundee appear certain to clash in the near future.

Len Harvey and his manager Dan Sullivan are having a busy time this season. Unencumbered with his "Ring" management duties. Dan can now devote his whole time to his stable of boxers who will no doubt be kept on their "toes." Sullivan has a unique knowledge of fight values, consequently he will not find it difficult to work amicably with promoters who are desirous of employing any of his boys.

Dom Volante turned in a great win when he decisively beat Di Cea, of France, a contender for the French feathers' title. The bout was staged at Johnny Best's Stadium in Liverpool, Volante's home town. As is always the case when Dom's name is on the bill, the "House Full" cards were in evidence long before the entertainment commenced.



Jack Negal former amateur and a good prospect

At Wrexham race-course, Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, staged an important contest which, although it was not a title bout, was fought under championship conditions and had the approval of the Welsh Board of Control. It was a return bout between Ginger Jones and Jim Crawford at the featherweight limit and over 15 rounds. The bout proved to be an interesting one and resulted in a points win for Jones.

At the football ground, Blackpool, Bert Kirby, our flyweight champion, was opposed to Bob Rimmer, of Liverpool, over 15 rounds at over the flyweight limit. The bout went the full distance and the referee declared it a draw.

An interesting bit of news filtered through when it came to light that Bugler Lake, the ex-European champion, had attempted a comeback in his home town, Plymouth. He picked a tough one in Billy Granelly who is in the first flight of Welsh boxers, and it was only by a very narrow margin of points that the decision went against Lake.

Jerry Daley, the Welsh middleweight title holder successfully defended his crown by defeating Trevor Evans of Maesteg, over 15 rounds.

Thomas Murphy, Ireland's leading promoter, staged a contest for the Irish featherweight championship, in Belfast on August 22 between Jack Garland, the holder and Packy McFarland.

At the Cardiff White City, Frank Moody easily defeated Gipsy Daniels on points over 15 rounds for the cruiser-weight championship of Wales, thus avenging a doubtful decision of years ago at the "Ring."

Jack Hyams, who created a very favorable impression in America where he scored some creditable wins has since his return, been clamoring for a "crack" at Jack Hood. Well he got his opportunity. In the fourth round Hood crossed his right to Hyams' jaw and the latter was counted out. Hood looked good in this little scrap.

The battle of the "Kids" Chocolate and Berg aroused much enthusiasm in this country, especially in the neighborhood of Berg's home in Whitechapel. The streets were almost impassable upon the evening of the contest. The scene was indescribable when at about 3 o'clock in the morning (English time) Berg's father read a cablegram from Jack announcing his victory.

At the Ring in London, Jack Stanley stopped Alf Noble in the fourth round. Sid Butler K.Od Harry Gee in round 3 and Haydn Williams stopped Fred Green in round 10.

At Premierland—Alf Pattenden and Lew Pinkus fought a brilliant 15-round draw. Harry Brooks stopped Jim Hocking in the 6th. Alec Thake got a points decision over Billy Streets in 15, Lew Pinkus defeated Kid Berry on points in 15 rounds and Harry Brooks and Charlie Mack boxed a very classy 15-round draw.

At Kilburn—Johnny Symes and Bill Webb boxed a very fine draw. Phil Fellows stopped Mack Austin in round 2 and Fred Howlett beat Patsy Coram in 8 rouns.

At Edmonton—Haydn Williams comfortably outpointed Sam Steward over 15 rounds. Francois Le Page (France) beat Billy Streets on points in a 15-round bout. Lauri Raiteri stopped Alf Noble in round 10. Haydn Williams stopped Andre Beghin (Belgium) in the third, and Francois Le Page again defeated Billy Streets on points.

Welsh Results—At Penygraig—Freddie Morgan and Young Beckett boxed a very hard 15-round draw.

At Cardiff—George Rose K.Od Alby Kestrell in the 10th round.

At Abercynon—Johnny Edmunds boxed a 12-round draw with Wal Saunders.

At Treharris—Tom Thomas K.Od Trevor Williams in the 6th round. Walt Saunders and Tom Thomas fought a great 10-round draw and Cecil Brown comfortably defeated Billy Ruppell in 12 rounds.

At Landelly—George Morgan cleverly defeated Cliff Peregrine over 15 rounds. Minty Rose put up a terrific fight over 15 rounds against Terrence Morgan. The decision of a draw was popular.

At Treorchy—Evan Lane comfortably defeated Tommy John on points over 15 rounds and now qualifies to meet Ginger Jones for the Welsh feather title.

At Ferndale—Phineas John beat Jack Thomas on points, and Trevor Williams did well when beating Battling Silver by a good margin of points.

At Liverpool—Jim Crawford stopped Karl Schulze (Germany) in round 2. Harold Higginson outpointed Charlie Mack and Tom Bailey won from Cyclone Ovey.

At Leeds—Jack Casey stopped Fred Oldfield in the fifth round. Jim Learoyd stops Jack Davies in round 11.

At Bradford—Young Siki outpointed Percy Dexter over 15 rounds.

At Sheffield—Arley Hollingsworth K.Od Dick Inkles in the 10th round. Billy Nates beat Percy Dexter on points over a dozen rounds. Walt Marshall K.Od Jack Gregory in the third and Arley Hollingsworth stopped Ted Higgins in three rounds.

At Preston—Tom Tucker K.Od Petty Officer Firth in the 5th round. Jim Learoyd outpointed Chuck Parker. Jack Casey stopped Hal O'Neil in 7 rounds.

At West Bromwich—Billy James narrowly outpointed Jackie Brown over 15 rounds. Archie Woodbine beat Dick Manning. Jack Haynes beat George Porter, Billy Cain stopped Len Fowler, Tom Cartwright stopped Charlie Keeling and Ronnie Sommerton stopped George Marsden.

Eastern Canada and Montreal Topics

By LAWSON BAMPTON

TWO great fighters headlined the only two cards staged in Montreal during the past month under the auspices of the Canadian Hockey Club with Alec Moore at the helm as matchmakers. Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight champion, was the attraction card with Maurice Holtzer, New York's French junior lightweight star, supplying the opposition. Pete Sanstol, Norwegian bantam ace, held the spotlight in his clash with Joe Scalfaro, hard hitting New York bantam. The profits were none too plentiful and the mitt game had an idle session until Primo Carnera presented his bulky frame to the fans at the Forum against a trio of sparring partners.

Al Foreman further demonstrated his admitted championship class when he punched out a well earned ten-round win over Holtzer, who is rated one of the best men in his class. Foreman's string of seven consecutive K. O. victories was temporarily halted when Holtzer fought a cautious, defensive battle in nearly every round. Though fouled severely in the first three rounds, Foreman refused to accept the referee's motion to take the fight on a foul, and gamely carried on to a decision over the highly rated French star.

Pete Sanstol proved the effectiveness of his cyclonic attack when he bewildered the veteran Joe Scalfaro with his dazzling speed and flashy mittwork to cop a decisive victory in their ten-round fracas. Scalfaro failed to show his vaunted punching powers and only managed to catch Sanstol off balance in the final round for a one count. Sanstol was to have met Al Brown for the latter's disputed bantam title here in September but the local promoters were caught napping by Jeff Dickson who secured Brown for a match in Paris against Spider Pladner in October.

Bobby Leitham, Canada's outstanding bantam star, was only awarded a draw against Paluso but his superiority could not be questioned on the Foreman-Holtzer card.

The semi-final consisted of ten rounds of uninteresting milling between Jackie Cohen, New Yorker, and Luigi Quadrini, claimant to the Italian featherweight title. Quadrini was a little more aggressive and his harder punching earned him a decisive win over the badly battered Cohen. After a disastrous start in his bout with Ed Quellette, Art Gagne came back strongly and earned a draw with his heavy hitting rival. Rodger Chemineau, a good looking boy outside of the ring, proved to be worse than Bert Heathfield and the latter slugged his way to a six-round win.

Art Giroux, Montreal's greatest flyweight product, chased Victor Ferrand, a midget from Spain, to defeat in a ten-round semi-final to the Sanstol-Scalfaro bout. This affair with comical touches galore, entertained the fans with the novel spectacle of Giroux burning up the canvas in his determined approaches toward his speedy back peddling opponent.

Joe Marciente outslugged Eddie Burl, Buffalo, in a rousing eight-round prelim. Rene Taillefer earned a draw with Henri Legros and Lou Farber, New York, stopped Art Gagne in three rounds.

Bert Schneider, former Olympic welter champ, is making good in the role of a main event referee. Bert was the third man in the ring with Foreman and Holtzer and his work left little to be desired.

Stanstead, Que., was treated to a show last month and action was the keynote of the program. In the top spot tenner, Gaston Menard's heavy hitting wares were sufficiently offset to be held to a draw by Sailor Ray of Troy, N. Y. The semi-final was also a draw between Kid Cote of Rock Island, Que., and Joe St. Onge, Granby, Que. Kid Brydge of Newport and Antonio Daigle of Coaticooke slugged to a six-round draw. Young Gosselin and Young Fournier, both from Rock Island, completed the draw epidemic by deadlocking their four-rounder.

Coaticooke, Que., also had a show with K. O. Ledoux hanging his front name on Art Hasson in two rounds. John Gardner and Ray Dore fought a thrilling six-round draw and Jack Darcy dropped the duke to Jackie Clarke after a six-round slugfest.

The First British Empire Games held at Hamilton, Ont., during the middle part of August attracted representatives from eleven of Britain's far-flung dominions. Competition was keenly contested in every event with the boxing and wrestling bouts more than coming in for their share of the interest. Fred Norbert, Ontario Provincial Supervisor, was in charge of Canada's boxing contingent, and though an Empire title failed to come to the wearers of the Maple Leaf, Fred gained the esteem from the officials of the invading colonies.

The two outstanding members of the Canadian Boxing Team were both from Montreal. Paul Mecteau, who represents the Nationale A. A. A. in his Montreal bouts, lost a very close decision to the ultimate winner of the 126 lbs. class, and Johnny Keller, C. N. R. youngster, dropped the most unpopular decision of the Empire tourney in the final of the 118-lb. division. Both Montrealers outclassed the opposition in decisive fashion to win the Canadian titles in the Dominion Championship staged a week previous. These youngsters displayed budding promise and should be likely material for the 1932 Olympic Games to be held at Los Angeles.

Ted Phillips, kid brother of Jackie Phillips, made his bid to rival his brother's prestige by copping the Dominion laurels in the 160-lbs. class backed by a mere experience of some seven bouts. Phillips lost a close decision to the ultimate Empire champions and bids fair to follow in his brother's successful footsteps. Frank Saxon, Montreal's foremost wrestling coach, was delighted by the complete successes attained by the Canadian boys who cleaned up every division in the Empire Wrestling Championships.

Lawson Bampton, your humble correspondent, takes advantage of this column to notify his many friends in New York that he will be leaving for his annual vacation to New York by the time this is in print.

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC

By PIE AHE EMM

THE opening of the Canadian Gymnasium under the capable direction of Luger Lamontagne, will mean a very active boxing season. The popular sportsman intends to have a card of weekly bouts staged in his hall. Joe Villeneune, bantam champion of Canada; Billy Green, Quebec's most popular fighter; Levy Duquet, contender to Al Forman's titles; Young Burns, George Patry, Roger Canten, are all frequenters of Luger's club. Many too have learned what they know about the game at the club. Best of luck Luger.

Adelard Kid Gagnon, of Quebec, well known to fight fans, is anxious to stage a comeback as a featherweight.

Jack Baltus, hailing from England, trains daily, with seriousness. "Gentleman" Jack, tips the beams at 240 and stands 6 feet 7 inches. Some guy! Is he fast? Can he hit? Is he classy to watch? Jack shows no mercy.

Promoter Luger Lamontagne is Quebec's Primier Promoter.

Young Lebland, amateur flyweight champion of the city, is training daily at the Y. M. C. A. Lebland has a very busy winter ahead.

Billy Green, Quebec's most popular fighter, is anxious to have a return bout with Jimmy Butts, of Montreal. Billy was defeated last month by Butts in a great battle.

SASKATCHEWAN SHORTS

By C. V. KRAMER

KID KRAMER kayoed Vic Dowie in the first round at Lancer. Kramer also kayoed The Dixie Kid in the second round.

Al Leader, Vic Dowie and Bill Kroghel fought six rounds to a draw.

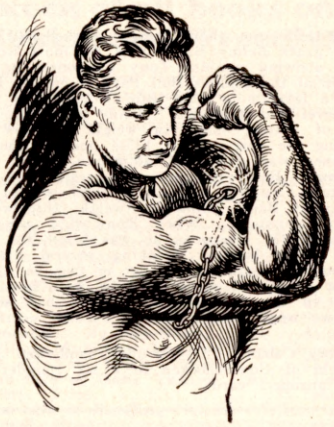
Young Kramer of Trail, B. C., stopped Eric Dilges in the first round.

The best fight of the month was staged at Lancer between Young Kramer and Fred Hanson. They slugged all the way to an eight round draw.

MARTEL MAKES HIT AT CAMP

Gus Martel, famous developer of champions and knockout record holder, made a hit at Gus Wilson's training camp at Orangeburg recently when he put on the gloves with Jack Sharkey. Martel, a veteran in the glove game, displayed to a large gathering why his boxing course is so popular. For his age, he is still a marvel. He has a punch which he calls his secret knockout punch, and that it is effective, was obvious at Wilson's camp.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



Get a 17 Inch Bicep

Complete Course on Arm Building

ONLY 25c

Get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires. You can now build your arm from a scrawny piece of skin and bone to one of huge muscular size. I don't mean just a 17-inch bicep but a 15-inch forearm and an 8-inch wrist. This specially prepared course will build every muscle in the arm because it has been scientifically worked out for that purpose. You can develop a pair of triceps shaped like a horseshoe and just as strong, and a pair of biceps that will show their double head formation. The sinewy cable between the biceps and elbow will be deep and thick with wire cable ligaments. In that arm of yours, the forearm will belly with bulk, and the great supinator lifting muscle you can make into a column of power, while your wrist will grow alive and writhe with cordy sinew. All this you can get for 25 cents—send for this course today and you can have a he-man's arm built to be as beautiful, brawny and magnificent as the village blacksmith's.

You can't make a mistake. The guarantee of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like it. Build for yourself an unbreakable grip of steel and a Herculean arm. Mail your order now while you can still get this course at my introductory price of only 25c.

RUSH THE COUPON TODAY

To each purchaser will be given a FREE COPY of *THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG.* It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of theirs.

REACH OUT---GRASP THIS SPECIAL OFFER

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture

422 Poplar Street, Dept. 57K, Scranton, Penna.

Dear Mr. Jowett: I am enclosing 25c. Please send me the course "MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM" and a free copy of "THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

AFTER THE FIGHT IS OVER—
TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE PAIN

ALWAYS USE
FIRSTADE!
FIRST!

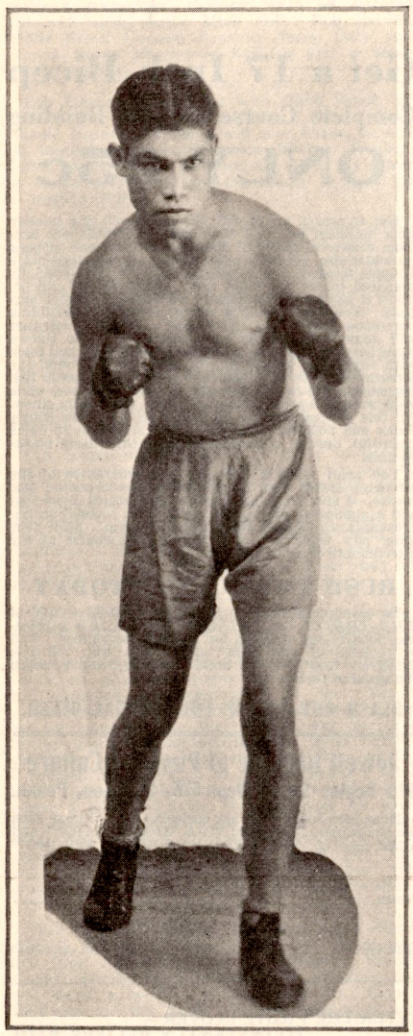
For Rub Down
For Bruises
For Conditioning
For Firming Muscles
At Your Dealer or by Mail—Price $1.00.
SUFFOLK DRUG CO.
Saint James, L. I. New York

The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

WHEN the thermometer reached 103 degrees Benny Bass made his most woeful showing against Tony Canzoneri in the windup at the Phillies Ball Park recently. Bass ruled a favorite in what little betting there was, but never had a chance. Benny made the mistake of getting down in weight too low by entering the ring around 125¾ pounds whereas Canzoneri was above the 130 pound mark. Phil Glassman, Bass' manager was responsible for Canzoneri making the 130 pound weight in order that Bass' junior lightweight title would not be at stake. When Tony first weighed in during the afternoon he was below the 130 pound limit but by drinking several glasses of water and eating an orange or two, he scaled at the stipulated figure. Bass won but one round in the ten while Canzoneri had seven and two were even.

Emory Cabana, 135½ pounds, lambasted Joey Hadfield of Conshohocken in a six rounder on Bass-Canzoneri card.



Jose Estrada, slashing Mexican lightweight, who is ready for an American campaign

Matt Adgie, former West Philadelphia ice man, staged a comeback by winning a six-round decision over Jimmy Herman of Hazleton in the semi-windup to the Cawley-Gagnon bout. In the last two rounds Adgie stepped out with a lot of his old time class.

Young Firpo of Penns Grove, tough lad, punched out a decision over Jimmy Burns in a six-round bout at the Arena outdoor plant.

In the other bouts at the Arena, Tony Morgano flattened Jimmy Savino in the first round and Eddie Cool, a former amateur, gave Georgie Kelly, a bad beating in six rounds.

Philadelphia fight fans had their glimpse of Allie Wolff, former Penn State middleweight Intercollegiate champion, when he outboxed Tony Tedesco of South Philadelphia, in six rounds. Wolff appeared in many Intercollegiate bouts in Philadelphia and his friends were anxious to see how he would do in the pro. ranks.

Frankie Cawley, the Pittston coal worker, stepped up another notch in the light heavyweight division when he gained a ten-round decision over Jack Gagnon of New Bedford, Mass., in the windup of the re-opening of the Arena. Cawley, with a recent victory over Pete Latzo to his credit was not expected to give Gagnon more than a good workout but surprised the talent by getting the nod of the judges.

It took Ray Miller, Chicago lightweight, just 1 minute 44 seconds to flatten Frankie Hayes. The West Philadelphia lad was knocked flat on his back with a left hook. The quick K.O. was a surprise to the Phillies' Ball Park crowd as well as to Hayes as it was the first time he was ever stopped.

Billy Passamento recently stopped 'Six Cylinder' Clark in Trenton and according to Otto Hughes 'is a coming flyweight champion'. Passamento is a South Philadelphia lad.

Buddy Krause, son of Johnny Krause, who was a popular lightweight fighter more than a decade ago, has made good in the ring. He recently hung up his seventh straight conquest.

After 'steaming up' the Ernie Schaaf-Johnny Risko windup at the Municipal Stadium for several weeks, the Arena Corporation was unable to go through with the bout. The hot weather helped kill off interest and the advance sale fell below the $4000 mark, while Risko had been guaranteed $6000 to work.

Spike Kenny, Clifton Heights welterweight, failed in his windup debut at Leiperville by being stopped by Young Ketchel of Chester in the second round. Ketchel, who weighed 144, was punching at top speed and shot a right across that started Kenny on the K.O. journey. Billie Ritchie won a hard fought eight round bount from Jackie Herman.

Jimmy Rhodes suffered a split eye in his bout with Meyer Grace at Atlantic City and was obliged to postpone his meeting with Gene Buffalo.

Tony Falco thrilled a gathering of Corley Field boxing fans by punching out an eight-round victory over Frankie Rapp of Camden in the windup of Jimmy Toppi's show.

Jimmy Walker by coming through in the closing rounds, won from Frankie Polo in the semi windup at the Corley Field show.

Promoter Toppi is now staging weekly shows at Sixty-ninth and Walnut Sts., in one of the fastest growing sections of Philadelphia's outlying districts. This is the same place where Carnera trained for Godfrey and Tommy Loughran got in shape for his Ernie Schaaf scuffle.

Billy Jones, South Philadelphia colored light heavyweight, is anxious to get a shot at Maxie Rosenbloom's title. After meeting Lou Scozza of Buffalo at Scranton, Jones was ready to figure on a Rosenbloom meeting but of course it's up to Maxie. He has the big say.

Eddie Reid, colored junior lightweight, has returned to the Frank Fowles' stable which also looks after the interests of Jones.

Billy Angelo, Italian boxer, who lives in Leiperville, scored an impressive ten-round victory over Gaby Bagdad, Armenian welterweight in the windup at Howard Dougherty's Leiperville arena.

Lew Searles, a Leiperville product, turned in a six-round decision over Jimmy Tanteros, Essington Greek.

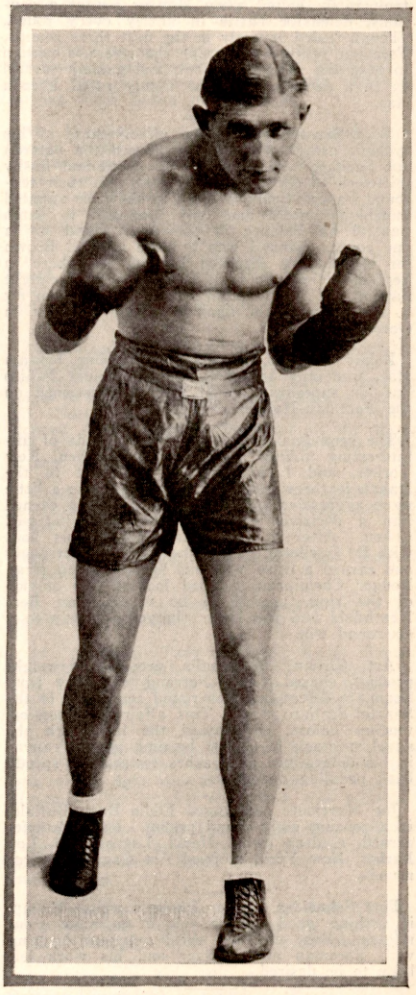
Long Tom Hawkins, colored heavyweight, of California, is now under the wing of Joe Crossin. The lanky coast battler, won a ten-round decision over Jake Warren in his first Philadelphia appearance.

Efforts are being made to bring Lew Massey and Pete Nebo together in Philadelphia.

Vincent Forgione and Joe Anderson of Kentucky, waged an interesting eight-round draw at Leiperville. They swapped punches with reckless abandon.

Jack Gross, Salem heavyweight, had the unique experience of scoring a double knockout over Jack League in a recent bout at Winston-Salem, N. C. "I had League on the floor in the first round," said Gross, "but the referee said it was a foul. It was a pretty sock to the body. They gave him a rest and after belting League around in the second, I put him down and out in the third round."

Billy Wallace, former Cleveland lightweight, after being on the sidelines for many months with bad hands, returned to the ring recently and won an easy eight-round decision over Joey Hadfield of Conshohocken. Wallace now holds the Pennsylvania State lightweight title and lives in West Philadelphia.



Pete Suskey, Scranton's latest welterweight pride; a great hitter

On the same bill Sherman Brown, product of the amateur ranks, gained an impressive six-round verdict over Al Girardi, South Philadelphia lad, who also boxed as a 'simon pure' until a short time ago. Young Terry Ketchell stopped Jack Russo of West Philadelphia in the fifth round. Benny Victor, who has been boosted considerably by Lew Tendler, former star southpaw lightweight, and Frankie Dutch, fought a six-round draw.

These two welterweight rivals, Billy Angelo of Leiperville and Young Ketchell of Chester hooked up for the third time at Howard Dougherty's Leiperville open air arena, and gave the Delaware and Chester county fight fans a real treat. Angelo managed to win the ten-round decision. It was a knock down and drag out affair all the way.

Frankie Goosby of Los Angeles, knocked out Phil Hardy, a Marine from League Island, in the first round and Spike Kenny of Clifton Heights lost to Harry (Kid) Wallace of Phillie on the Angelo-Ketchell card.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

BUCK McTIERNAN, popular Pittsburgh mauler, encountered his biggest assignment when he met Joe Dundee in the Meyers Bowl recently. The local middleweight star won easily only to find himself a victim of the judges' decision. The bout was declared a draw. It was very unfair as McTiernan won seven of the ten rounds. Only Dundee's 11 years of ring experience enabled the latter to carry on until the end.

Battling Gizzy defeated Ray Collins in a rough battle before a capacity crowd in the Hickey Park Arena. Battling Gizzy, the Donora whirlwind, now stands out as the greatest club-fighter in western Pennsylvania.

Young Rudy, Charleroi welter, was dealt a severe drubbing by Tom Malco, rugged Pittsburgher, in a ten-round feature event in the Meyers Bowl.

In the semi-final, Patsy Pirrone punched his way to a clean-cut knockout over Harry Williams, local colored heavy, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten. Pirrone, a Canton, O., light-heavy, has firmly established himself a favorite with local fans.

Jimmy Belmont, Braddock welter, turned in a win over Mickey Solomen, New Castle middleweight, in a ten-rounder at East Liverpool, O.

Young Saylor, veteran miller, was forced to extend himself to the limit to down Billy Brent, local Negro, in the semi-final ten to the Battling Gizzy-Ray Collins fiasco.

Tiger West, Indian middleweight, defeated Harry Fuller in ten rounds at Niagara Falls.

Tony Herrera, Chicago lightweight contender, won all of ten rounds over Jackie Pilkington of New York in a tame affair at the Meyers Bowl.

Chet Smallwood, Akron southpaw, turned in a surprise win by trouncing Eddie Brannon in the eight-round semi-windup.

Phil Goldstein, former Pittsburgh lightweight contender, is now a local Y.M.C.A. boxing instructor.

Boxing in the state of West Virginia has been declared illegal following the death of Young Bruno who died as a result of a bout in Wheeling recently.

Tiger Joe West, Indian star, who is being handled by Butch Kestner of Monessen, Pa., is coming along in fine style these days. During the month the "Tiger" defeated Harry Fuller and Lynn Jordan.

Mike Dundee, veteran Rock Island, Ill., junior lightweight received a gift when his bout with Rodgers in the Hickey Park arena was called a draw. Rodgers dropped the veteran for a count of nine in the third canto. Jackie took six rounds of the fray.

Incidentally, Mike Dundee was born here in Pittsburgh. He just celebrated his 28th birthday at his sister's home here while preparing for his bout with Rodgers.

Pennsylvania lays claim to the two best fly-weights in the game in Willie Davies of western Pennsylvania and Midget Wolgast of the eastern part of the state.

Jimmy Belmont, Braddock, made a good comeback when he won all of eight rounds of his bout with Alex Simms of Canton.

In a double bill at the Hickey Park arena, Tiger Joe West, easily trimmed Lynn Jordan, Akron Negro, and Harry Williams, Pittsburgh Negro heavyweight, made a great comeback when he knocked out Johnny Urban in the other ten-rounder.

Al Becker, Sherden middleweight, beat Jack Barry of McKeesport. Becker floored Barry seven times before the bout was stopped in the fifth round by the boxing commission.

Anastasio Vaquero, new-comer from Panama, put up a pleasing bout with Ross Fields of Weiton, W. Va., and Mose Butch beat bantam Jackie Wilson in the opener.

Hans Roberts, German welter, made good his comeback attempt by disposing of Fast Black of Buffalo in 1 minute and 17 seconds of the first round.

Joey Thomas came here from Chicago with the idea of meeting Jackie Rodgers but was content in taking on Johnny Dunn instead when Rodgers ran out because of an injured knee. Thomas gave Dunn a terrific lacing.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

THE feature fistic plum in this section last month was the Sammy Fuller-Andy Callahan fight that was staged at Tiverton, R. I. Fuller of Boston won the palm over his Lawrence rival after ten good rounds of scrapping. With this victory, Fuller won recognition as the Lightweight champion of New England.

Professional boxing will have its innings in Providence this month. The old National A. C. and the R. I. Auditorium will re-open with bang-up fistic cards. Jim Kiely, formerly of Woonsocket, will operate at the National, while there still is some doubt as to who will hold the reins at the spacious Auditorium.

Johnny Buckley, portly manager of Jack Sharkey as well as Andy Callahan, keeps getting in hot water with the Rhode Island fight lords by his unsportsmanlike actions anytime one of his boys loses a close fight hereabouts. After Referee Jack Finell gave the palm to Sammy Fuller over Callahan, Buckley acted like a two-year-old baby who has his lolly-pop stolen away from him. For this little bit of folly he was set down by Commissioner Foster.

Of late one official, the referee, has been giving decisions in R. I. fights and local fans do not take kindly to the scheme. An early return of the two judges and referee system is contemplated.

It is rumored that Billy Ames, prominent boxing manager, will try his luck at matchmaking. Local fight sharps have it that Ames will run at the Auditorium in Providence.

About the second week in September, Sam Price, who has been matchmaking for the Tiverton social club, will move his quarters indoors to the Fall River Casino. "The boy promoter" as Price is dubbed, sure knows his onions about the cauliflower game and by his untiring efforts has been reviving the almost comotose pastime here.

Paris Apice of Providence underwent an operation for tonsilitis last month at the Bellevue Hospital in New York.

LITTLE SHOTS: There is no adequate gym in Providence where the boxers can train.——Tony Catalano, the "Maxie Rosenbloom" of Providence was accused of doing a hard day's training recently. It's too good to be true.——One of the best informed fight fans in this section is none other than Henry Cohen, a young newsboy, who is quite newsie about fight news.——Local fight fans are quite adapt in meting out Bronx cheers. At every show they show their knowledge of the Noble Art of the Razz.——Tom Donahue, Connecticut boxing Czar, is a frequent visitor of local fight clubs.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

JOE LILLICK, former Holy Cross student, seems to be the most promising heavyweight in this part of the state at present. Joe in his first two pro bouts easily defeated Paul Peterson, the lanky Swede of Buffalo, in two 6-round bouts.

Anse Carroll is ready to start the indoor season. He will stage weekly shows.

Ernie Rosini, crack little featherweight of New York, who has been making Rochester his headquarters for the past year, is another boy who is going good. In his last bout in Utica he gave Frankie Graham, brother of Bushy, one of the toughest fights of his career, only to lose a close decision due to a last round rally of Graham.

Jack De Neri, local featherweight, who has been boxing out of Cleveland and Pittsburg for the past two years, is back home looking for action.

Joe Magaldi is drawing some good crowds at the Utica Stadium. Bushy Graham defeated Johnny Vacca of Boston in a 10-round sensational bout there last month.

Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls light-heavyweight, is going great guns. The writer saw him perform in his last three bouts, and in his first two, he knocked out K. O. Eckner of Germany in the first round and the following week again in the third, and two weeks later he defeated Tiger West in a 10-round bout.

Bantamweights and heavyweights with fair records who are not tied up with managers would do well to get in touch with Rocky Conti, 113 Clinton Ave. N., Rochester, N. Y.

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00
Young Griffo, The Will-'o-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents
The Life of John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. Price.....$2.50
"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price....$1.00
William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport. By Ed Van Every. Price.....$3.00
The Life of Gene Tunney. By Ed Van Every. Price.....35 cents
The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....75 cents
In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Knockouts I Have Seen. By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents
Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents, by mail.
Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927—Price each.....$10.00
1928—Price $8.00 1929—Price....$7.00
Andrew's 1929 Record Book.....35 cents
Police Gazette 1929 Record Book..35 cents

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50
Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents
Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents
The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. 42 full page photos. Price.....85 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00
How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ring Strategy and Tactics. By Freddy Welsh. Price.....85 cents
Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents
Scientific Boxing. By James J. Corbett. Price.....50 cents
The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price....85 cents
Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00
Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents
Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents
The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents
Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25
Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

PRIZE FIGHT FICTION

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price.....85 cents
Sir Toby and The Regent. By Paul Herring. Price.....$2.50

HISTORY

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

ALVIN "BABE" Hunt of Ponca City, Okla., the quarter-breed Cherokee Indian heavy, has become the big boy in this neck of the woods, with all due respects to Jack Sharkey, the "Squire of Chestnut Hill." Imported here a month ago by Matchmaker Alex MacLean of the Boston Garden in connection with the missionary campaign being conducted by that organization to get boxing back onto its feet in this section, he made a fine, clean and impressive job in his quick defeat of Paul Pantaleo of Chicago, the latter no slouch as present-day performers go.

Boston fans wanted to see him again. In response to the demand, Hunt was given another "shot" here the night when he met Jimmy Braddock of Jersey City in the feature bout of a very fine show staged by the Garden management at Braves Field. The distance scheduled was 10 rounds. Braddock went into the ring a slight favorite. He was liked by many because of his recent win here over Joe Monte, the Brockton, Mass., Brazilian, his work on that occasion being very satisfactory. Hunt weighed 194 pounds—Braddock 180. The fight was one of the best seen here—a 10 rounds storm of real mixing between two men closely matched as to ability, experience, physical stamina and gameness. Hunt's superior weight and greater ability at close quarters won him the victory.

The victory won, Hunt was immediately signed for another appearance here—his next to be against Erni Schaaf, Boston's ex-sailor boy heavy—a feature bout to be staged by Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A., which club, after weeks of quietude, will reopen for the fall and winter season at an early date. Already the dopesters are busy with this forthcoming event—are picking Hunt as the probable winner.

Harry Allen of Brockton, the former New England amateur light heavy champion, who now has been boxing as a "pro" for several months, knocked out Babe McCorgary of Tulsa, Okla., in the fifth round.

The New England "pro" championships, inaugurated here several months ago by the Boston Garden for the purpose of establishing definite title-holders in the various classes, reached one of its finals when Jack Dudley of Worcester, Mass., stopped Steve Gorman of South Boston in the ninth stanza. Dudley was awarded a diamond belt, valued at $500, emblematic of the New England heavyweight title.

In the flyweight division of the same titular series, Gene Bianco of Boston pounded his way into the finals by winning an eight-rounds award over George Ostrow of Revere, Mass., former National amateur champion of the division. The result was a bit of a surprise as Ostrow, who hitherto had not met with a defeat, ruled a strong favorite. In the other half of the bracket George Paulin, Bridgeport, Conn., youngster, announced as the flyweight champion of the Nutmeg State, defeated Scoops Roulier of Salem, Mass., in eight fast rounds. Bianco and Paulin will come to grips here later on in the final for the diamond belt.

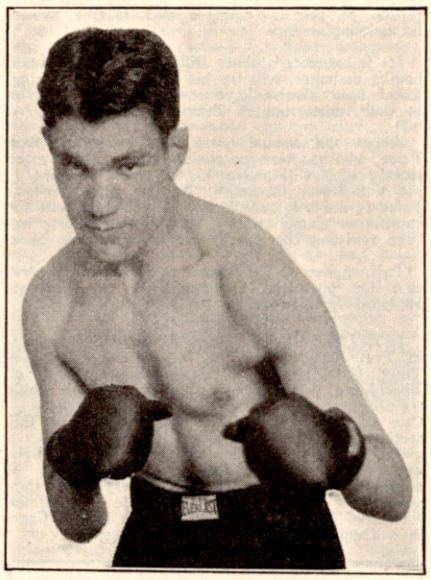
The great battle between Hunt and Braddock was not the lone classy feature scrap which Bostonians had the good fortune to witness here during August. The Boston Garden, which has done a lot toward getting the sport back onto its feet, turned loose Dave Shade of New York and Joe Anderson of Covington, Ky., at the Braves Field in a 10-rounder. Shade's greater experience carried him through the victor, but Shade's margin was none too wide, but he clearly won. Under this contest, John Patrick Sullivan, Gus Wilson's Irish protege, made a two rounds job of Bluenose Parent of Lewiston, Me., sending his man to the carpet with a short right to chin for the down and out.

In other bouts the same evening, Werther Arcelli of Italy, Phil Buccola's welter star, a very promising boy, after dropping Steve Jones of Providence, R. I., several times, was given the decision in six rounds. Jack Dudley of Worcester, already mentioned, defeated Joe Cabana of Chelsea, Mass., in the first semi-final bracket of the N. E. heavyweight championship, while Steve Gorman of South Boston, came through over Terry Mitchell of Somerville, in the second half of the same event. It was a particularly torrid affair.

William F. Carey of Madison Square Garden, here on business affairs, was one of the spectators at the ringside. The Gorman-Mitchell fight particularly pleased him. "If I were a cash customer," he said, "after seeing that muss, I would consider that I had received a big run for my money."

While here Mr. Carey definitely settled the controversy of many weeks concerning the status of Alex MacLean as matchmaker for the Boston Garden, corncerning which job there have been many rumors—one to the effect that Johnny Buckley, manager of Jack Sharkey, was slated for the position. "You may say for me," stated Mr. Carey to the writer, "that I am entirely satisfied with the work of Mr. MacLean. He took hold of the matchmaking job at a particularly tough time and under very adverse circumstances, all of which I fully realize. I feel that he is the right man in the right job and he will remain on the job as long as he cares to. The future is entirely up to himself."

The victory scored by Harry Allen of Brockton over Babe McGorgary marked the second chalked up this month by the former. Within recent weeks boxing has got going again at Brockton, Mass., largely through the efforts of Jack Murphy, a former Lynn, Mass., matchmaker. He pitted Harry against Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, the former amateur light heavy star, now of the Johnny Buckley stable. The contest went the 10 rounds limit—a very hotly contested affair—with Allen receiving the award.



Joe Brown, promising welter from Toronto

On the same night at Salem, Mass., Buster Price, of Lynn, stopped Johnny Abrieu of Gloucester in the third stanza. It was Price's thirteenth victory. He is a young, aggressive middleweight, recent graduate from the amateurs, who is being remarkably well handled.

Sammy Fuller, the Boston Italian lightweight, who has been piloted back into what seems to be a real stride by Phil Buccola, made a one-round job of Augie Pisano of New York, at Marks Stadium, Tiverton, R. I., all of which was no great surprise. The result was a foregone conclusion. The fact, however, put Sammy in line for a contest with Andy Callahan of Lawrence, Mass., claimant to the N. E. lightweight title, a second encounter, as Callahan had defeated him about two months ago.

Callahan defeated Johnny Farr of Cleveland in a 10-rounder staged in the former's home town recently. It was not a very profitable affair. In addition to looking a bit one-sided, rain mixed in with the show and Callahan, though the victor, received injuries which forced the postponement of his return contest with Fuller.

While this event was transpiring at Lawrence, a near-New England flyweight championship was brought to a settlement at Lynn, Mass., wherein George Ostrow of Revere, already mentioned, defeated Emil Marquis of Nashua, N. H., holder of the Granite State title in the 112 pounds division.

Another bout at Lynn, Mass., staged early in the present month saw Patsy Santo of Revere, a lightweight, come through with a win over Mossy Doyle of Wakefield, the former's greater experience counting in his favor. Doyle but recently returned to the American ring after a two years' absence in Ireland.

A visitor in Boston during the middle of the month was Johnny Risko of Cleveland, the former baker-boy, who, in addition to climbing Bunker Hill monument and looking over other spots of historic interest, went into a huddle with Matchmaker MacLean of the Boston Garden. It would occasion no surprise if out of it were to come a match between Risko and Braddock—the same a fall futurity.

Joe Monte, the Brockton heavy, who has been under the weather with bad eyes, has reported back to the training field. Joe wants another "shot" at Jimmy Braddock. He feels that the battle he put up against the Jerseyman several weeks ago warrants his being given another try.

Oddone Piazza, the Italian middleweight of Phil Buccola's large fistic combination, was to have met Eddie Adonis of Roxbury in the feature bout of the Cycle A. C. tourney at the Revere cycle park the night of Aug. 13. It would have been a fairly soft fight for Piazza, at least, that's the impression many had concerning it. A small gate and a scratch on his nose that disturbed Oddone's repose, caused him to step out at the last minute. Johnny Caspar of this city went in as a "sub" and defeated Adonis. Charley Cardio of Boston, one-time manager of Red Chapman, the former well known feather, is the presiding genius at the park.

Harry Kelly, veteran trainer and handler, has taken over the management of Con O'Kelly, the Irish heavy. Con is making his home in Dorchester, one of the Boston suburbs.

That young blond boxer, Ring Larsen of Quincy, Mass., former National amateur middleweight star, who has recently stepped into the "pros," looks like a fighting proposition who will be hard to beat. He is rough, strong, can hit and box—merely needs plenty of resin wisdom. Sooner or later he is likely to be pitted against Oddone Piazza, the Italian, who has been seeking a match with him ever since he lost a decision to the Quincy chap in the international amateur tourney between Italian, German and American boxers at the Boston Garden last winter. It is a prospective "natural" which is being held back while Larsen acquires more seasoning.

Charley Mealey of this city who escorted Tony Carney and Tony Thomas into claimant connections with the New England bantam title, now has Tony Rego under his wing and is hopeful or leading him to the front.

Sammy Fuller of Boston, who with Andy Callahan and Dick Finnegan, lays claim to the N. E. lightweight title, is the proud father of a seven-pound son. He has put in a claim for the flyweight title in behalf of the youngster.

Barney Fox of this city, who as trainer and handler cares for the physical welfare of many of the local boxers, to say nothing of visiting amateurs and professionals, has added a new one to his own particular string in Bobby Pickett of Cambridge, a husky whose wallop has spilled more than one opponent in local amateur rings. Pickett is 19 years old, stands 5 feet, 11, and weighs about 175 pounds. Fox plans to put his protege into the "pro" ranks in the near future.

Big Dan Carroll, manager of Jim Maloney and other boxers, has returned from the West Coast where for a couple of months he tourned with half a dozen members of his string. "My next jump," stated Carroll on his arrival in Boston, "will be to Berlin, Germany, where I hope to send Maloney against Schmeling for the world's title."

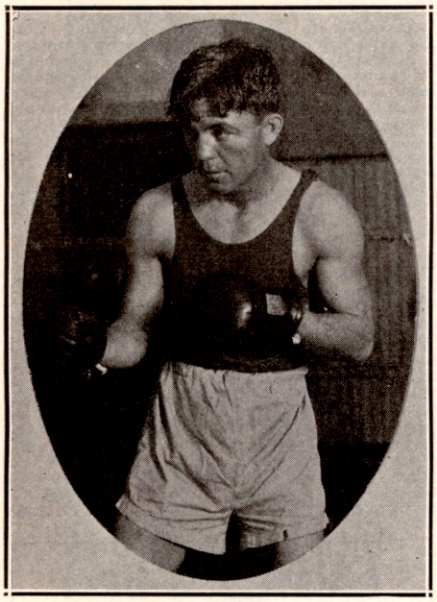
"Tiger" Tom Dixon of Dover, N. H., who has received mention from time to time, started the summer season in high by defeating Dan Martin of his own city for the Granite State heavy title. He also whipped Bob Mills of Hill, N. H., a challenger. However, Con O'Kelly of Ireland, now being piloted by Harry Kelly of this city, met the Tiger in Portland, Me., a few nights ago and thoroughly subdued him in nine rounds, a kayo for the victor.

Al Delmont, now a Boston boniface, cannot entirely give up the lure of the ring after an association of close to 30 years. The sport has its call on Al, and, while he has quit the active game himself, he finds time for grooming others. Just now he is coaching Victor Loddi of Marlboro, the former 135-pounds amateur star, for a busy fall and winter campaign. We can say for Loddi that as an amateur he was a crackerjack, and, under Delmont's wing should make good as a "pro."

HOOSIER FISTIC NEWS
By "KID" CHISSELL

BILLY KENNEDY, tormer uncrowned champion of the featherweight class, is now training at Long Lake, Ill., for a real comeback as a lightweight. He is handled by the veterans, Emmett Kelly and Tom Burns, of Chicago. And mark what I say, the "New Orleans Flash" will get back on top for he certainly looks great and Billy has his heart and soul in his work.

Sergt. George Craig, "The Hoosier Carnera," knocked out "Tiny Jim" Miller of Columbus, at the Riverside Arena. In the semi-final "Kid" Chissell, New Orleans welter, and Jimmy Murphy, of St. Louis, slugged to a draw. George Downey, Indianapolis bantam, and Johnny Murphy, of Indianapolis, went four rounds to a draw "Michigan Kid," Grand Rapids junior welter, defeated Ray Slocum, of Indianapolis Frankie Campbell, Indianapolis feather, beat Max Zimmerman by a T. K. O. in the third round. Billy Cox, Indianapolis bantam, stopped Kid Woody in the first round.



Joe Cook of New Orleans, one of South's best featherweights

The best boy to show here in many a year is junior-welterweight. A high school kid less than a year, he has jumped from the preliminary class to the main events. He has engaged in 42 contests and has never tasted defeat. Has beat such boys as Bruce Britt, Jimmy Harris, Roy Pierson, Earl Baker, Spike Kelly, Red Wilson, Mickey O'Hare, Charlie Court, "Irish" Chamberlain. Howard Jones. Jack Kane, Al Conley, Lee Cox and Benny Duke.

Eddie Anderson, Detroit welterweight, defeated "Frenchy" Hurley at Sheridan, Ind., Aug. 14 in six rounds. "Rough House" Hughes, Memphis middleweight, outslugged Kid Chissell, New Orleans welterweight, in six rounds.

Willard Brown, Indianapolis junior-welter, decisively defeated Jack Kane of Chicago, in ten rounds at Fort Harrison. George Kerwin, Chicago junior-welter, gave Jimmy Lundy of San Francisco, a neat pasting in ten rounds.

Young Eiler, of Louisville, outboxed Larry Payton, Cincinnati middleweight, in six rounds. Tony Petruzzi, of Indianapolis, kayoed Teddy Purvis, of Cincinnati, in the first round. Onie Gahiener, Shelbyville lightweight, and Ted Hunt, of Indianapolis, slugged four rounds to a draw.

Joe Binder, Detroit manager and promoter, is staging shows in Bloomington, Ind.

Two old timers of the squared circle, Buck Crouse and Billy Bowman, are now running shows at Riverside Arena in Indianapolis. At their recent show, "Kid" Wright, clever Richmond lightweight, shaded Onie Gahiemer, of Shelbyville. "Michigan Kid," Grand Rapids welter, shaded Jim Murphy, of St. Louis. "Irish" Chamberlain, Richmond welter, defeated Dutch Bating. George Downey, Indianapolis feather, beat Al Watson. Howard Sheeley and Dick Grove, heavyweights, went four rounds to a draw. Johnny Cash and Harold Floyd, bantams, drew in four rounds.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, Kans.—Les Showers staged another successful Amateur Tournament. The Mid-Continent Oil Belt A. A. U. was sponsored by the American Legion. Big Boy Stafford refereed all bouts the full three nights. The championship winners in their respective weight classes were:

Heavyweight—Ralph Carpenter, Picher, Okla., K. O. first round Veryl Fromming, Oxford, Kans.; Light-heavyweight—Billy Ramsay, Protection, Kans., beat Bud Schildknecht, Pittsburg, Kans.; Middleweight—Dick O'Connor, Coffeyville, Kans., beat Joe DeField, Fredonia, Kans.; Welterweight—Fred Wheeler, Picher, Okla., beat Dean Brown, Wichita, Kans.; Junior-welterweight—Earl Chancey, Neodesha, Kans., beat Harry Beeler, Coffeyville, Kans.; Lightweight—Earl Bartholomew, Chanute, Kans, beat Charles Anderson, Neodesha, Kans; Junior-lightweight—Bill Hemphill, Chanute, Kans., beat Kid Edwards, Eureka, Kans.; Featherweight—Tolly Lugenbeal, Neodesha, Kans., beat George Lloyd, Picher, Okla.; Bantamweight—Lowell Kiddo, Neodesha, Kans.. K. O. two rounds Karl Nelosh, Pittsburg, Kans.; Flyweight—Olin Bryant, Pittsburg, Kans., beat Lewis Laverty, Neodesha, Kans.

Columbus, Kans.—Billy Atkinson knocked out Duke Trammel in 7 rounds. Steve Salina knocked out Tommy Smirl in 5. Loren Atkinson knocked out George Windham in 4 rounds. Rough House Hauser beat Bat Drummond in 8 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Kid Kiser defeated Louie Avery in 12 hard fought rounds. Wildcat Monte easily outpointed Sammy Ward in 10 rounds. Wilson Dunn and Speedy Sparks drew in 8. Madero Villareal knocked out Kid Frenchy in 5. Gordon Edwards beat Billy Hyde in the opening 4-round battle.

Springfield, Mo.—Tiger Fox beat Brad Simmons in a slow 10-round bout. Lloyd Martin outpointed Billy Jarvis in the 10-round semi-final. This was the fastest fight on the program.

Johnny Wagner, 165-pounder, and Dugan Layton, junior lightweight, and Bobby Carter, featherweight, are now under the management of Billy Newton. Newton is sole owner of the Rattler Stable and can be reached at 417½ Main Street, Poplin, Mo. Phone 2926-1324 or residence phone 1443-W.

Seminole, Okla.—Earl Mason knocked out Sargis Prevost in the third round of a scheduled 10-round main event. Johnny Wallace knocked out Charles Rogers in 3. Eddie Hewitt knocked out George Carter in the fourth round.

Okla City, Okla.—Baxter Calmes knocked out Fred Reese in the fourth round of the 10-round main event. Bobby Calmes won a close decision over Gyp Zarro in 10 fast rounds.

Hutchison, Kans.—Baby Stribling outpointed Bobby Vincent in 10 fast rounds. Chick Rains, the ambling Tulsian, beat Red Fitzsimmons in 6. Art Harzum knocked out Joe King from Sedalia in the first round.

Seminole, Okla.—Johnny Nichols and Jimmy Craig fought 10 hard rounds to a draw. Jap Slagle knocked out Kid Murdock in 4 rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—A free boxing show was staged the night of the primary election, with Baxter Calmes, Milt Schooley, Art Harzum, Red Fitzsimmons, Babby Stribling and several others participating on the card. All the boys donated their services free. The congenial Jack Slattery furnished several battlers from his stable.

Tulsa, Okla.—Carlos Garcia won the nod over Louie Avery in 15 rounds of terrific fighting. George Trenkle beat Jimmy Merriott in 8. Paul Wangley knocked out Kid Ponder in 2. Madero Villareal outpointed Irish Mickey Cone in 6. Chink Piatt and Jimmy Hyde drew in 4 rounds.

Seminole, Okla.—Earl Mason won a close 10-round decision over Red Foster. Kid Granite and Kid Moore fought a fast 8-round draw.

Bartlesville, Okla.—Earl Mason defeated Young (Jack) Dillon of Louisville in 10 rounds. Bill Nichols beat Bill Canney in the 8-round semi-final.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook knocked out Harry Lloyd in the third round of a scheduled 10-round main event. Steve Salina knocked out Hotshot Brown in the fourth round in the 10-round semi-windup.

Seminole, Okla.—Dummy Edgmon knocked out Johnny Wallace in the eighth round of their 10-round main go. The fight was furiously contested from the opening gong until the K. O. was scored.

NEW!

There's a NEW protection cup, a NEW shaped striking bag swivel, a NEW mouthpiece, and other innovations and improvements in Everlast Boxing Equipment—designed especially for

YOUR COMFORT CONVENIENCE PROTECTION

described and illustrated in our NEW No. 30 R 10 catalog.

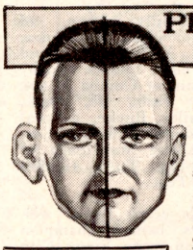
SEND 10c TODAY for YOUR COPY

EVERLAST
"World's Boxing Headquarters"
33 Union Square New York

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS" HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

BUY IT NOW. REDUCED PRICE 75 CENTS
YOUNG GRIFFO
The Will o' the Wisp of the Ring. His Life and Battles. 30 pages of illustrations by Young Griffo on "How to Box." An excellent book for the beginner.
Address—NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING, Inc.
11 West 42nd Street New York City

PROTRUDING EARS?



PRIMSET—a simple and marvelous new method, sets them in natural position and improves appearance IMMEDIATELY. No mechanical appliance! INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE, HARMLESS and can be worn any time without detection. Use corrects deformity quickly with children, eventually with adults. Endorsed by physicians as best known method for straightening ears. Complete outfit, guaranteed to do as claimed, sent for $3.00 postpaid or pay postman, plus postage.

30 DAYS TRIAL OFFER
PRIMSET LABORATORY
Dept 6, 55 W. 42nd St., New York

J. P. TAYLOR
FOUL-PROOF CUP
Pronounced foul proof by two separate official committees appointed by N. Y. Boxing Commission, directly causing no-foul ruling.
Prices: Small, $10.00; Medium, $12.50; Large, $15.00, Postpaid.
Taylor's Cups ventilate automatically. Sanitary and same weight wet or dry. Positive guarantee against any injury from foul blows.
When sending remittance state weight, waist measure, small, medium or large.
Sole Maker and Distributor
J. P. TAYLOR
14 Lewis Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY will see some good indoor matches this fall and winter, if the plans of Tom Brislane materialize. Brisfane intends to run two big shows a month, featuring nothing but the best.

The rapid advancement of Johnny Burds, has been plainly noticeable in the last month. Burds has proved to the local fans that he is about ready to step out with the best of the junior lightweights.

STOCK YARDS BALL PARK—Carl Wells, Omaha junior lightweight, won by a kayo over Georgie Atwood, of Sioux City in the fourth. Herbie Curtis, St. Paul, Minn., lightweight, landed too many low punches on Mickey Greb, local lightweight, losing the melee on a foul in the last round. George Kenard won from Johnny Lindsey in a slam-Bang four rounder. Kid Car won over Tuffy Langford of Kansas City, in four, and Eddie Graham shaded Lloyd Curtis of St. Paul in four. Kid Miller and Phil Montgomery gave the fans plenty of action in their four round opener. Miller was the winner.

RIVERVIEW PARK ARENA—Over 4,000 fans turned out to watch Johnny Burds and Carl Wells in a return bout that ended in a draw. Bobby O'Down, formerly of Cedar Rapids, Ia., but now making Sioux City his home, handed Babe Barnes, local bantam, a six-round licking. Kid Carr shaded George Kenard in six rounds, while Jimmy Thompson shaded Francis Gatewood of Decatur, Neb., in four. In the three round opener Kid Miller won over Kid Howard.

Paul Anthoney, well-known middle west junior welterweight boxer, has turned fight manager.

STOCK YARDS BALL PARK—Promoter Walt Pritchard put on one of the best fights seen in the park this summer, when Mickey Greb, local lightweight, and Al Sullivan of Lincoln, Neb., fought six rounds on even terms. Jimmy Thompson had too many tricks for Carl Mason, and won in six. Archie Jackson and Spec Welch went four rounds to a draw. Mike Sullivan, of Lincoln, defeated Larry Curtis, of St. Paul. Mickey O'Donnel stopped Kid Welsh, of St. Paul, in the second. Baby Sacco shaded Babe Williams in four rounds, and Kid Howard won over Kid Jabo in four.

George Jordan, has a fine outdoor training camp at his place on the South Side, Jordan is the only colored fight manager and trainer in Sioux City.

Stock Yards Ball Park—Mickey Greb had a hard time earning a draw with Carl Wells in a fight that had the fans on their toes every minute. Jimmy Wooten and Kid Rippatoe went six rounds to a draw. The big up-set of the night took place when Carl Hugo knocked out Wildcat Smith in the last round of their four-rounder. Jimmy Thompson handed Harold Rogers a beating in four rounds. Indian Charles Rogue beat Nick Nickelsen in four, and Kid Miller won over Indian Tebo in four.

Glen Milligan, who accumulated fame and fortune in local rings a few years ago, is back with us, but this time acting the part of the manager. Good luck Glen.

Riverview Park Arena—Billy Love, of Omaha had too many guns for Nach Manriquez, the fighting Mexican, from Atlantic, Ia., and handed him a nice licking in eight rounds. Bobby O'Dowd defeated Freddie Penn, of Omaha in six. Speedy Clayton of Sioux Falls, So. Dak., lasted a four-rounder to Sailor Burke, a local boy. In the other two four-rounders, Young Corbett of Omaha won over Albert Manriquez of Atlantic City, Ia., and Young Tuffy Griffith fought to a draw with Young Tebo.

Harry Memering, Indiana's crack junior welterweight, and Jimmy Sayers, bantam champion of the Hoosier state, will soon make Sioux City their headquarters. Both boys are being sent west by the well known Brooks and Mathias stables of Indiana.

Stock Yards Ball Park—A good sized crowd of enthusiastic fans turned out to see the veteran George Eagle of Chicago, mix with Sammy Martin, with the expectations of seeing one great fistic battle. Martin completely outclassed Eagel. In the other sixer, Sammy Sacco and Georgie Atwood fought six slam-bang rounds to a draw. George Kenard beat Johnny Lambert, Wildcat Smith and Spec Welch went four rounds to a draw. Sylvester Jobe hung the tough Pete Greb on the floor for a nine count in the last round of their four rounder, to edge out a winner. Kid Brown and Ted Mersch went to a draw in four.

The best prospect for the month was Johnny Burds junior lightweight and right at his heels, you will find Bobby O'Dowd, bantam, who is coming along at a rapid pace.

Riverview Park Arena—Urban Liberty, of Lake City, Iowa, who claims the Iowa lightweight title, received a neat boxing lesson from Billy Love of Omaha in eight rounds. In a six-rounder, Bobby O'Dowd, left jabbed Buster Madigan all over the ring. Sammy Sacco received a sound beating at the hands of Clark Anderson, a paunchy Omaha Negro. Baby Sacco made it eight in a row, when he defeated Kid Jabo in the four round opener.

Any information on the fight game around these parts can be had by writing the scribe at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Sioux City has about the toughest crop of boxers in the state. They are always in shape and ready for action on a minute's notice.

Nate Dax, Sioux City's veteran in-door promoter, and his match-maker Harold Rieff, are getting ready for a busy fall and winter season.

Riverview Park Arena—Johnny Burds, fighting one of his best fights, shaded Carl Wells of Omaha in an eight-round re-match. Bobby O'Dowd won every round of his fight with Don Carmen, of Lincoln, Neb. Speedy Clayton, of Sioux Falls, So. Dak, shaded Indian Tebo and Mickey O'Donnel and Kid Ferguson fought four rounds to a draw. Kid Howard won over Babe Williams by a T. K. O. in the last round of their four.

Youngsters wanting to get started in the game out here, and ambitious to get somewhere can get in touch with Bobby Paul, c/o the Ritz Hotel Sioux City, Iowa. The writer recommends Paul highly.

Stock Yards Ball Park—Jimmy Thompson and Babe Barnes showed local fans some body punching that has not been seen here in a long time. For six rounds the two boys stood toe to toe banging away at each other. It is the opinion of the writer that Thompson was a shade ahead when the final bell rang. In a one-sided match, Tex Smith, colored light heavyweight of Mineral Wells, Tex. outclassed Lloyd Curtis of St. Paul. Kid Brown and Ted Mirsch drew in their four, while Ray Mann shaded George Kenard in four, and Sylvester Jobe put the K. O. on Sailor Burke (in the second round). Kid Miller shaded Indian Tebo in the four round opener.

Ross Abramo, is the popular matchmaker for Walt Pritchard.

Last Minute Sparks—Peter J. Ferrari, fight manager and trainer, informs the writer, that he will start selling THE RING at all the fights. A very good idea, Pete. . . . George Kenard wants it known he is ready for all comers, Kenard is a tough colored welterweight. . . . Harry Jones and Walt Pritchard, our premier outdoor promoters, enjoyed a very good summer season. . . . Babe Barnes, the socking socker, took a much needed lay-off in the country. . . . Eddie Graham, colored junior welterweight, is a tough boy. He can sock with the best. . . . We have some very tough Indian boxers out here. If promoters want color try them. . . . Bat Slater informs the writer, he is in tip-top shape and wants action. . . . A boy that looks like a comer is Baby Sacco. . . . The best fight town in the state is Sioux City. . . . The writer will open a new Gym soon. . . . Blacky Schatz has handed the job of announcer over to Louie Tattleman, the news kid manager. Schatz says he has too much other work. . . . Lloyd Hagan, sports editor of the Sioux City Tribune, sure looks hot in his new white cap. . . . Reddy Adair is doing fairly well in his come-back. So-long readers.

MID-WEST BOXING NOTES
By PINKIE GEORGE

PRIMO CARNERA'S visit through Iowa and Nebraska turned out to be a big carnival flop. The public apparently has decided that Big Feet is not the attraction he was touted to be and that too many of his bouts have a shady aspect to them. They refuse to be fooled. The receipts in the mid-west were exceptionally poor. It seems that because of this, the Leon See-Bill Duffy brigade pulled a big boner and made many enemies here by banning from the ringside press section Sec Taylor who has held down the post of sports editor of the Des Moines Register-Tribune for sixteen years and is one of the most liked fellows in the sports field.

Taylor, with an enviable record, took several solid whacks at the Carnera-Wright fight, and suggested that it would bring trouble for the boxing commission, and therefore should not be staged. However, the bout was staged. Wright went out in the fourth round, and Taylor, when he came to cover the fight for his paper, was sent to the rear because of his activity. Poor sportsmanship, indeed. Was the Carnera group afraid that Taylor would see too much or is the game now in the hands of muscled-men whose dictation is to be followed by the promoters?

Pep Jennings, star Des Moines flyweight, began intensive training after 4 month layoff. Jennings is without a doubt the greatest flyweight prospect in the Middle-west.

At Des Moines, Bobby O'Hara, Ed Willard's Chicago welterweight, boxed a ten-round draw with Louie Mays. In a previous engagament, O'Hara beat Mays. Charlie Arthurs lost to Tiger Jack Payne, Australian, in another ten.

Joe Kelly, pioneer boxing promoter, is back in Des Moines. He will start promoting again in October.

At Forest City, Ia., Johnny O'Hara beat Kid Carr in ten while Al Bork beat Vale Falegano in six. Otto Von Porat, heavyweight contender, was the guest referee.

Kenneth Hunt, Iowa's heavyweight champion, made a successful comeback when he won easily from Cowboy Bill Kutcher and California Jack Lee.

With Mike Collins' best card, Dick Daniels, back in the limelight, Minneapolis is due for some big events this winter

Last Minute Notes—Freddy Tompkins, Lew Sangor's lightweight, looks like a great prospect. . . . Tompkins is an Iowan making his home in Milwaukee. . . . Bill Hawkins, Sioux City sportsman and director of boxers, is a fine cartoonist. . . . Tony Ligouri, Iowa lightweight, has turned promoter and is doing well at Marshalltown, Ia. . . . Minneapolis has two good bantamweights in Jackie Sharkey and Britt Gorman. Look for another natural for this pair this winter. . . . The month's best performer is Johnny Martin, who claims title of world's greatest club fighter. . . . Pitch and catch is Martin's motto. . . . Nebraska's best drawing cards are Tommy Grogan and Glenn Allen. Fans haven't yet got over Grogan's upset at the hands of Bruce Flowers. A re-match in Omaha is likely. By the way Grogan is originally from a seed Iowa town, Cascade. . . . Yes, and Red Faber, former White Sox pitcher is from there also. . . . Des Moines will see a big amateur meet this winter. . . . Eddie Anderson, Wyoming cowboy, is popular in Des Moines. . . . New faces, new faces is the cry of the Mid-West. Take heed, you Easterners. Go west, young man, go west. . . . Joe Kelly has a great array of boxing talent. His office is at 609 Louis St., Des Moines. . . . Nat Fleischer's article, "New Hampshire Sets Pace" is a warning for Mid-west boxing promoters. . . . Things will be different this Winter they say. . . . Let's hope so. . . . See you all next month.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

THE biggest news break in middle west fistic circles last month was the merging of the stables of Duke Barry of Davenport, one of boxing's real veterans here, and Don Curley of Chicago. The new combine now manages about 40 well known boxers in the middle west.

Promotor Henaghan of Davenport, rematched Kid Leonard of East Moline, and Billy Hoon of Rock Island, for their third meeting and it ended in a near riot when Referee Ralph Alexander of Waterloo awarded the fight to Leonard on a foul in the seventh stanza.

Promoter Charley Schlesselman of Victor, staged one of the best flyweight battles ever witnessed here when he featured Hescedro Montello, Chicago's sensation Cuban midget, and Vale Falegano, Des Moines' Filipino, in a ten rounder. The battle was fast and the contest shattered all previous gate receipts records by hundreds of dollars.

Waterloo, with Ralph Alexander doing the matchmaking, has the greatest attendances of the state. His best attractions are, Lefty Martler of Moline, Kid Ray of Waterloo, Hescedro Montello, Chicago Cuban and Jack Donath of Waterloo.

Short sayings: Moline, Ill., across the river from Davenport, will soon get under way. . . . Moline will prove a greater rival to Davenport this winter. . . . Alex Fidler, Cedar Rapids referee, stands out as the best in the state. . . . This year marks Duke Barry's 38th consecutive year at fisticuffing. . . . Johnny Fryrear, matchmaker at Cedar Rapids is lining up his cards for a busy winter season. . . . Fryrear is one of the most successful of all Iowa's matchmakers. . . . Jacquotte Elverrillo, San Blas Indian of Chicago, who mopped up all Iowa lightweights, has fully recovered from his injury and will soon show in an Iowa ring. . . . Bobby O'Donnel of Mobile, Ala., who has fought Manuel Quintero, sensational southern welter, wants to meet Louis Mays at Des Moines.

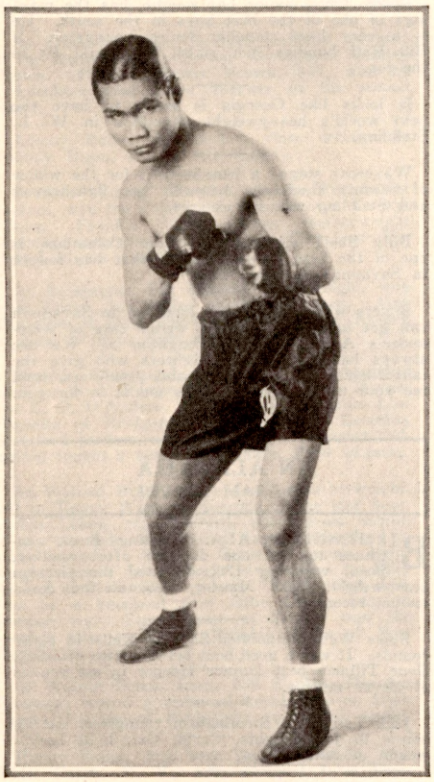
SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

IN the leading bouts in the Queen City during the past month, Freddie Miller, Cinci's aspirant to the featherweight title, staged a wonderful comeback by defeating Henry Falegano, Des Moines, Filipino in ten rounds at Redland Field. In the other affair of prominence, Cecil Payne again whipped Battling Battalino, the 126 pound king in ten rounds.

Miller, returning to ring warfare after a six month's layoff due to illness, displayed old time form and won decisively. Tony LeOne of Dover, O. outspeeded Tony Celamrs of Akron in six; Howard Mitchell outslugged Charley Court in six; Willie Sullivan copped over Eddie Myers and Paul Eviston outpunched Larry O'Connell.

Cecil Payne again proved that he is a little better than the champ Battalino in their second ten-round mill. Battalino, fresh from the knock-out over Fernandez, hopped back to Cinci to take a severe lacing from Cecil. Bat won the initial round but at the close of the second heat Cecil clipped the champ with a stiff right and Bat sank to the floor for a nine count. From there on in Payne hit with lefts and rights, right and lefts, and what not. Battalino was a badly beaten boy at the final bell.



Johnny Datto, hard hitting Cleveland featherweight

Howard Mitchell surprised by winning over Ralph Lenny, classy Gotham lightweight in six rounds although he got only a draw. Joe Leibisch punched Red Shane silly in a four; Mutt Marsch shaded Bernie Smith in four slow heats, and Joe Benziger copped over Willy Sullivan in the special six.

Both bouts were promoted by Herman Katz of the Parkway Club.

Katz, three years ago started out at Tacoma Bowl over in Dayton, Ky., bringing to that city fighters of the type seldom seen around these parts. After reaching the heights, over the river, Herman S. secured the lease on Music Hall in Cinci. Then followed Redland Field where his leading accomplishments have been registered.

Katz in the last three years has brought such fighters in these parts as Primo Carnera, Freddie Miller, Bushy Graham, Billy Shaw, Joe Anderson, J. Haaoken Hansen, Bat Battalino, Cecil Payne, Izzy Echwartz, Harry Fierro and other leaders too many to mention.

Another Cincinnati fight manager has returned. Charlie J. Amann, during the latter part of August arrived back in Cinci from the Pacific Coast where he reports the fight game is going better than ever. While in L. A., Amann was handling the reins of Mickey Malone, a featherweight and Paddy Rutledge, a coming lightheavy.

Joe Choynski, old time heavyweight who is now making Cinci his home, is up and around after an operation at the Jewish Hospital for bladder trouble.

Dayton, Ohio, July 27—Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D. lightweight easily defeated Johnny Curtain of Dayton, O., in ten rounds at Forest Park. Rosy Rosales of Cleveland outpointed Pedlar Palmer of Columbus in ten rounds. They are light-heavyweights. Jimmy Fitzpatrick, beat Bobby McGowan in six rounds.

Phil O'Dowd and Wild Jack Hoster, both of Columbus, fought a draw in eight slow rounds at the lightweight limit.

Information in these parts can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Heavyweights without strings are asked to get in touch with the scribe.

Jack Reynolds, world welterweight wrestling champion, defeated George Gable of Cincinnati, in the headline bout of the Quality A. C. at Redland Field.

Charlie Grip of Huntington, W. Va., downed Art Perkins, Detroit wrestler in 11 minutes with a lift and slam. Charlie Pesek and Billy Thom wrestled to a 30-minute draw. George Vassell pulled the grand surprise of the evening by throwing Allan Eustace in 19 minutes with a back slam.

Jack Reynolds, safely defended his welter title by winning over Billy Thom in a championship match at Hafts Acre in Columbus.

Wrestling information around Southern Ohio can be had by writing the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. For a prompt reply insert a two cent stamp.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THE biggest match that has been staged since the featherweight championship between Johnny Kilbane and Danny Frush took place when Tommy Freeman attempted to wrest the 147 pound title away from Young Jack Thompson. A legitimate championship affair and it attracted a huge attendance. Paul Hamilton acted as the asistant matchmaker and stged some excellent prelims. Bill Miller headed the publicity department and made a great job of it.

Gene Stanton bit off more than he could chew when he tackled Frankie Simms, Charley O'Connell's hard-hitting heavyweight. Simms stopped him in the sixth round. This was a good local match and drew a big house at the Public Auditorium.

Eddie Mead is getting better and better matches for the Taylor Bowl. Too bad he got off to a bad start, otherwise he would have paid the Bowl a good paying proposition this summer.

Primo Carnera finally showed his wares here and knocked out George Cook in the third round. They drew $20,000 and if Carnera ever meets Risko here they will need the ball park. Carnera is a god looking fighter and stands to lick any heavyweight in the world.

Suey Welch has returned from the Coast with his Gorilla Jones who proved a riot there and they want him back for several more shots. Christner was kayoed by Max Baer and Suey is enthusiastic about this Baer. He offered to pay $15,000 for half of his contract but it looks like Jack Kearns has the inside edge on him.

Paul Pierrone and Phil Zwick have left for the Coast. Here are two good fighters and should make plenty of money out there. Pierrone is only a youngster and one of the hardest hitters in the country while Zwick is feared by all the featherweights, including Kid Chocolate.

Rosy Rosales added another victory to his string when he walloped Pedlar Palmer at Dayton. The fans are raving about Rosy and the promoters are digging up some good opponents for Rosy to tackle.

Gene Belmont, former Cleveland featherweight, is now living in Dayton and handling two good prospects. They are Sailor Joe Lawrence and Little Dillon, both in the lightweight class.

Jimmy Smith has moved to Cleveland and will be handled by the writer. Jimmy comes from Chicago and is well recommended by the Chicago managers.

Art Gillespie, a newcomer from Detroit, will make Cleveland his home in the future. He fought Sammy Mandell and is anxious to get a crack at Billy Wallace or Joey Goodman.

Tommy Kid Murphy of Trenton is anxious to show in Cleveland and would like to meet Freddy Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald has a decision over Paul Pirrone.

Get This HOME GYM ALL FOR $5.00

8-in-1 SMASHING BARGAIN

Develop EVERY muscle with this great Outfit. All yours for only $5.00. Includes. 10-cable Progressive Exerciser and Chest Expander; Wall Pulley Attachment; Stirrup for leg muscles; two Scissor Grips for developing wrists, hands, arms; patented, adjustable Head Gear for building powerful neck; Rowing Machine Attachments; 12 weeks Home Instruction Course in Scientific Body-Building and FREE Encyclopedia of Health and Strength.

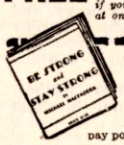
Send No Money! Just mail coupon TODAY for this wonderful bargain.

Guarantee

You don't risk a cent. Try Outfit 10 days. Money back if you want it. Don't miss this chance! Mail coupon NOW.

MICHAEL McFADDEN, Dept. L-10
55 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

FREE *Encyclopedia of Health and Strength if you mail coupon at once.*



(No connection with Macfadden publications)

Michael McFadden, Dept. L-10
55 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me ON TRIAL, complete 8-in-1 Outfit as described. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus actual postage on arrival, (or enclose $5.00 and we pay postage.) My money back if I return outfit in 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

Outside U. S. send cash with order

Grupp's Gym
116th St. & 8th Avenue,
In The Heart of New York

Pioneer Trainers of Professional Boxers
Now in 16th year
eight Reduction Our Specialty

If overweight, come to us. Results shown every visit. It Pays to Keep Physically Fit. Boxing taught scientifically. Our teachers have produced many of world's best boxers.

Matinee Exhibitions Daily 1 P.M. to 4 P.M.

CALL WRITE OR PHONE
FOR PARTICULARS

UNIVERSITY 8606
Hours: 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.
Billy Grupp, President
Chas. Grupp, Secretary and Director

FLORIDA WEST COAST
By "TINY" JOHN GASTHOFF, JR.

THE boxing game is on the revival here. Benjamin Field opens its door in Tampa and the fighters begin to flock into the state for the winter season. At the present time most of the smaller clubs are working on the hand-to-mouth basis and under-paying the pugs. In spite of present conditions prospects for the coming season are bright.

Cuban Club—Tommy White, veteran welter from Texas, battered Benny Burns, Akron, Ohio, all over the ring for six rounds to win on a technical knockout.

Burns was forced to quit in the seventh because he was unable to see from his right eye.

Ed Flynn, Tampa welter, barely eked out a decision in eight rounds over Joe Figarrotta, tough Tampa boy, in a great battle.

Tony "Half Pint" Lopez, Tampa feather, used an effective left hook to win an eight-round decision over Tony Monin, Tampa slugger.

Word got back that Joe Barlow, New York light-heavy, had K. O'ed Tige Armen, Orlando, in the third round at West Springfield, Mass. It seems that Armen went East ballyhooed as the heavyweight champ of Florida, whereas he hadn't graduated from the preliminary class. In his last fight in Florida he was stopped in seven rounds by Antonio Mata. The real claimants of the Florida title are Cracker Jack Webb, now in New York, and Battling Finch of St. Petersburg.

Blondy Parker, welter from Savannah, sprang a big surprise when he flattened Louis Gonzalez, veteran Tampa welter, in the fourth round. Parker floored Gonzalez four times.

Bull Dog Downs, Savannah junior welter, won a ten-round decision over Jackie Ferns of Tampa. Downs floored Ferns ten times.

Sam Crosby, southpaw welter of Tampa, returned from Indiana after an absence of several months. He will fight in Tampa soon.

Cuban Club—Chino Alvarez, clever Tampa feather, abruptly halted the winning streak of Louis Kid Aguiar, Cuba, by knocking him out in less than a minute of fighting in the fourth round. Alvarez dropped Aguiar four times.

Ponce De Leon, veteran welter from Cuba, fought a draw with Charlie Walker, Sarasota, in eight rounds.

Lakeland—Wilbur Stokes, Lakeland welter, won a ten-round decision over George Harmon, Macon, Georgia, in the main event.

Jacksonville—Armando Vidal, Cuban feather, persisted in dropping his punches low and the referee was forced to award the decision to Jose Gonzalez, Mexico City, on a foul in the fifth round.

Baby Miller, Tampa feather, found it quite easy to win the ten-round decision over Mutt Griffin of Miami.

Young Manuel Quintero, Tampa's bid for the junior welter title, is going great guns on the Pacific Coast. After holding Gorilla Jones, Negro middleweight, to a draw, he handed Louie O'Neil a ten-round lacing in San Francisco.

Cuban Club—Piggy Groves, Tampa heavy, and Mike Firpo, Tampa trial-horse, fought a terribly slow eight-round draw. Ed Flynn, Tampa welter, and Ponce De Leon, Cuba, fought a gruelling eight-round draw.

Tony "Half Pint" Lopez, Tampa feather, again easily outpointed Tony Monin, Slugging Tampan, in eight rounds.

Orlando—George Fleming, Lakeland lightweight, scored an eight-round knockout over Ed Stewart of Arcadia.

Jacksonville—Ray Schneider, Jacksonville junior lightweight, let loose a volley of lefts and rights to the mid-section of Joe Peon, Tampa, that sent him down and out in the third round of the main go.

Larry Levett, Sanford middleweight, and Hoke Eberhart, Jacksonville, fought a ten-round draw in the semi-final.

Joe Miller, Tampa feather, and Young Russell, Tampa welter, arrived back in town from New York after a long absence.

George Kennedy, Benjamin Field mentor, sprang a new one. He plans to furnish free transportation to his Arena from Ybor City, the Latin section of Tampa.

Cuban Club—Antonio Mata, Spanish heavy, plugged away for ten-rounds to win the decision over Mike Firpo, veteran from Tampa. Firpo floored Mata in the fifth but even then the Spaniard out scored Firpo.

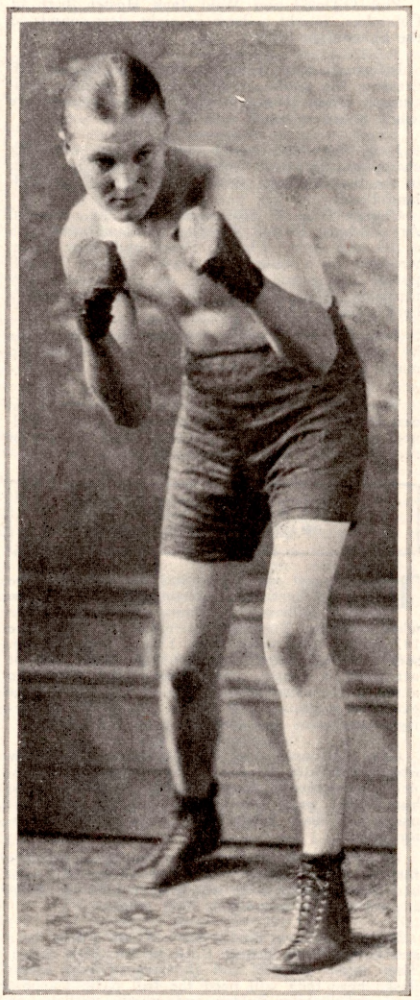
Chino Alvarez, Tampa's up-and-coming feather, toyed with Jimmy Flynn, tough Cuban, two rounds and sent him to the cleaners early in the third. Alvarez makes the best of the fighters look bad with his clever boxing.

Address all letters to "Tiny" John Gasthoff, Jr., P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Florida.

Lew Diamond, well known fight manager and promoter, dropped into Tampa and may arrange to put on a couple of big shows with George Kennedy at Benjamin Field this winter.

Cuban Club—Louis Gonzalez, veteran Tampa welter, proved he can come back when he won every round in his ten-round bout with Blondie Parker, Savannah youngster. Gonzalez won as he pleased.

Hear Ye—Hear Ye, all fighters and managers who are planning to invade Florida this winter may have a list of the promoters in Florida and their addresses, by writing this correspondent and enclosing return postage.



Wildcat Lacey, fast rising flyweight, from Southwest Texas

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
By ROSSY OLLER

ATILIO SABATINO, welter champion, defeated Relampago Saguero, Cuba's best welterweight in ten rounds at the Victory Garden Stadium.

William Dick, Vieques crack welter, won on a foul from Chaly Perez, of Santo Domingo in five.

Jose E. Angulo, Carolina welterweight, knocked out Octavio Almonte of Santo Domingo in the second at the Victory Garden.

Felipe Andrade, Puerta de Tierra bantamweight star, won from Vicente Abadia.

Relampago Saguero, the Cuban speed marvel, gave a boxing lesson to Siso Lizardi, Caguas welter at the Victory Garden.

William Dick and Jose E. Angulo fought to an eight round draw.

Luis Angel Torres, Manati idol, scored a two round K. O. over Victor Mantilla, of San Sebastian.

Our official boxing champions are: Jose Lago, flyweight; Koli Kolo, featherweight; Ray Rivera, lightweight; Atalio Sabatino, welterweight.

The bantam, middle, light heavy and heavyweights are vacant at the present.

NEWS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club of Savannah, has been staging weekly shows most of the year and has been drawing well. The new quarters are located at 30 W. Broughton St.

Blondy Parker, welterweight, after knocking out Louis Gonzalez in Jacksonville went to Tampa and lost a decision to Gonzalez.

Georgia lost recently one of its best fighters and a real gentleman when Sammy Buchanan died.

Sam Crosby, one of the leading welters of the south, took a vacation in Tampa.

Pat Boynton is one of the best fellows in the south to do business with. He is always on the square and has all good fighters.

Ed Alexander in Savannah has some real fighters in Lee Broushue, lightheavy, Blondy Parker, welter, Bulldog Downs, lightweight, and Young Patsey Haley, his amateur bantamweight.

Vernon Seeley, a pocket edition of Sam Crosby, fought Reddy Pitts to a draw in Savannah. It was a great fight.

Reddy Pitts, junior lightweight, has the makings of one of the best boys in the south. He is a very hard puncher for a youngster. If Bill Hall handles him right, he should go to the top.

It looks like Georgia is going to have the next world's heavyweight champion in W. L. Stribling.

Waycross staged a benefit bout for the widow of Sammy Buchanan between two lightheavies and Stribling was the referee.

Billy Shell, middleweight from Columbus is one of the best crowd pleasers that has fought in Savannah in some time.

Boxers who wish to get lined up in Savannah can get in touch with the writer care of Alexander's Arena, 30 W. Broughton St. We are always looking for good fighters who give the fans their best. Managers and promoters, send me your news early so I can get it in for you.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Battling Bozo, continues to win one decision after another. Bozo, weighing 176, defeated the German heavyweight, Mike Maurer, 186, at the Auditorium recently.

Spike Webb outpointed Battling Kelly in eight rounds. It was a good bout between two veterans. Gene Tillman beat Horace Hooper in six rounds of clever milling.

Jack Tunney, a Birmingham youngster, lost on points to Joe Knights, Cario, Ga., light heavyweight at Atlanta, Ga.

Montgomery, Ala.—Joe McDuff, matchmaker for the local American Legion Post No. 2, and Jay Thomas, of Birmingham Post No. 115, promoted the Battling Bozo-Jess Akers bout here, at the Cramton Bowl. Bozo easily outboxed the Tupelo, Miss., light heavyweight.

Jack Sullivan and Horace Hooper, fought to a draw.

Huntsville, Ala.—Horace Hooper beats Billy Mobley in a fast and furious ten-round bout here.

Blue Steel, local negro middleweight, beat Kid Williams, of Cincinnati.

Decatur, Ala.—Jack Ausborne, of Bessemer, kayoed Tommy Baker, local featherweight, in the ninth round.

Jack Dean, a Bessemer veteran welter-weight, drew with Deering Robinson.

Wildcat Adams, a young negro lightweight of Maco, Ga., with a good record, challenges all colored lightweights in this vicinity. He is anxious to show in Birmingham.

If Young Stribling agrees to come here and do battle with Battling Bozo, a record crowd will be there to see it.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

NEW HAVEN has come in for a lucky break. Lew Brown, prominent sportsman and manager of fighters, has been appointed director of boxing and Al Caroly, of Walnut Beach, will be Lew Brown's matchmaker. Caroly has a quarter of a century experience behind him. During the outdoor season he was the only matchmaker to make money for his club in the state.

Stamford had two open air shows last month and both proved a financial success for Joe Chimbole and Dave Rose, promoters.

Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, was awarded the decision over Jack Britton, former world's champion welterweight, in the star bout of one show.

Billy Bridges, New Canaan Junior lightweight, whipped Tommy Brown of Norwalk in the semi-final. Johnny Balko, 160, won over Charles "Buddy" Howard, 158, in a six-spot. Johnny Bellantoni, 116, won from Swat Milligan, 118, in four rounds. Ace Petalas took a four-round decision from Louis Saint. Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute boxer, lost to Billy Summa in four.

K. O. Morgan, Stamford boxer who is now in Toledo, will soon return, and be ready for action.

At Stamford, Billy Bridges pounded his way to the second victory in tow weeks over Tommy Brown. Panama Jimmy Brown, 170, won by a knockout over Dave Wagner in the second round.

Johnny Balko, 160, lost a close decision to Tommy Dunn, 155, in six rounds.

Frankie "Young" Dundee, veteran Portchester bantam, won the duke in six rounds over Tommy Aboba. Frankie Smith, former featherweight amateur champion, knocked out Cleveland Vic Parosi in the fourth.

At Bridgeport, Pat McGrath, lightweight, won over Tampa Joe Miller in the star bout. Alex Touraine of New Haven, won over Joe Russell of New York in eight rounds.

Frankie Minerva, bantam, won an eight-round decision from Romeo Du Bois of New Haven. Joe K. O. D'Andrea, of Stamford, won over Low Piquette of Bridgeport in six. Tony Esposito, Stamford bantam, and Leo Ford, Bridgeport Collegian, fought a peach of a battle, Ford winning.

At Walnut Beach, Steve Smith, featherweight, lost to Jimmy Watts of Georgia in the star bout. Willie Lewis, of Stamford, came from behind to win the duke over Rocky Rayo of Hartford in eight rounds. Roland Daniels, junior lightweight, lost a hard fought six-rounder to Billy Alvero, of Cincinnati. Johnny "Red" Allen, 146, won by a knockout over Ollie Olsen, 148, in another six. Steve Vane of Derby won the opening four spot from Frankie Watts of New Haven.

At Walnut Beach, Louis Kid Kaplan, Meriden Buzzsaw, scored a technical knockout over Irish Jimmy O'Brien, of Bridgeport, in the 9th round.

Jimmy Bones, 124, beat Young Grenada, 123. Eddie Cerda, N. Y., 129, whipped Jules Sombathy, Bridgeport, 131. George Glover, 191, beat Sailor Muggins and Timmie O'Brien, 140, took the nod over Richie Del Monte, 142, in 4 rounds.

At Waterbury Paul Rojas, Hartford middleweight, defeated Jack Kelly, of Waterbury, in ten rounds. Tut Jackson beat George Deschner in eight rounds. Lucien Lanviere, Waterbury, 166, lost to Walloping Wop, Oakville, 163, in six. Johnny La Bow, 125, shaded Frankie Traynor, 124½, in six rounds. Carmen Knapp, New Haven lightweight, scored over Kid Hershey, Waterbury, in six rounds.

At Bridgeport, Antol Kocsis, Hungarian flyweight, beat Blas Rodriguez of Mexico in eight rounds.

Sindulfo Diaz, Porto Rico, 126, beat Tommy Lorenzo, 125, of New York, in eight rounds.

Mike Gelb, Hungary, 125, knocked out Jimmy Batchelor, Newark, 129, in the fourth.

Charlie Von Reeden, N. Y. bantam, stopped Ernie Palmer of Bridgeport, in the fifth.

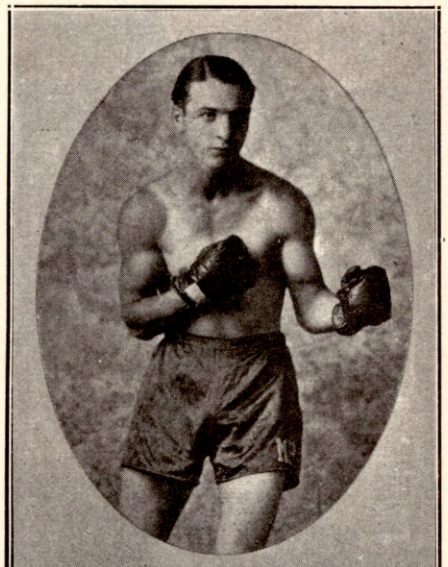
Vic Dorr, Norwich lightweight, knocked Julio Rossi, of Westerly, for the ten count in the first round. Young Lavigne, New London bantam, feated Pee Wee Smith, veteran Bridgeport flyrounds.

Johnny Wood, Los Angeles, 148, won by technical K. O. over Joe Russo, 150, in eight rounds.

I wish to thank Myron Bradley, Toledo's Boy Sportswriter, for his many interesting letters from Ohio boxing circles. I hope Jimmy Amann doesn't get jealous.

Connecticut seems to be the busiest state in New Eigland so far as boxing is concerned. Open air shows drew good houses. The Al Gainor-Buddy Howard scrap left a thousand or so on the outside, which means we need bigger and better arenas.

Connecticut boxers will do well to send to THE RING, 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. City, for a copy of "How to Box," and "How to Train," at one dollar each a copy. There are instructions in these books that will prove valuable to world's champions and they are worth ten times the selling price.



Mickey Paul, brother of Tommy, hailing from Buffalo

Dont' forget the writer's address is Stephen E. Kelly, 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford, Conn., and any information regarding boxing in this state will be furnished on request.

Al Gainor, New Haven lightheavyweight, and claimant of the New England championship, won the heavyweight championship of Connecticut from Buddy Howard of New Haven, when Howard was unable to respond to the bell at the start of the eighth round. Howard took a tremendous amount of punishment.

Carmen Knapp, New Haven, 135, whipped Red De Rosa, of Derby, 138, in five rounds.

Mickey Flahive received a Hartford decision over Cuban Joe Diaz, who pounded Flahive from pillar to post in a six rounder. Frank Morris, N. Y., 178, beat Secondo Gandini, 177, in eight rounds.

Bat Battalino, world's featherweight champion, took the decision from Bud Taylor, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Another one of these imported referees gave this decision while many native Connecticut referees, stood idle. What's the use of appointing referees if we don't intend to use them. Connecticut does not have to go outside for referees as we can match our officials with the best in the world. And we have promoters and matchmakers here, who will stack up with anyone, anywhere.

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP
By FRANKIE BREARO

JERRY DUPREE, Bangor boy, scored over Johnny Nemis, middleweight champ of Eastern Canada at St. John, N. B. in ten rounds. Dupree also conquered Red Grange of Portland during the month.

Bluenose Parent of Rumford took a sweet pasting from Joe Gainor of Syracuse, N. Y. in their go at Waterville. Omer Querion, Waterville, drew with Kayo Stevens, Dexter.

Al Kid McCoy of Winslow is getting plenty of action. He fought a draw with Timmy Burns, Bangor; won over Roney Cont, Augusta, and lost to Cyclone Violette, Old Town.

Marine Russell, former state heavyweight champ, is out to regain the top honors. He easily won over Young Josephs and kayoed "Seven Seventy Seven," Grant Bar Harbor negro in one.

On an all-star card at Lincoln the bouts resulted as follows: Gentleman Lane, Lincoln, drew with Young Shumway, Old Town; Hy Crocher, Lincoln, K. O.'ed Kid McDon in three, and young Ferguson, Howland, easily beat Harry Poole, Lincoln.

The large throngs of fans that are attending the wrestling shows through the state go to show that the mat game is on the gain. Bobby Mainfort, Bar Harbor middleweight, is a favorite with the fans and his wins over John Kilonis of Bosten, Charlie Nichols of Mobile, Ala. and Jack Rogers of Canada have made him popular.

Ted Kid Drew the Bidderford Buzzsaw, carried off the decision in his twelve-round bout against Phil Richards of London, England at Portland. Paul Junior, one of the state's leading lightweights, kayoed Billy O'Leary, Boston, in one and Tony Cavalloro, Portland featherweight, won over Tommy Gaffney of Dover, N. H.

Baby Jack Renault of Lewiston who has been campaigning around Boston, returned to Maine and beat Ronie Cont and Irish Kid Sullivan, drew with Kayo Stan Ketchell and kayoed Young Jack O'Brien.

Young Sulo, "The Blond Tiger" from Newport, made a comeback at Bar Harbor by licking Al Parent, Augusta flyweight. "Seven Seventy-Seven" of Bar Harbor kayoed Kid Spear, Northeast Harbor, 185, in one; Ken Webber, Bar Harbor, drew with Kayo Murphy, Bangor and Young Lindy, Bangor, kayoed Jimmy Wood, Southwest Harbor, in one.

Ronie Cont, Augusta, and Cyclone Biolette, Old Town, waged a bitter draw in their bout at Ellsworth. Al Thomas, Bangor's sensational Jewish welterweight, kayoed K. O. Dennis, Waterville in the fourth, and Al Bedad, Lewiston, sent Shadow Jeanette, Bangor, to the canvas in the fifth.

Another collegian who is making good at the wrestling game is Charles Nichols who was a member of the famous 1929 Georgia Tech football eleven.

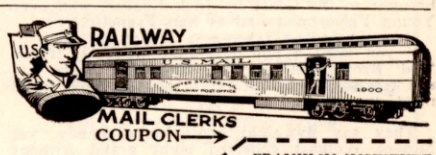
The best prospects of the month were—Heavyweight, Marine Russell; light-heavy, Dan Lucas; middleweight, Jerry Dupree; welterweight, Ted Kid Drew; lightweight, Paul Junior; featherweight, Tony Cavalloro; bantamweight, Johnny Naples; flyweight, Art Giroux.

Jimmy Kid Sullivan, veteran Portland middleweight, conquered Scoops White of Worcester, Mass, Mike Troy of Portland and Pat Brandy of Boston.

Ash Wing, one of the squarest shooters in the game, will again promote shows at Bangor during the fall and winter season.

Dan Lucas, Portland, 177 pounder, won over Joe Tavaleri of Boston on a foul in seven rounds and went to a draw with Black Bill Thompson of Salem during the month.

Want a Steady Job?
Work for "Uncle Sam"
RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS
MAIL CARRIERS
$1700 to $3000 Year
Many U. S. Government Jobs Obtainable
MEN—BOYS, 17 to 50 SHOULD MAIL COUPON IMMEDIATELY
Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.



COUPON——→

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P-213, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge: 32-page book describing U. S. Government positions open and full particulars telling how to get them.
Name.....
Address.....

IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

JOE LEVY is the new matchmaker at the Dreamland auditorium, San Francisco, succeeding Frank Schuler, who resigned.

Levy has been making matches in the West for years and has established an enviable reputation—it's a break for San Francisco.

About all Chuck Wiggins has left is a fighting heart. The veteran Indianapolis heavy just couldn't get going against Mack House at Pasadena and as a result lost ten straight rounds to his black opponent.

Andy Divodi, from New York, outscored Larry Murphy in ten rounds at Oakland.

Local boxing met its strongest counter-attraction—night baseball and came through with colors flying.

The Olympic, Los Angeles, is trying out the ladies free plan. The small clubs have experimented with this policy for some time and found it to be fairly successful.

Jack Dempsey collected nearly $4 000.00 for one minute's work in Seattle. Jack received 25 per cent of a $13,800 house for refereeing the 'Doc' Snell-'Wildcat' Carter bout which ended in a knockout in round one.

The only place Dempsey flopped in his Northwest tour was at Oakland. A substitute fight plus, Jack drew only $3800.

The amazing fistic upset at Hollywood—the defeat of Armand Emanuel by Al Morro—stunned the local boxing world.

All the dope said that Morro, with only one fight to his credit, had no business in the same ring with Emanuel but this Burbank youth expertly handled by Jim Jeffries, crossed up the smart ones by handing the classy Emanuel the most humiliating defeat of his career.

You have to admire Jeffries—the world's heavyweight champion of thirty years ago.

Jeff doesn't believe in prize-ring mollycoddles. His idea is that a fighter is good or bad and the sooner the world learn the answer the better it is for all concerned.

Jeffries and Morro celebrated their victory over Emanuel by returning to their ranch home in Burbank for a good night's sleep.

Morro is only a little past the voting age but as well developed as any heavyweight you will find in a month's search.

He has been with Jeffries since he was 17 years old—a tall rangy kid more alert than the usual run of ranch hands and eager to absorb some of the fistic prowess his big boss once had.

Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion of the world, outpointed Willard Dix at Oakland to win an easy ten-round decision. Although neither fighter at any time was near a knockout the title holder suffered a badly cut eye which caused him to cancel several bouts throughout the Northwest. It was an overweight thing.

The 'Kid' can take 'em. That's the tribute Los Angeles fans paid to Harry 'Kid' Brown, Philadelphia veteran, after he had taken a ten-round pasting from Billy Townsend at the Olympic.

Billy Papke, Jr., son of the former world's champion middleweight, got away to a great start in his first pro fight. Young Billy stopped Max Hernandez, a tough light-heavyweight, in round one at Hollywood. The Kid's famous dad was behind him.

Benny Miller, Los Angeles Jewish middleweight sensation, must start his pugilistic climb all over again. Benny ran a poor second to Sammy Jackson, Ocean Park colored battler, at the Olympic, Los Angeles. Miller rated a 2 to 1 price over the colored boy.

George Courtney, Oklahoma light-heavyweight, brought to the Coast by Jack Kearns, won over Young Firpo on a foul at San Francisco.

If you want a line on fight managers, Harry 'Kid' Brown can wise you up. The Philly Kid can tell you about all types, he has been under most every breed.

They say flyweight don't make money. yet Midget Wolgast collected eight grand without risking his title and in less than a month's time.

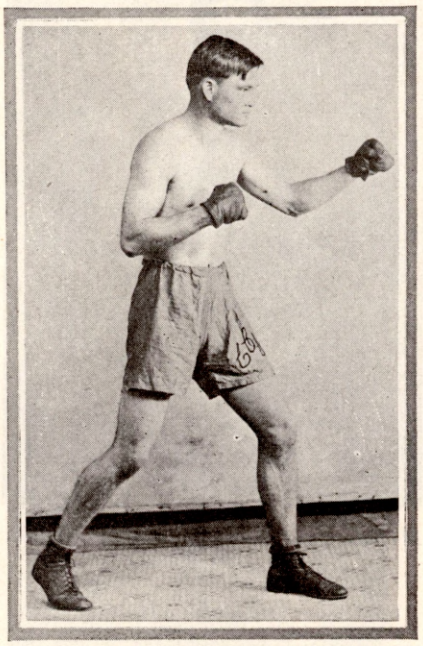
The Midget's end for fighting Speedy Dado was $3,000—at Hollywood he pocketed $2,000 for the Canto Robleto thing and another three G's from Jack Doyle for his humiliating affair with Newsboy Brown.

Before leaving, Callahan closed a lease on a downtown Los Angeles store and ordered a $10,000 haberdashery stock. He will devote much of his personal attention to the business. Mushy's snappy personality should have a strong appeal to the sporting crowd.

Midget Wolgast, the little hop, skip and jump flyweight champion, romped home a winner over Speedy Dado on a technical knockout at the Olympic, Los Angeles, and put on quite a show at Hollywood in trouncing Canto Robleto, but the aura of invincibility surrounding the champion was penetrated by Newboy Brown, who punched the Philly Humming Bird all over Jack Dayle's arena.

The Newsboy weighed 20 ounces over the flyweight limit, by agreement, thus saving another title. Wolgast is a fine little sportsman, however, and greeted the winner with a smile. "You're the champ," he said to Brownie.

Speedy Dado, who broke his arm fighting Wolgast, was at the ringside when the champ fought Brown. Speedy's bum arm was in a cast.



"Texas" Charley Cobb, rugged welterweight on the West Coast

Max Baer belted old K. O. Christner into slumberland in round two at Oakland. This was the first time Christner had been counted out in his entire career. He has, however, lost by technical knockouts to Otto Van Porat and Primo Carnera.

Suey Welch, manager of Christner, offered J. Hamilton Lorimer, Baer's manager, $16,000 in cold cash for Baer's contract immediately after reviving his own battler.

Lorimer has had numerous offers for Baer's contract, including one from Jack Kearns, but does not fancy the idea of relinquishing all strings on his fighter.

Bucky Lawless, from Syracuse, after a disastrous California debut in San Francisco, moved down to Hollywood and made quite a favorable impression on the movie folks by soundly trouncing Babe Anderson.

Bobby Reister, lightweight, will be heard from soon. The good looking Alhambra boy has established a great knockout record at the little clubs and is about due to move into bigger things.

Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion, may do a comeback. Mushy is at Soper's ranch, made famous by Jack Dempsey, along with Jackie Fields, ex-welterweight champion, and Benny Miller, rising young middleweight. All three plan a strenuous winter's campaign and are getting in condition by boxing each other.

Come on you heavyweights—there is work to be done—let em hear from you. Address me at 5007¼ S. San Pedro street, Los Angeles.

"FRISCO LEFT HOOKS"
By J. J. MALDONADO

CHARLEY HERNANDEZ, local lightweight prospect, K. O.'d Johnny Mannis in the fourth round at the National Hall. Charley was complete master of the hard hitting Mannis. Jack Commell knocked out Paul Drake in the fourth round. Kid Pakley won over Kintara Useda in six rounds. Paddy Walthier and Joe Roberts went four rounds to a draw, Don Harrington beat Francis Martin; Henry Kudo won over Rudy Sandino and Al Citrono beat Johnny Valentino.

Andy Divodi, sharp-shooting New York welterweight won the ten-round decision from Larry Murphy at the Oakland Auditorium. Louie O'Neill, fighting brother of Frankie Stetson, chalked up a one-round knockout over Johnny Costello. Tom Toner won a six-round decision over Ted Jermigan. Joe Roberts won from Leroy Brook on a T. K. O. in the fifth round. Jackie Mandell beat Johnny Eagles in the curtain raiser.

Babe Marino won the decision from Madison Dix in ten rounds of fast fighting at the National Hall's weekly cards. The fight was very close. Charley Risko won from Kenneth Lee in six rounds. In another close decision, Jack Commell won from Jack Griffin. Kid Capley won from Joe Andrianson. Harry Jenning beat Pete Tripodes, and Teddy Hayes stopped Red Kuchl in the third.

Charley Hernandez, one of the most prominent fistic stars in the bay region, stretched Paul Negri horizontally in two rounds at Dreamland Auditorium. Lester Donati took a four decision over Jack Charvez. Pete Cerkan knocked out Ray Brown in the first round. Pat Cunningham won the nod over Harry Jennings in four. Bobby Mars, spotting twelve pounds, took the decision over Young Duran. Tom Jeffers stopped Leo Sydney in the second round.

Chick Devlin, local pride among the middleweights, knocked out Al Marino in the seventh round. Devlin K. O.'d Marino after the eleventh knock-down. Chick had a bit too much experience for the rugged Marino. In the preliminaries, Johnny Costello was given an undeserved decision over Kid Capley. Capley won all but the sixth and final rounds. Jack Griffin and Billy Adams went six rounds to a draw. Tony Pasich won from Harry McLean, Al Manfredo and Al Johnson went four rounds to a draw. Paul Mann easily beat Jimmy Flynn, and Lester Valva K. O.'d Tony Russo in the first round.

Young Firpo was imported from Portland to fight the main event with George Courtney and was stopped in the middle of the fifth round. Firpo came with a reputation of being a two-fisted battler with a kick in either mitt, but he failed to show his assets. He showed one of the most peculiar styles ever seen in a fighter, in fact he proved to be a wonderful wrestler. Sam Bruce took a six-round decision over Pat Cunningham. Louie O'Neal knocked out Harold Hicks of Denver in the first round. Ray McMullen took a six-round decision over Joe Elrane. Stanley Sharp won from Johnny O'Donnel and Barney Russ won from Mannie Goodrich also in four rounds.

Louis O'Neil, fighting brother of Frankie Stetson, again scored a one-round knockout when he added Joe Bell to his string of victims at National Hall. Charley Risko stopped Paul Regalia in the second round. Hal Roberts surprised by taking the nod over Artie Sullivan Al Manfredo in a return match won from Al Johnson in four; Ernie Asp won from Johnny Anderson, and Lester Valva and Benny Romero fought a draw. Jack Silva and Johnny Ramos also fought a four-round draw.

Manuel Quintero, southpaw welterweight from Florida, made a good showing in his Pacific Coast debut when he held Gorilla Jones to a ten-round draw at the Dreamland Arena. Jones, a master boxer could not solve the baffling style of the burly Spaniard. Opinion seemed to be divided as to the victor and the draw decision was a just one. Sam Bruce and Jack Charvez put on an agony contest which terminated in a draw. Charley Miller won from Paul Mann in the six-round special event. Joe Limas stopped Johnny Cusik in the first; Doc Mannison took a four-round decision over Ray McMullen, while Lester Hoag and Barney Russ went four rounds to a draw.

"Little" Al Robinson, now in New York is having a hard time getting started. No sooner does he get lined up to meet someone than the match is off, it seems that the flyweights in the East coast want no part of his game. He was scheduled to meet four opponents but when they found out who they were stacked up against, they took to the woods. If given a chance Little Al will make plenty of trouble for the little men back there.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

VERNON CORMIER, Worcester County featherweight champion, successfully defended his title against Johnny Villa of Shrewsbury by scoring a technical knockout in the second round at the Fairgrounds.

As a pro, Cormier became a sensation, meeting Al Brown among his opponents. He has defeated every prospect in New England including the former N. E. bantam titleholder, Johnny Vacca. He holds two decisions over the Brighton boy who once defeated Fidel LaBarba. Cromier looked wonderful in victory and Villa, great in defeat.

Worcester now boasts of the New England heavyweight title which was won by Jack Dudley at the Boston Garden. He won the crown and a diamond belt by emerging the victor in a tournament sponsored by Alex McLean of the Garden.

Worcester is proud of its new champion and will go a long ways to prove its loyalty. However, the title granted by the Garden seems rather mythical. There is no question that the Garden has brought forth new faces—but in its quest for a champion, it has failed. When one considers that there are such boys as Ernie Schaaf, Jim Maloney, Joe Monte, Al Friedman, Harry Allen to be figured with, the title appears as a myth. Then to go to extremes—where does the Boston gob who is still seeking a title come in?

The only other two prospective winners that are entered from Worecester are Vernon Cormier and "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard. Unless unseen opposition arises Cormier who has defeated every one that is entered should win as should Brouillard among the welters. He has participated in 52 bouts, winning 34 by knockouts and 14 by decisions.

Maurice Lemoine, a veteran of many battles who fought Honey Melody three times, manages Cormier, Brouillard, Ero Peterson, lightweight and Rene Fontaine, bantamweight. Peterson will be remembered as the "Iron Man" who won three bouts in five days during the latter part of last year.

Harvey Peete, sensational featherweight member of the Worcester Sporting Club stable of boxers substituted on short notice and flattened Eddie Forte of Providence in three. This was the greatest upset in many months of battling.

Rene Fontaine made his pro debut under Maurice Lemoine and scored a two-round knockout over Johnny Lambert of Providence. Vic Lotti, Marlboro lightweight, won an eight-round decision from Al Racknow of Winthrop.

At West Springfield—Jerry Emard of Holyoke won an eight round verdict from Eddie Provoe, of New York. They are lightweights. Roland Lecuyer, featherweight, beat Charlie Ernst, France, in eight. Lou Farber, New York, won from Buster Nadeau, Holyoke in eight. Jackie Norton, Haverhill lightweight, won from Young Oberman of New York.

"Chub" Leno, who has spent 22 of his 46 years on the mat is the new wrestling intructor at the Worcester Sporting Club. He has a class of about thirty pupils, foremost among them being Louis Rano, New England lightweight champ; Keith Comeau, New England welterweight ruler, Armand Baril, Calvin Ball, Harry Millette, Lester Anderson and John Flynn. These are amateurs. Leno is also instructor of Physical Culture. He plans to develop a wrestling team for the Olympics.

The second all-star card of the month at West Springfield found Lou Farber of New York scoring his second win over Art Chapdelaine in eight. Stanley Winneryk trounced Roland Lecuyer for eight cantos. Eddie Provoe of New York won by a technical knockout in the fifth round from Freddy O'Connor of Boston. Steve Ketchel of Haverhill flattened Andy Hudson of New York in the fourth. In the five-round opener, Red Riner won from Homer Thibeault.

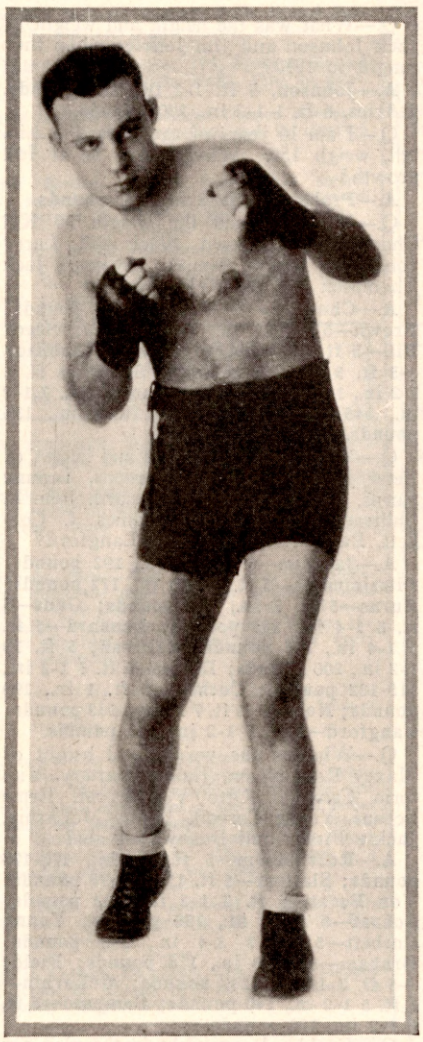
At North Adams—Arthur Flynn, Lawrence light-heavy, won a close ten-round decision over Willie Oster, of Boston. Leo Ledoux of Worcester won from Ruby Levine of Boston, in the eighth. They are lightweights. George Anderson of Boston won a six-rounder from Young Utting of Syracuse. In another six Young Bard of Adams bested Napoleon Bonaparte of Boston. The four-round curtain raiser found Mickey Lagess winning from Young Villa.

At North Adams—Al Ragone was disqualified in his bout with Jackie Harmon for not fighting. Ray Pelky, of Worcester lost an eight-round decision to Olaf Herset of North Adams. They are heavyweights. Billy Champany, lightweight, kayoed Jackie Dillon of New Haven in the fourth. Kid Ducker won in six from Billy Gonyea, Worcester.

Eddie Shapiro of the Worcester Sporting Club produced three Worcester County amateur champions and a runner up at the annual Worcester County amateur championships at Fitchburg. The new champions are Charles McManus, bantamweight; Harry Alexanian, lightweight and Tony Thompson, heavyweight. The finalist was Paul Liangos in the flyweight class. This was Paul's second amateur contest.

Boxers are handled by Eddie Shapiro, who is recognized as an authority hereabouts on the manly art of assault and battery.

Anyone desiring further information regarding New England affairs may receive same by addressing the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Massachusetts. Please print your address legibly. Several letters are unanswered because the address cannot be distinguished.



Tony Dilullo, featherweight crack from Montreal

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO

By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM was scheduled to fight Nate Brown of Philadelphia in Spokane, but Rosenbloom "backed out". Maxie claimed that he received an eye injury in his fight with Willard Dix at Los Angeles.

George Richard, of Tacoma, lost his first fight in 48 starts when he was Koed by Young Firpo at Kellogg, Idaho.

Big Bill Nearing, 200-lb. lumberjack, won on a foul in the third when Sam Eizman of Tacoma, cut a gash over Bill's eye.

In two special events, George Maddox, veteran boxer, fought a four-round draw with Mike Burns, and Mickey McCoy won a decision over Ted Tair. All four are in the 135-lb. class.

Young Jay DeAndrea won a decision over Tony Alesko. Young Jay looks like a comer.

The World War Veterans of Shoshone County are building an outdoor arena half way between Wallace and Kellogg, Idaho, and expect to open.

Smashing Bargain
SEND NO MONEY
LIMITED LOW PRICE OFFER

SAVE OVER HALF ON THIS OFFER

But you save still more if you buy now. **Everything's included** in this special low price offer. Big rugged **10 Cable Exerciser** adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Complete **Wall Exerciser Parts** for Back and Shoulder development. **Hand Grip** that builds husky Wrists and Forearms. **Head Gear** to bring out those dormant Neck Muscles. **Foot Stirrup** and **Harness** that develops sinewy Calf and Thigh Muscles. Regulation **Heavy Skip Rope** for Speed, Endurance, and Wind. And a completely illustrated **Course of Instruction. All This—For only $4.48!** Take advantage of this temporary low price offer NOW. **Just send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $4.48 plus postal charges. Outside United States, Cash with Order.**

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
13 East 22nd St. Dept. K-12 New York, N. Y.

HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of Its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42d St., New York City

WANTED

Police Gazettes from 1846 to 1896. Any odd numbers especially those of the early eighties. Also any Police Gazette Annuals or Record Books from 1880 to1908.
Address THE RING
11 West 42nd Street New York City

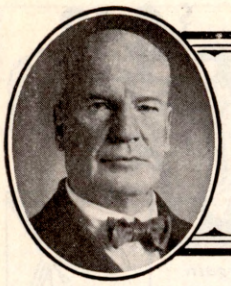
THE RING

has the greatest collection of fight pictures in the world. Present day and old timers. Poses and action photographs ready for framing. Size, 8 by 10 inches on heavy glossy paper.
THE RING PHOTO DEPT.
11 West 42d Street New York City

IF YOU WANT A BIGGER INCOME SELL SHIRTS!

Earn big money from the start. Let Quaker help you. Wonderful sample Outfit gets orders. Finest Men's Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery. Unbeatable values, Unique sales features. Ironclad guarantee. Shirts, Ties, Cash Bonuses given to producers. Write for Free Outfit NOW! Dept. O-10.
QUAKER SHIRT CORP., 1107 Broadway, N.Y.

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING
Riding Academy Five Minutes from Camp
Bridle Path



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Milton G. Horn

Q.—Who were the five most scientific boxers of all time?

A.—"All time" too comprehensive a period. Bare knuckle and glove methods differed. Jem Mace best bare knuckle boxer. Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett greatest glove boxers. In lighter classes, Young Griffo, greatest, followed by Jim Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde, Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Abe Attell.

Barker Faylor, Depew, Okla.

Q.—Name the greatest fighter of all times in each division?

A.—Heavy: Jackson, Fitzsimmons; light-heavy—Langford, Dillon; welter—Walcott; light—Gans, Leonard; feather—Dixon, McGovern; bantam—Dixon, McGovern; Flyweight—Wilde.

Albert C. Clifford, Kingston, Ont., Canada

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 6 inches, 118 lbs. Is it advisable for me to start light training?

A.—Yes. Get a copy of "Training for Boxers," issued by RING, Price $1. Complete instruction for young athletes.

Jack Steele, Sydney, N. S., Canada

Q.—What are Mandell's measurements?

A.—5 ft. 6 3-4 in.; 137 pounds; 68 in. reach.

Q.—How would you rate Chick Suggs and Rene Devos?

A.—Suggs has seen his best days; Devos—very promising.

A Reader, Phila., Pa.

Q.—Can I train from 145 to 130 lbs. without hurting myself?

A.—Inadvisable. Get a copy of "Training for Boxers," issued by RING. Price $1. Contains valuable information on reducing.

Q.—Is 23 years too old to enter the ring if I join a gym and take boxing lessons?

A.—Not too old to learn.

Jack Dillon, N. Y. C.

Q.—Who won the fight in Boston between Ernie Schaaf and Big Boy Peterson, May 25th?

A.—Peterson.

Q.—Who won between George Courtney and McVey at Coney Island on May 25th?

A.—Courtney.

Phil Magruder, Kevil, Ky.

Q.—Did Red Herring ever hold a championship?

A.—No.

A Fan, Erie, Pa.

Q.—How would you rate Max Strub, Erie lightweight?

A.—Experience limited. Highly promising.

Q.—Is it true that John L. Sullivan ducked Peter Jackson?

A.—Jackson challenged but never got a match.

A Reader, Cincinnati

Q.—How tall is Tommy Loughran?

A.—6 ft. 1-2 in.

Q.—What was the height and weight of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries when they fought in 1910?

A.—Johnson, 6 ft. 1-2 in., 220 pounds. Jeffries, 6 ft. 1 1-2 in., 220 pounds.

Q.—I am 16 years of age, 6 ft. 1 1-2 in. tall, weigh 156. What will I be at full growth?

A.—Probably 6 ft. 3 in., 190 pounds.

Q.—How tall and the weight of Kid Chocolate, Al. Brown, Black Bill, Larry Johnson, Harry Smith, Young Jack Thompson and Baby Joe Gans?

A.—Chocolate—5 ft. 3 in., 125 pounds; Brown—5 ft. 11 in., 118 pounds; Black Bill—5 ft. 3 1-2 in., 111 pounds; Johnson—5 ft. 5 in., 116 pounds; Smith—5 ft. 8 1-2 in., 146 pounds; Thompson—5 ft. 7 1-2 in., 145 pounds; Gans—5 ft. 6 in., 135 pounds.

Q.—What was the weight and height of Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, John L. Sullivan, George Dixon, James J. Corbett, Bat Nelson and Sam Langford?

A.—Jackson—6 ft. 1-2 in., 192 pounds; Fitzsimmons—5 ft. 11 3-4 in., 172 pounds; Burns—5 ft. 7 in., 180 pounds; Gans—5 ft. 6 1-4 in., 135 pounds; Leonard—5 ft. 5 1-4 in., 135 pounds; Sullivan; 5 ft. 10 1-2 in., 200 pounds; Dixon—5 ft. 3 1-2 in., 115-122 pounds; Corbett—6 ft. 1 in., 190 pounds; Nelson—5 ft. 7 1-2 in., 133 pounds; Langford—5 ft. 6 1-2 in., 180 pounds.

Q.—What is the weight and height of Maxey Rosenbloom, Jimmy Slattery, Victorio Campolo, Otto Von Porat, Ernie Schaaf, Young Corbett, Jimmy McLarnin, Jackie Fields and Bushy Graham?

A.—Rosenbloom—5 ft. 11 in., 170-175 pounds; Slattery—5 ft. 11 in., 175 pounds; Von Porat—6 ft. 3 1-2 in., 202 pounds; Schaaf—6 ft. 1 in., 190 pounds; Young Corbett—5 ft. 7 3-4 in., 145 pounds; Graham—5 ft. 5 in., 118 pounds; Fields—5 ft. 7 1-2 in., 147 pounds; McLarnin—5 ft. 5 1-2 in., 140 pounds; Campolo—6 ft. 6 1-2 in., 220 pounds.

Q.—Could a boxer fight in the ring for money at the age of 17?

A.—Yes.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn.

Q.—Please name the heavyweight champions of the world from the early days to the present.

A.—Jem Mace, of England, 1870-1881; retired undefeated. James J. Jeffries, 1899-1905. Retired undefeated. Tommy Burns, 1906-1907. Defeated by Jack Johnson; Jack Johnson, 1908-1915. Lost to Jess Willard; Jess Willard, 1915-1919. Stopped by Jack Dempsey; Jack Dempsey, 1919-1926. Outpointed by Tunney; Gene Tunney, 1926-1928. Retired undefeated; Max Schmeling, 1930—. Decision on foul against Sharkey.

Peter Jackson made himself champion of England and Australia, and he sought matches with both Sullivan and Corbett but failed to get them. In 1898, when Jackson was done as a fighter, he was stopped in 3 rounds by Jeffries. This gave Jeff one leg on the world's title. He completed by stopping Fitzsimmons, holder of the American title. Jeff retired undefeated in 1905, and Tommy Burns, after beating a majority of contenders for American title stopped Moir, champion of England, and Bill Squires, Australian title holder. The world's title then descended from Burns to Johnson, to Willard to Dempsey to Tunney. There is no question that Corbett and Fitz were of world championship caliber, but titles are not won by claim, and both of these great fighters failed to meet Peter Jackson, the outstanding European figure of pugilism. Corbett defeated Mitchell, who claimed the English title, but was never recognized as such by the boxing officials of England. Mitchell was a great fighter considering his weight, never more than 160, but he was constantly in a snarl with the rulers of boxing in England, and never defeated the recognized holder of the British title.

Canadian Hope, Quebec.

Q.—My age is 19 years and 6 months, my weight 145 pounds, my height 5 ft. 10 in. Do you think I could become a good boxer? How much would it cost for first class training in a modern gymnasium in the States? As I have not trained at all I am anxious to learn the expense of complete training and instruction.

A.—What you need most of all is instruction, and a visit to the United States would doubtless be very expensive. You can get instruction close at home. Call on Arthur Drapeau, Imperial Theatre, Quebec, Ludger La Montagne, 147 Bridge Street, Quebec, and Antonio Emond, 187 Fleurie Street, Quebec. Any of these can tell you what to do. Incidentally get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box", from THE RING—price $1 each. They will give you a valuable insight into the best methods of developing your physical qualities.

Reader, Pinckneyville, Ill.

Q.—Do you know of a manager in Chicago, Detroit, or St. Louis who would give a good welterweight prospect a chance?

A.—Try Scotty Monteith, Olympia S. C., Detroit, Mich., or Frankie Mastro, News Service Bureau, 1220 S. Maple Ave., Berlin, Illinois.

RING Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—My age is 15, height 5 ft. 10 in, weight 143 pounds. What will be my weight and height at full growth?

A.—Probably 195 pounds, 6 ft. 2 in.

Q.—Who would win in a bout between Carnera and Stribling?

A.—They have met twice, each winning on an alleged foul.

Reader, Rockford, Ill.

Q.—What should a boy aged 17, and standing 5 ft. 6 in., weigh in good health?

A.—Probably 138.

Q.—In what round was Sharkey knocked out by Dempsey?

A.—Seventh round.

OREGON FLASHES
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—In a re-match featuring Geo. Moore's card, Benny Pelz beat Mickey Dolan in 10 rounds of torrid fighting.

Herman (the German) Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., middleweight, won from Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, in ten hot rounds, for Promoter Gruman.

Frankie Warnecke, 168, Portland, won from Roy Jacks, 175, Kansas City, on a foul in two.

Jackie Evans, Kansas City, chilled Jimmy Marshall, 'Frisco flyweight, in three.

Johnny Hanson, 147, Portland, kayoed Roy Dirks, 142, Bellingham, Wn., in two.

Eddie Volk is back in Portland from his work in the eastern Oregon hay fields and is ready to fight.

Clem Hamill has opened a gymnasium in 'Frisco. He has six boys under management.

On the Pelz-Dolan card, Tuffy Wing, Portland, successfully "came back" against Joe Coffman, Buffalo lightweight, by winning in six.

Eddie Edleman, Portland Eskimo, kayoed Soldier Dagutis, 138, Vancouver, Wn., in three.

Johnny Hanson, Portland's "fighting newsboy" chilled "Tiger" McGlone, Portland, in two.

Promoter Harry Hansen is again in good standing here.

The Oregon and White House Gymnasiums have closed. Salkeld and Lillard of the White House have joined with Harry Osborne in the Worcester Building.

Oregon fans were disappointed at the showing of Young Firpo in 'Frisco where he was disqualified for clinching in his fight with George Courtney.

On Ralph Gruman's card, Herman (the German) Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., won over Jack McVey, New York middleweight.

Eddie Edleman, Portland puncher, chilled Eddie Graham, Portland lightweight, in one.

"Swede" Nelson, Vernonia, technically finished Jimmy Murray in four.

Jackie Evans, Kansas City speedster, scored over Tony Seaman, flyweight, in four.

Portland is the home of many promising boxers and need not depend on outside talent that fails to deliver, as was the case with Jack McVey recently.

Joe Levy, ex-Portland matchmaker, has been appointed matchmaker at Dreamland Auditorium in 'Frisco.

Joe Marcus, Portland, and Matt Calo, California lightweight, drew in ten.

Eddie Edleman, Portland Eskimo, punched out a technical kayo over Joe Elraine, 'Frisco, in eight.

Abie "Perry" Israel, Portland flyweight, won a hair-line nod over Jackie Evans, Kansas City, in six.

Jack Capri, manager of Ratzlaff, Warnecke, and Denny Lenhart, plans a tour of the East this fall with his boxers.

J. Ashman Beaven, manager of a Honolulu Stadium, says that the fights in Honolulu are run on a 60-40% basis. Such a system insures real scraps.

Doc Snell, popular Northwest slugger, has hung up the gloves. Snell has saved his ring earnings.

Andy Di Vodi, New York welterweight, has been stopping in Portland.

At Klamath Falls, with Dempsey refereeing, Shrimp McDonald, 120, Lakeview, and Billy Ryan, Hollywood, drew in ten.

Millio Millitti, Omaha, decisioned Young Sam Langford, 148, Kalmath Falls Negro, in ten.

At Salem, Jack Kentworth, Portland welterweight, technically kayoed Ted Rogoway, Portland, in three.

Jimmy Anderson, Astoria, won by a foul over Art Akers, Salem lightweight, in two.

During the last month, Portland was visited by many fisticuff stars. Young Corbett, world's uncrowned welterweight champion of Fresno, stopped in Portland to see the Ratzlaff-Dixon battle.

Maxie Rosenbloom hit Portland from a gay time in filmland. His manager, Frank Bachman, arrived a couple of days sooner.

Jack Dempsey, the idol of fistiana, stopped in Portland and proved his popularity when he appeared unheralded at the first Portland night base-ball game and received a wild ovation.

At Klamath Falls, Frankie Warnecke, Portland, chilled Roy Smith, Los Angeles light-heavyweight, in two.

Steamboat Jackson, Klamath Falls, kayoed Jack Kentworth, Portland welterweight, in nine.

At Baker, Fred Lenhart, 179, Spokane, kayoed Tony Tallarico, 199, Walla Walla, Wn., in eight.

Eugene-Herb Owen, western Oregon promoter, underwent a serious operation and is reported doing well.

Chuck Borden, Eugene boxer, has opened Owen's gymnasium. He is developing a promising youngster in "Turkey Red" Springfield.

All boxers in the Northwest wishing their pictures in THE RING, just mail a clear photograph to the writer—596 East 60th St. North, Portland, Oregon.

HOOKS AND JABS IN OKLAHOMA
By PEWEE (E. T.) CLOUGH

DRUMRIGHT, Okla.—Louisville Jack Dillon won from Norman Brown in ten rounds. Al Lane, brother of Kid K. O. Lane lost to Chuck Dye after having Dye on the floor in the first round on the nine count. Young Ketchel won from Young Casey of Muskogee in ten rounds.

Seminole, Okla.—Earl Mason, slugging middleweight, upset the dope when he stopped Young Prevost. It is rumored that boxing will soon thrive again in Shawnee. The writer wishes the promoter the best of luck and will give every possible assistance.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Nate Jackson, Oklahoma's veteran promoter, has recovered from a serious operation.

Oklahoma City's newly organized boxing commission has created a new interest for the public in boxing. Their first move was to force promoters to place with them a one thousand dollar cash bond for public safety of first class shows. Gilbert Harrison has been appointed Secretary for the State Commission. Mr. Harrison is a very capable man and is well liked.

Mrs. Nate Jackson promoted a show while her husband was confined to the hospital. Her show was a success.

Baxter Calmes, Oklahoma City heavy, stopped Fred Reece of Kansas City in seven rounds in a furiously fought bout.

Bobby Calmes, younger brother of Baxter, won from Zip Zarro of Henryetta, Okla.

Kid K. O. Lane, Shawnee welter, showed plenty of class when he stopped Lester Allen, highly touted Oklahoma City boy in three rounds. The writer predicts a bright future for Lane, who is only eighteen years old.

Seminole, Okla.—Earl Mason won from Red Foster in a ten-round bout.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—George Courtney, middleweight contender, made short work of Joe Packo of Toledo, Ohio. Courtney floored Packo in the first and again in the second for the count. The Courtney Packo bout was the opening card offered by the newly organized Metropolitan Athletic Club and was well attended by a satisfied audience.

Everett Strong, formerly of California, now of Ponca City, Okla., left handed his way to a well earned decision over Billy Atkinson of Scranton, Kansas.

The writer wishes to thank the many friends who have continually insisted that he again keep Oklahoma's bouts in THE RING. Boys wishing bouts in this section will do well by writing the writer and not spending extra money for traveling expense. I will be glad to turn your letters to various promoters.

Address your letters in care of the Atlas Glass Company, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

Complete course in Boxing, for only $1.97. Our scientific methods cut time of learning in half. Teaches the blows used by professionals—Dempsey's Triple, Fitzsimmons' Shift, etc. Every blow illustrated. Also Wrestling, Jiu-Jitsu and History of Boxers. 6 big books—hundreds of pages. Send no money—see coupon.

Complete Course $1.97 Plus Postage

Marshall Stillman Association
Dept. 10G, 220 East 42nd Street, New York
Send on 10 day approval complete Self Defense Course. I will deposit $1.97, plus postage, with postman. I will return course in 10 days if not satisfactory, and money will be refunded.
Name.....
Street and City.....
[Outside U. S. A.—cash with order.]

WILL BUY
Old Police Gazettes prior to 1905.
Police Gazette Annual Record books—
Any year from start to 1906.
Address—Nat Fleischer, THE RING,
11 West 42nd Street New York City

SAMMY EVANS
THE NEW WELTERWEIGHT SENSATION
CLEVER—FAST—AGGRESSIVE
Most Popular Fighter in the Northwest.
Will Fight Anyone—Any Place.
EDDIE DOHERTY, Manager
8 Sixth St., South, Great Falls, Mont.

CHARLIE COBB
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST DRAWING CARD PAST OR PRESENT
A Hard Puncher and a Crowd Pleaser.
Will meet any Welterweight in the World.
Write for matches to
1519 Bancroft St., San Diego, California

REDUCE—You Can *EASILY*
In this book "How To Reduce Weight," Bernarr Macfadden gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instruction, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises. By all means send for it today. Price 50c postpaid.
MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY
Desk R-10 1926 Broadway, New York City

Mouth Bleeding Stopped For $5
Cut lips and bleeding mouths are past.
NO MORE is it necessary to be annoyed by a LOOSE, ILL-FITTING MOUTHPIECE that is always FALLING OUT.
MOUTHPIECES MADE TO ORDER
Of soft, flexible, rubber, red in back, white in front, can hardly be noticed.
OUT-OF-TOWN BOXERS CAN ORDER BY MAIL
M. M. SALOMON, D.D.S.
144 Columbus Ave. at 66th St., New York City
Tel. Trafalgar 7096 Office Hours 10 to 5

Pioneer Gymnasium
340 West 44th St. New York City
Eighth & Ninth Aves.
World's famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P. M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions evenings until nine o'clock
Jimmy De Forest and Young Otto
Boxing Instructors
Tel. Long Acre 8398
CHAS DOESSERECK, Mgr.

THE THREE GREATEST BOOKS ON BOXING EVER PUBLISHED

There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by THE RING, and written by THE RING publisher, Nat Fleischer

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

* * *

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A Book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00.

* * *

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training book, or $3.00 for the three books.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

THE RING BOOK SHOP,
No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers" } Please mark books desired

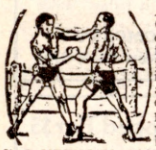
Name_____

Street Number_____

City_____

State_____

LEARN HOW TO BOX



Art of Boxing, Swimming and Gymnastics made easy, giving complete and specific directions for acquiring the art of self-defence. A 100-page book with 50 illustrations shows every possible attitude for blow, feint, stop, dodge or get-away and is explained by pictures as well as words. No C.O.D. orders. Sent by mail post-paid for **50c.**

V. C. NEWMAN, 2649½ N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WHY WEAR GLASSES?

They are only eye crutches at best. And today thousands are throwing them away.

Try Bernarr Macfadden's eye course at our risk. You need send no money. Just write to address below. We will send back C. O. D. You pay postman $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If you are not fully satisfied after a five-day trial, return the book and we will refund your money.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.
Desk R-10 1926 Broadway, New York

NOTICE TO BOXING MANAGERS

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today

The Ring Magazine,
Boxing Managers Department,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Records of my boxers show that they are entitled to wider recognition. Please tell me the Ring's surefire method of introducing them to the entire boxing profession.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE has returned to Havana. The Cubans were greatly depressed by the decision awarded to Jack Berg which broke the Kid's chain of victories. The Keed had his tonsils lanced and is taking a much needed rest. He may fight here before returning to New York, where he will battle with La Barba and Battalino.

Pincho Gutierrez, Cuba's great boxing manager, had little to say about the Berg battle, but is confident that his little marvel will win the featherweight title and then enter the lightweight ranks by next year.

Goyito Rico, King of the heavies, toyed with Raul Bianchi and then locked the Argentine giant out in the third round. Goyito is aggresive and knows how to hit. He is signed to meet Mateo La Osa of Spain.

Saturnino Tiberio, crack welter, outclassed, outpunched and then knocked out John Nebo, of Florida, in the eighth. Tiberio was much too flashy for Nebo.

Conrado Conde, Cuba's latest flyweight find, easily outpointed Armando Palles in six rounds. Conde is a great prospect. He is considered Cuba's best bid for flyweight honors.

Kid Petrolanda scored a one-round knockout over Boy Lopez; and Genaro Caraso whipped Justo Vidal in four; while Kid Mario won the nod over Jose Galvo in the four-round opener on the same car.

Pedro Poenza, Cuba's best middleweight, put the skids under Lucien Morejon in seven rounds.

Martin Oroz, of Spain, upset the dope by defeating Alciby Ortega, Cuban welter, who just returned from Panama. A good left hook did the job.

Luis Ramos, of Chile, is being fed with easy opponents. Although winning an eight-round decision over Kid Salgado, Ramos tired badly towards the end and just about made it.

Jose Valdes and Conde Zequer furnished lots of action for three rounds until Valdes scored a technical kayo.

Santiago Alvarez earned the judges' decision over Cuban Kid Sullivan in the first four.

Lew Tendler after a long layoff, lost a four-rounder to Fulano Clear. Tendler is a southpaw, and his proper name is Enrique Correa.

Honey Boy Finnegan, of Cuba, easily whipped Kid Charolito in the curtain raiser, and displayed some snappy punching with a good left.

Miramar Garden results for the month are as follows:

Jose A. Ferenandez kayoed Baby Buick; Castor Fernandez kayoed Rosendo Ochoa, Joaquin Jorge defeated Raul Garcia; Armando Berriere kayoed Manuel Pineda; Jose Canseco drew with Pastor Solis; Guillermo Gonzalez beat Benny Rodriguez; Rodolfo Diaz, kayoed Serapio Saez, Arthur Granja beat Domingo Lamar; William Martinez chilled Damian Rabasa; Young Charolito kayoed Joe Fernandez; Enrique Medina defeated Sergio Alfonso; Bill Delaney beat El Inglesito; Antonio Fernandez outpointed Orest Menendez; Jose Gonzalez beat Fernande Alvarez; Amador Garcia kayoed Antonio Mendez; Valentin Pedoso kayoed Gilbert Fernandez; Camajuani Panther lost to Sonny Boy.

Tony Cuervo and Aramis Del Pino who promote fights at the Arena Polar, supplied heavy action during the month with the following results:

Jose Gandon beat Battling Nelson; Jimmy Penalver beat Rogelio Valdes; Rafael Valdes beat Baby Jardines; Mario Oviedo kayoed Eddy Cardenas; Jimmy Valentino beat Jack Ledo; Eugene Galvez defeated Abelardo Pitaluga; Luis Bardales won over Ramon Lopez; Antonio Hevia bested Carlos Penalver; Fausto Falcon beat Kid Liborio; Ernesto Lopez beat Castor Iglesias; Rosendo Anerios kayoed Joe Vega; Fernando Llamas beat Raul Quintana; Tomas Jesus beat Domingo Gonzalez; Jimmy Penalver beat Battling Nelson.

Castor Fernandez continues to win by the K. O. route.

Fernando Llamas is another new rising youngster. This bantam is a southpaw with a deadly punch. He is being managed by Aramisa del Pino.

Jimmy Valentino, is a mighty classy bantam.

Jose Gandon is Cuba's most sensational and popular lightweight. He has yet to lose a fight. In his last start he scored a five round kayo over Kid Pitaluga.

Luis Parga, Cuba's popular matchmaker, just returned from New York where he arranged for several good bouts. Joe Dundee, Sammy Baker, Paulino Uzcudun, Vidal Gregorio, Luis Quadrini, Izzy Grove, will be starred here against worthy opponents.

Adolfo Gonzalez, who is Pincho's right arm, is also back. With him came Antonio Santana, flyweight, Martinez Fort, Mateo La Osa, and Equileor of Pincho's crew.

Johnny Cruz is on the comeback trail. He will make his reappearance in local rings shortly.

Besides the "Arena Polar" stadium, Cuba boasts of two big ball parks, Polar Stadium and Tropical Stadium, each having a seating capacity of about twenty thousand.

Managers and boxers desiring information regarding fights can address their letters to: Milton Baron, Apartado 2469, Havana, Cuba.

Allie Moy, an Oriental prospect, who looks fairly promising

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WEEKLY shows are being run at the Stillman Avenue Arena, by the local St. Michael's Knights of Columbus. The attendance at the fights has been very good this year.

Big Boy Burlap, local heavyweight won a close eight round decision from Elzear Rioux of Canada.

Despite the fact that he fought with badly swollen hands, Joe Russo, Westerly welter, easily outpointed Tommy Quigley of Boston in six rounds. Jimmy Rossi, Westerly, defeated Sheik Leonard, former welterweight champ of Connecticut, and Young Lavigne of New London pasted Marty Cortez of Boston.

Phil Gingerella whipped his local rival Hookie Jackson, Kid de Bartolo, Westerly scored a T. K. O. over Larry "Larrupin" McManus of West Warwick in the third, and Joe Sposato, Westerly feather, shaded Young Sharkey of Norwich.

Ero Peterson of Worcester won from Joe Barry of New York in eight rounds. The bout was close throughout with the Bay Stater having a slight edge at the finish.

Rudy Marshall, sensational Stamford welter, knocked out Jimmie Rossi, local battler, in the fourth round. The knockout was the first received by Rossi in a local ring since he started boxing about six years ago.

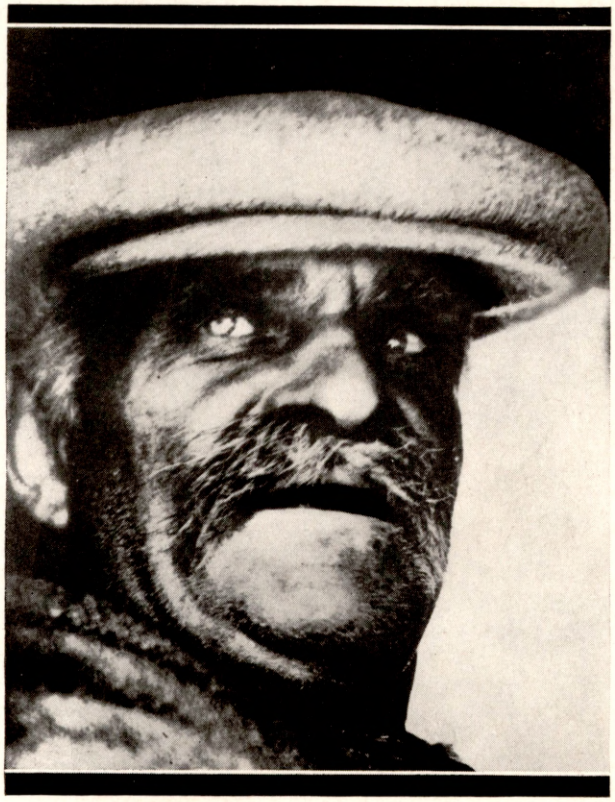
Sid Taylor, veteran coast guardsman from New London, lost to Alex Touraine of New Haven in six frames.

Long Sing Que, Chinese battler from New York, took the count in the third round of a four rounder with Kid Moran of Arctic, R. I.

read how JESSE POMEROY

FIENDISH KILLER OF GIRLS AND BOYS

was caught!



Pomeroy after half a century in jail

TERROR reigned in South Boston! Its childhood was menaced by a fiend in human form. Child after child fell victim to a wanton assailant until the total was counted by scores. Police and vigilance committees searched constantly, ran down every possible clue, yet no trace of the miscreant could be found. Month after month the death list mounted constantly while those of his victims who survived were maimed in mind and body. Public indignation was fanned to fever heat. Mothers dared not let their children venture on the streets unattended.

And then, finally, the finger of suspicion pointed at a gangling youth named Jesse Pomeroy. He was located, accused and convicted. Today, more than fifty years after beginning his sentence behind prison walls, his name is still one to strike terror into the hearts of New England youth.

James R. Wood, founder of an internationally famous detective agency, was a member of the Boston Police force when Pomeroy was being hunted. In THE MASTER DETECTIVE, October issue, collaborating with Lowell Ames Norris of the Boston *Sunday Herald,* he has supplied a complete account of Pomeroy's notorious career. It recalls not only his crimes and conviction but also the amazing history of the more than fifty years he has served in prison. It reveals how Pomeroy, about to escape, was betrayed by the prison cat. It tells how he almost blew up an entire section of the jail. It exposes his method of cutting through solid masonry—an attempt to escape that was discovered just in time.

This history of Jesse Pomeroy is a story of crime detection and expiation that will hold you spellbound from beginning to end. Look for it under the title "The Inside Story of Jesse Pomeroy." It is illustrated with sensational fact photographs and is complete in THE MASTER DETECTIVE for October

Real Solutions of Real Crimes

THE MASTER DETECTIVE publishes complete inside stories of actual crime solution. Many of them come to you direct from the official records. They are reported by the detectives themselves or by newspaper men who are closely in touch with every twist and turn of the cases. For that reason MASTER DETECTIVE stories are outstanding in detective literature. Time and again they prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction as they disclose the amazing vagaries of the human mind as crooks try cunningly to hide their tracks. They prove that in actual fact the so-called "perfect crime" does not exist. You will be spellbound at the skill and tenacity with which police detectives and private operatives get their man no matter how well covered are the clues, no matter how devious the trail. Add THE MASTER DETECTIVE to your list of reading today!

CONTENTS

THE INSIDE STORY OF JESSE POMEROY

NEW YORK'S SKY PATROL

THE MURDERS THAT ROCKED COLORADO

CHICAGO'S FEMALE BLUEBEARD

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK TRUNK

WHO KILLED PRETTY ELSA MARSHALL?

WISCONSIN'S STRANGEST CRIME

THE CRIMSON RIDDLE OF THE ADIRONDACKS

MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN THE GREAT WAR

THE SECRET IN THE HATBAND

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLONDE DECOY

The Master DETECTIVE

OCTOBER ISSUE
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 23RD

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. R103.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months beginning with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by NAT FLEISCHER

Make Him Happy

Give Him a Realistic Thrill

Let Him Enjoy His Reading Hours

by Sending Him a Copy of

"Jack DEMPSEY,

The Idol of Fistiana" by NAT FLEISCHER

A NARRATIVE AND A HISTORY COMBINED

NAT FLEISCHER knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" is a romantic narrative and an accurate record as well. It supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact, anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.

The Greatest Biography of a famous fighter ever written. 324 pages of interesting reading. 142 photographs covering the life of the Manassa Mauler from his rise from the Copper Mines to a World Championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy earning $2.50 per fight to a star commanding a million for the defense of his crown.

A story with a heart throb

A kick in every line. A knockout in every page. The Most Thrilling Story of The Most Colorful, Picturesque Fighter the world has ever known.

An intimate story of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy," and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

A beautiful orange-colored, cloth-bound edition. Only $2.00.
Buy your copy now—At all book shops or direct from THE RING office.
Also a De Luxe Edition, limited to 250 copies, each autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author in Beautiful Blue Morocco Leather. Price $10.00. Make Your Choice.

USE THIS COUPON AND ADDRESS:

THE RING BOOK SHOP, 11 West 42nd St., New York City

Please mail to me a copy of Nat Fleischer's thrilling story, "JACK DEMPSEY, THE IDOL OF FISTIANA." Enclosed find:
$2.00 for cloth-bound edition, or $10.00 for De Luxe Edition, limited to only 250 copies, each numbered and autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Illustrated with 142 Photographs, many of them stirring action pictures.

All for only

$2.00

Don't Miss This Story